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THE SACRED BOOKS AND EARLY LITERATURE OF THE EAST

WITH HISTORICAL SURVEYS OF THE CHIEF WRITINGS OF EACH NATION

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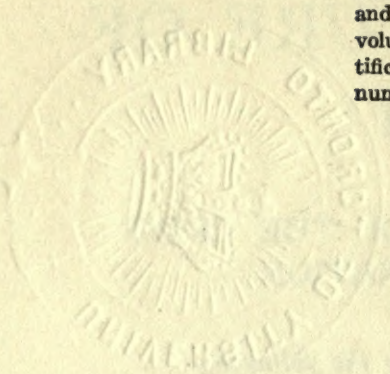
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THE SACRED BOOKS AND EARLY LITERATURE OF THE EAST

VOLUME VIII

MEDIEVAL PERSIA

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E. H. Whinfield, M.A., of the Royal Asiatic Society; E. G. Browne, F.R.C.P., Professor of Arabic, Cambridge University; Louisa Stuart Costello; Reynold Nicholson, LL.D., Professor of Persian, University College, London; Herman Bicknell, M.D., the Oriental explorer; Captain H. Wilberforce Clarke, R.E.; and other authorities

THE APPROACH TO BAGHDAD.

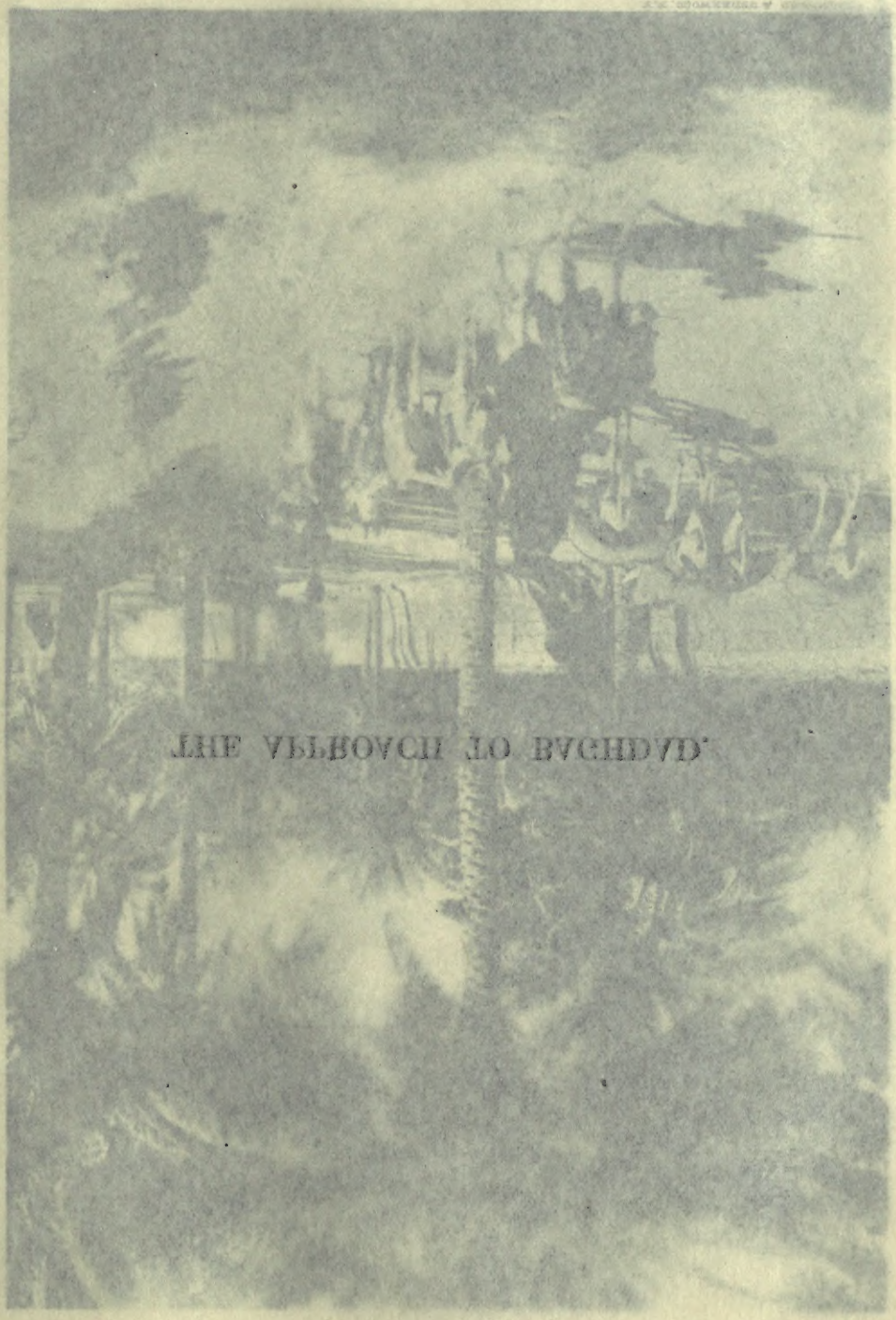
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"Let there be light."—GENESIS I, 3.

"There never was a false god, nor was there ever really a false religion, unless you call a child a false man."—MAX MÜLLER.

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SACRED BOOKS AND EARLY LITERATURE OF MEDIEVAL PERSIA

INTRODUCTION

SUFISM, THE MYSTIC RELIGION OF THE PERSIAN POETS

THE literature of medieval Persia includes some of the most celebrated poetry ever written. Perhaps never, indeed, has there been a language and an age better attuned to poetry. Persia, after three centuries of Arab dominion, had regained her independence and resumed her own language. Her ancient literature had been destroyed, but her men of learning had become the leaders of Mohammedan science and theology. With reawakened patriotism they now began, from the poet Firdausi onward, to create a truly Persian literature. This literature, and especially its poetry, is closely connected with the remarkable religion called Sufism. Indeed, the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica goes so far as to say of the Sufism of the Persians that it "has fascinated the noblest minds of that subtle race and has inspired the most beautiful religious poetry in the world." Both the faith and the poetry so highly praised form the chief theme of the present volume.

The first great Sufi writer was Omar Khayyam, with whose works the volume opens. Unfortunately Omar, by a very large number of Western readers, has come to be regarded as a rather erotic pagan poet, a drunkard interested only in wine and earthly pleasure. This is typical of the confusion which exists on the entire subject of Sufism. The West has

insisted on judging Omar from its own view-point. But if we are to understand the East at all, we must try to see how its own people look upon its writings. It comes as a surprise to many Westerners when they are told that in Persia itself there is no dispute whatever about Omar's verses and their meaning. He is accepted quite simply as a great religious poet.

What then becomes of all his passionate praise of wine and love? These are merely the thoroughly established metaphors of Sufism; the wine is the joy of the spirit, and the love is the rapturous devotion to God. Even the constant scoffing at laws and conventions is but a protest against the narrow Mohammedan religious edicts which could not be more openly defied.

Let us understand this subject more fully. Perhaps Persia never did accept Mohammedanism very deeply. It was forced on her by her Arab conquerors; and though in the course of generations the lower classes became thoroughly imbued with the new faith, yet thinking men may always have accepted it with reservation. We have seen in our previous volume that, in the year 1000, even the great Court-poet Firdausi was accused of Zoroastrianism. It would appear, therefore, that when Persia shook herself free after more than three hundred years of Arab dominion, her upper classes had no very strong religion, though like all men they desired one and sought for it. Thus arose Sufism. The formulas of Mohammedanism must still be followed, to satisfy the masses of the people, and the words of the Koran served well enough for the metaphorical expression of deeper ideas. So Sufism clothed itself in metaphors, and was taught by poet-preachers. It became a religion of poetry.

In its essence Sufism is a form of mysticism; that is, it is a faith which finds expression in ecstasies and visions, and meets godhood everywhere. Its devotees go into trances, and then half-unconsciously pour forth a flood of fervid words which they consider inspired. They rouse themselves to a very agony of love for the beautiful and for God — a personal, devoted love. That, at least, is the more obvious side

of Sufism; we shall find its followers developing philosophical ideas as well — deep thoughts as to the meaning of life and death. We shall also meet shrewdly intellectual philosophers who assume the garb of Sufism, using its rapturous words to pour forth most un-Mohammedan ideas, theories that, put in ungarbled prose, would have been punished with the executioner's sword.

In its earliest ecstatic form, Sufism was not of Persian origin. The first so-called Sufis were Arab monks who adopted the name from the single coarse woolen garment which they wore, the word *sufi* meaning originally "wool." [1] Mohammed himself had preached positively against monkhood. Indeed, he had set marriage and the continuation of the race among man's chief duties. Yet even in his own case the values of solitude, of penance, of restraint from worldly joys, had deeply impressed him; and he encouraged that occasional withdrawal from common life, from which the monks or Sufis soon developed.

At a very early date, these Mohammedan Sufis were seeing visions and uttering doctrines in but little harmony with the original Mohammedanism. We learn of a woman Sufi, Rabia, as early as about A.D. 750. Rabia, we are told, would stand at night upon her housetop and reach out her arms to heaven in a rapture of love, crying,

"O God! hushed is the day's noise; with his beloved is the lover. But Thee, I have for my lover; and alone with Thee, I joy."

When questioned about matrimony she declared, "The bonds of wedlock have descended upon me. I am not my own, but my Lord's, and must not be unfaithful to Him."

Many of the Sufis developed by physical means the ecstatic trance which they regarded as religious; they danced, or whirled, or kept up a monotonous chant for long periods. Sufism had soon its saints, and even its martyrs. Indeed good Mohammedans hardly knew how to look upon or how to accept this strange and frenzied development in their midst,

[1] Other derivations connect *sufi* with root-words meaning "wise and pious."

until about the year A.D. 1100, when the great Mohammedan teacher Al Ghazali placed upon it the stamp of his approval.

Of Al Ghazali as teacher and philosopher, we have spoken in our Arabic volumes. He was called the "Decisive Argument" or the "Proof" of Islam. He was the chief teacher of the faith after Mohammed. What he really did for Mohammedanism was to expand the strict literalness of the Prophet's teaching so that its believers might accept its doctrines both emotionally and symbolically. As this was exactly what the Sufis had long been doing, they were thereafter welcomed as good Mohammedans, and were allowed to assert almost any heretical idea they chose. Their only necessary caution was to speak in a poetic rapture, to ramble allegorically, and not to maintain their arguments in cold and intellectual prose. Omar, the first great Sufi poet, was a contemporary and, to some extent, a friend of Al Ghazali.

THE ROMANTIC LOVE-TALES

Of course not all the Persian poets adopted the Sufi doctrines. Firdausi, living in the earlier Sufi centuries, had never even thought of this as an easy middle ground between strict Mohammedanism and outright heresy. So too, even a century later than Omar and Al Ghazali, we meet Nizami, a truly great poet who was content to stand wholly aside from religious speculation and write solely and simply of this world. He glories in the beauty of nature as nature. He delights in emotion merely as human emotion.

Nizami, then, is Persia's great romantic poet — or at least he ranks in this by the side of Firdausi, the unhistoric history relator. Nizami is content to tell love-stories merely as love-stories. Persian literature is full of love-tales; and oddly enough the poets of new generations have not thought it necessary to find new names for their loving couples. There are just three chief Persian love couples; and the stories of these three have been retold endlessly by poet after poet. These three eternally living love pairs are: first, Joseph of the Bible and Potiphar's wife, known to Persia as Yussuf and Zuliekha; second, King Khosru of early Persia and his devoted

wife Shireen; and third, Majnun and Laila, a Bedouin pair of less exalted rank, the Romeo and Juliet of Persia, who are only finally united in Paradise. Nizami wrote of Majnun and Laila and also of King Khosru's love. We have selected the latter poem for presentation here, as it is usually regarded as his masterpiece.

THE CHIEF SUFI TEACHERS

Firdausi lived chiefly in the tenth century, Omar in the eleventh, Nizami in the twelfth. But not until the thirteenth century did Sufism reach its full development. Of Omar we may, if we choose, accept the Western view that he was a pagan lightly masking as a Sufi. But of the thirteenth-century Sufists, there can be no doubt whatever. They are earnest, ecstatic believers in the "religion of poetry." They have even developed for it a system of philosophy, at the basis of which stands the following thought. The only truly existent thing is God. Each human soul is but a detached fragment of that great God-soul, and so, naturally, yearns to reunite itself to Him. The material world around us is a vision which confuses and misdirects, but can never wholly destroy, this yearning. We must struggle upward through the false loves to the true; and we do so in an ever-increasing ecstasy of self-surrender as we approach nearer to the ultimate reunion with Him. The reader will find this doctrine expressed repeatedly in the later writers of our volume.

Most notable of these spiritually awakened thirteenth-century mystics is Jalal ad-Din Rumi. He is regarded to-day as the chief teacher, the chief exponent, of Sufism. His long poem, the "Masnavi," which we give in condensed form, has been called the Gospel of Sufism. As a poet Jalal ad-Din ranks perhaps a shade below Persia's greatest singers; but as a religious teacher, a philosopher, the chief exponent of a new faith, we need rank him but one grade below the other perhaps the more characteristic of the two. So both are presented here.

In this thirteenth century lived also the writer usually ranked by Persians as their greatest, the chief purely literary

genius of their nation, the "philosopher poet," Sadi. His countrymen never tire of praising his literary style, the beauty of his verse, the "attic salt" of his wit. Much of this is necessarily lost in translation; but the power of his philosophy remains. Sadi was a Sufi, but the faith rested on him perhaps less heavily than on Jalal ad-Din. Sadi's breadth of view enabled him to be both Sufi and Mohammedan, and to be honestly both. He made the holy pilgrimage to Mecca fourteen times — though this indeed may speak less for his religion than for his love of travel, as he wandered widely over many Mohammedan lands. His writings are a mass of little stories, anecdotes mingled with comments and wise sayings. He shifts often and easily from prose to verse, so intertwining these as to be the despair of translators. His two chief books are the "Bustan," which is wholly verse, and his "Gulistan," which is largely prose. The "Bustan," though less well known in Europe than the "Gulistan," is perhaps the more characteristic of the two. So both are presented here.

From Sadi and Jalal ad-Din in the great thirteenth century, we pass to Hafiz in the fourteenth, and Jami in the fifteenth. These were the last of the classic Persian poets. Hafiz, we are assured by our chief Western authorities on Persian, was one of the world's greatest masters of lyric verse. The Persian language is in itself renowned for its sweetness and smoothness of sound, its fitness for lyric music, and Hafiz shows its richest treasures. As for Jami, who lived almost late enough to be a contemporary of Martin Luther and of the opening of modern times, he too strikes a sweet lyric note, but is more renowned for his religious spirit. Both he and Hafiz are Sufis, but in a very different mood. The Sufism of Hafiz is like that of Omar. That is to say, Hafiz confines himself so wholly to the praise of wine and love, that even Persian critics find an earthly taint about his Sufism and question whether, when he wrote, he was always thinking about the joys of the spirit. Persian lovers sing his songs to-day. In brief, he is "the love-poet of the world," and as such we present him here.

Jami, on the other hand, is an undisputably earnest Sufi. We have taken, in the form he gave it, the celebrated Persian love-tale of Joseph and Zuleika; and the reader will find the moral purpose of the whole made very plain. Zuleika at first loves Joseph very humanly, but so deeply that at last she reaches to the point where, through the very strength of her passion, she outgrows its earthly side. Her love rises above the man and passes to the God-in-man, which exists in every human soul. That is the clear voice of Sufism, the highest teaching of the Persian poets.

OMAR KHAYYAM

THE RUBAIYAT

"Under the garb of the Mystic's favorite method of Doubt and Protest, the Sufi [Omar] pictures the process of the Awakening of the Soul. That is the purpose of the 'Magic Shadow shapes that come and go' in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. His pictures are sufficiently transparent for us to see The Reality Behind."

— C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

"In his way, he was a beacon-light, not only in the history of Sufi Mysticism, but in the annals of God-seeking. I can find no better yoke-fellow for him than Martin Luther, like whom he was indeed an Apostle of Protest."

— ROBERT ARNOT.

OMAR KHAYYAM

(INTRODUCTION)

OMAR KHAYYAM, which means "Omar the Tent Maker," was born about A.D. 1050 and died in 1122. Our day knows Omar only as a poet; but his own age revered him as a scientist and teacher. In that twelfth century, when Arabic or Mohammedan learning was at the height of its fame, when European scholars were journeying eagerly to Arabic universities, Omar was accounted one of the most learned of Mohammedans. He was a celebrated expounder of the Koran, and wrote several scientific works, especially on astronomy and algebra. His contemporaries spoke of him as the successor of Avicenna, of whom our Arabic volumes have told as the "wonder-mind" of an earlier generation. Omar in his youth was the friend and fellow student of a lad who rose to be the Vizier, or Chief Minister, of the Sultan who ruled Persia. This Vizier offered Omar wealth and high employment; but Omar refused to accept more than a small income, and peace in which to pursue his studies. This tale strikes the keynote of the sage's life. He truly scorned ambition. Learned as he was, he disliked argument, which among the disputants of his time was often superheated. Hence in public, Omar rather veiled than displayed his knowledge.

That such a man should be regarded by the Western world as an idle reveler is absurd. Such wisdom united to such shallowness is self-contradictory. There is, however, some justifiable ground for the view of Omar taken by that other remarkable poet who first introduced him to the Western world. When Edward Fitzgerald's translations of Omar had brought both writers before all eyes, Fitzgerald wrote of him, "While the wine Omar celebrates is simply the juice of the grape, he bragged more than he drank of it, in very defiance perhaps of that spiritual wine which left its votaries sunk in hypocrisy or disgust." And again, "Omar, more des-

perate, or more careless of any so complicated system as resulted in nothing but hopeless necessity, flung his own genius and learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of life, only diverted himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!"

Since Fitzgerald expresses this bitter view of life for himself as well as for Omar, his translation, though very beautiful as poetry, becomes unreliable as voicing the original Persian. Many of Fitzgerald's phrases, and not a few of his entire lines, are nowhere to be found in Omar. Thus our world has too nearly mistaken the one poet for the other. The general introduction of this volume has already pointed out to the reader that Persian teaching absolutely rejects this material view of Omar. We have therefore presented here not the few "rubaiyat" of Omar which Fitzgerald partly translated, partly invented, but the full collection of all Omar's known quatrains, in a form preserving a strict fidelity to the original. From these, let the reader judge the wisdom or the follies of Omar, as he will.

One ancient anecdote of Omar so touches on this point that we repeat it for the reader to apply on either side. It is attributed to one of the sage's pupils in science, who says: "I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyam, in a garden; and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words.[1] Years after, when I chanced to revisit Nishapur, I went to his final resting-place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so that the stone was hidden under them."

[1] The rashness of the words, according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Koran: "No man knows where he shall die."

OMAR KHAYYAM

HIS PROFESSION OF FAITH

Ye, who seek for pious fame,
And that light should gild your name,
Be this duty ne'er forgot —
Love your neighbor — harm him not.
To Thee, Great Spirit, I appeal,
Who can'st the gates of truth unseal;
I follow none, nor ask the way
Of men who go, like me, astray;
They perish, but Thou canst not die,
But liv'st to all eternity.
Such is vain man's uncertain state,
A little makes him base or great;
One hand shall hold the Koran's scroll,
The other raise the sparkling bowl —
One saves, and one condemns the soul.

The temple I frequent is high,
A turkis-vaulted dome — the sky,
That spans the world with majesty.
Not quite a Moslem is my creed,
Nor quite a Giaour; my faith indeed
May startle some who hear me say,
I'd give my pilgrim staff away,
And sell my turban, for an hour
Of music in a fair one's bower.
I'd sell the rosary for wine,
Though holy names around it twine.
And prayers the pious make so long
Are turned by me to joyous song;
Or, if a prayer I should repeat,
It is at my beloved's feet.

They blame me that my words are clear;
Because I am not what I appear;
Nor do my acts my words belie —
At least, I shun hypocrisy.
It happened that but yesterday
I marked a potter beating clay.
The earth spoke out —" Why dost thou strike?
Both thou and I are born alike;
Though some may sink and some may soar,
We all are earth, and nothing more."

THE WISDOM OF THE SUPREME

All we see — above, around —
Is but built on fairy ground:
All we trust is empty shade
To deceive our reason made.
Tell me not of Paradise,
Or the beams of houris' eyes;
Who the truth of tales can tell,
Cunning priests invent so well?
He who leaves this mortal shore
Quits it to return no more.

In vast life's unbounded tide
They alone content may gain,
Who can good from ill divide,
Or in ignorance abide —
All between is restless pain.
Before thy prescience, power divine,
What is this idle sense of mine?
What all the learning of the schools?
What sages, priests, and pedants? — Fools!

The world is thine, from thee it rose,
By thee it ebbs, by thee it flows.
Hence, worldly lore! By whom is wisdom shown?
The Eternal knows, knows all, and *He* alone!

IN PRAISE OF WINE

Morn's first rays are glimmering,
From the skies the stars are creeping;
Rouse, for shame the goblet bring,
All too long thou liest sleeping:
Open those narcissus eyes,
Wake — be happy — and be wise!

Why, ungrateful man, repine,
When this cup is bright with wine?
All my life I've sought in vain,
Knowledge and content to gain;
All that Nature could unfold
Have I in her page unrolled;
All of glorious and grand
I have sought to understand.
'Twas in youth my early thought,
Riper years no wisdom brought,
Life is ebbing, sure though slow,
And I feel I nothing know.

Bring the bowl! at least in this
Dwells no shadowed distant bliss;
See! I clasp the cup whose power
Yields more wisdom in an hour
Than whole years of study give,
Vainly seeking how to live.
Wine dispenses into air
Selfish thoughts, and selfish care.
Dost thou know why wine I prize?
He who drinks all ill defies:
And can awhile throw off the thrall
Of self, the God we worship — all!

THE VANITY OF REGRET

Nothing in this world of ours
Flows as we would have it flow;
What avail, then, careful hours,

Thought and trouble, tears and woe?
Through the shrouded veil of earth,
Life's rich colors gleaming bright,
Though in truth of little worth,
Yet allure with meteor light.
Life is torture and suspense;
Thought is sorrow — drive it hence!
With no will of mine I came,
With no will depart the same.

THE CUP

Know'st thou whence the hues are drawn
Which the tulip's leaves adorn?
'Tis that blood has soaked the earth,
Where her beauties had their birth.

Know'st thou why the violet's eyes
Gleam with dewy purple dyes?
'Tis that tears, for love untrue,
Bathed the banks where first she grew.

If no roses bloom for me,
Thorns my only flowers must be:
If no sun shine on my way,
Torches must provide my day.
Let me drink, as drink the wise:
Pardon for our weakness lies
In the cup — for Heaven well knew,
When I first to being sprung,
I should love the rosy dew,
And its praise would oft be sung.
'Twere impiety to say
We would cast the cup away,
And be votaries no more,
Since it was ordained before.

OMAR KHAYYAM

THE RUBAIYAT [1]

1.

At dawn a cry through all the tavern shrilled,
" Arise, my brethren of the revelers' guild,
That I may fill our measure full of wine,
Or e'er the measure of our days be filled."

2.

Who was it brought thee here at nightfall, who?
Forth from the harem in this manner, who?
To him who in thy absence burns as fire,
And trembles like hot air, who was it, who?

3.

'Tis but a day we sojourn here below,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe,
Then, leaving our life's riddles all unsolved,
And burdened with regrets, we have to go.

4.

Khaja! grant one request, and only one,
Wish me God-speed, and get your preaching done;
I walk aright, 'tis you who see awry;
Go! heal your purblind eyes, leave me alone.

5.

Arise! and come, and of thy courtesy
Resolve my weary heart's perplexity,
And fill my goblet, so that I may drink,
Or e'er they make their goblets out of me.

[1] Translated by E. H. Whinfield.

6.

When I am dead, with wine my body lave,
For obit chant a bacchanalian stave,
And, if you need me at the day of doom,
Beneath the tavern threshold seek my grave.

7.

Since no one can assure thee of the morrow,
Rejoice thy heart to-day, and banish sorrow
With moonbright wine, fair moon, for heaven's moon
Will look for us in vain on many a morrow.

8.

Let lovers all distraught and frenzied be,
And flown with wine, and reprobates, like me;
When sober, I find everything amiss,
But in my cups cry, "Let what will be, be."

9.

In Allah's name, say, wherefore set the wise
Their hearts upon this house of vanities?
Whene'er they think to rest them from their toils,
Death takes them by the hand, and says, "Arise."

10.

Men say the Koran holds all heavenly lore,
But on its pages seldom care to pore;
The lucid lines engraven on the bowl —
That is the text they dwell on evermore.

11.

Blame not the drunkards, you who wine eschew,
Had I but grace, I would abstain like you,
And mark me, vaunting zealot, you commit
A hundredfold worse sins than drunkards do.

12.

What though 'tis fair to view, this form of man,
I know not why the heavenly Artizan
Hath set these tulip cheeks and cypress forms
To deck the mournful halls of earth's divan.

13.

My fire gives forth no smoke-cloud here below,
My stock-in-trade no profit here below,
And you, who call me tavern-haunter, know
There is indeed no tavern here below.

14.

Thus spake an idol to his worshiper,
"Why dost thou worship this dead stone, fair sir?
'Tis because He who gazeth through thine eyes
Doth some part of His charms on it confer." [2]

15.

Whate'er thou doest, never grieve thy brother,
Nor kindle fumes of wrath his peace to smother;
Dost thou desire to taste eternal bliss,
Vex thine own heart, but never vex another!

16.

O Thou! [3] to please whose love and wrath as well,
Allah created heaven and likewise hell;
Thou hast thy court in heaven, and I have naught,
Why not admit me in thy courts to dwell?

17.

So many cups of wine will I consume,
Its bouquet shall exhale from out my tomb,
And every one that passes by shall halt,
And reel and stagger with that mighty fume.

[2] Meaning, all is of God, even idols.

[3] The person addressed is the prophet Mohammed. The Sufis were fond of dwelling on the opposition between the beautiful and the terrible attributes of Deity.

18.

Young wooer, charm all hearts with lover's art,
Glad winner, lead thy paragon apart!
A hundred Kaabas equal not one heart,
Seek not the Kaaba, rather seek a heart!

19.

What time, my cup in hand, its draughts I drain,
And with rapt heart unconsciousness attain,
Behold what wondrous miracles are wrought —
Songs flow as water from my burning brain.

20.

To-day is but a breathing space, quaff wine!
Thou wilt not see again this life of thine;
So, as the world becomes the spoil of time,
Offer thyself to be the spoil of wine!

21.

'Tis we who to wine's yoke our necks incline,
And risk our lives to gain the smiles of wine;
The henchman grasps the flagon by its throat
And squeezes out the life-blood of the vine.

22.

Here in this tavern-haunt I make my lair,
Pawning for wine, heart, soul, and all I wear,
Without a hope of bliss, or fear of bale,
Rapt above water, earth, and fire, and air.

23.

Quoth fish to duck, "'Twill be a sad affair,
If this brook leaves its channel dry and bare";
To whom the duck, "When I am dead and roasted
The brook may run with wine for aught I care."

24.

From doubt to clear assurance is a breath,
A breath from infidelity to faith;
O precious breath! enjoy it while you may,
'Tis all that life can give, and then comes death.

25.

Ah! wheel of heaven to tyranny inclined,
'Twas e'er your wont to show yourself unkind;
And, cruel earth, if they should cleave your breast,
What store of buried jewels they would find!

26.

My life lasts but a day or two, and fast
Sweeps by, like torrent stream or desert blast,
Howbeit, of two days I take no heed —
The day to come, and that already past.

27.

That pearl is from a mine unknown to thee,[4]
That ruby bears a stamp thou canst not see,
The tale of love some other tongue must tell,
All our conjectures are mere fantasy.

28.

Now with its joyful prime my age is rife,
I quaff enchanting wine, and list to fife;
Chide not at wine for all its bitter taste,
Its bitterness sorts well with human life!

29.

O soul! whose lot it is to bleed with pain,
And daily change of fortune to sustain,
Into this body wherefore didst thou come,
Seeing thou must at last go forth again?

[4] Meaning, real love of God differs from the popular idea of it.

30.

To-day is thine to spend, but not to-morrow,
Counting on morrows breedeth naught but sorrow;
Oh! squander not this breath that heaven hath lent thee,
Nor make too sure another breath to borrow!

31.

'Tis labor lost thus to all doors to crawl,
Take thy good fortune, and thy bad withal;
Know for a surety each must play his game,
As from heaven's dice-box fate's dice chance to fall.

32.

This jug did once, like me, love's sorrows taste,
And bonds of beauty's tresses once embraced,
This handle, which you see upon its side,
Has many a time twined round a slender waist!

33.

Days changed to nights, ere you were born, or I,
And on its business ever rolled the sky;
See you tread gently on this dust — perchance
'Twas once the apple of some beauty's eye.

34.

Pagodas, just as mosques, are homes of prayer,
'Tis prayer that church-bells chime unto the air,
Yea, Church and Kaaba, Rosary and Cross
Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.

35.

'Twas writ at first, whatever was to be,
By pen, unheeding bliss or misery,
Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all,
To murmur or resist is vanity.[5]

[5] Meaning, fate is heartless and resistless.

36.

There is a mystery I know full well,
Which to all, good and bad, I can not tell;
My words are dark, but I can not unfold
The secrets of the "station"[6] where I dwell.

37.

No base or light-weight coins pass current here,
Of such a broom has swept our dwelling clear;
Forth from the tavern comes a sage and cries,
"Drink! for ye all must sleep through ages drear."

38.

With outward seeming we can cheat mankind,
But to God's will we can but be resigned;
The deepest wiles my cunning e'er devised,
To balk resistless fate no way could find.

39.

Is a friend faithless? spurn him as a foe;
Upon trustworthy foes respect bestow;
Hold healing poison for an antidote,
And baneful sweets for deadly eisel know.

40.

No heart is there but bleeds when torn from Thee,
No sight so clear but craves Thy face to see;
And though perchance Thou carest not for them,
No soul is there but pines with care for Thee.

41.

Sobriety doth dry up all delight,
And drunkenness doth drown my sense outright;
There is a middle state, it is my life —
Not altogether drunk, nor sober quite.

[6] A state of ecstasy.

42.

Behold these cups! Can He who deigned to make them,
In wanton freak let ruin overtake them,
So many shapely feet and hands and heads —
What love drives Him to make, what wrath to break them?

43.

Death's terrors spring from baseless fantasy,
Death yields the tree of immortality;
Since 'Isa breathed new life into my soul,
Eternal death has washed its hands of me!

44.

Like tulips in the Spring your cups lift up,
And, with a tulip-cheeked companion, sup
With joy your wine, or e'er this azure wheel
With some unlooked-for blast upset your cup.

45.

Facts will not change to humor man's caprice,
So vaunt not human powers, but hold your peace;
Here must we stay, weighed down with grief for this,
That we were born so late, so soon decease.

46.

Khayyam! why weep you that your life is bad?
What boots it thus to mourn? Rather be glad.
He that sins not can make no claim to mercy,
Mercy was made for sinners — be not sad.

47.

All mortal ken is bounded by the veil,
To see beyond man's sight is all too frail;
Yea! earth's dark bosom is his only home; —
Alas! 'twere long to tell the doleful tale.

48.

This faithless world, my home, I have surveyed,
Yea, and with all my wit deep question made,
But found no moon with face so bright as thine,
No cypress in such stateliness arrayed.

49.

In synagogue and cloister, mosque and school,
Hell's terrors and heaven's lures men's bosoms rule,
But they who master Allah's mysteries,
Sow not this empty chaff their hearts to fool.[7]

50.

You see the world, but all you see is naught,
And all you say, and all you hear is naught,
Naught the four quarters of the mighty earth,
The secrets treasured in your chamber naught.[8]

51.

I dreamt a sage said, "Wherefore life consume
In sleep? Can sleep make pleasure's roses bloom?
For gather not with death's twin-brother sleep,
Thou wilt have sleep enough within thy tomb!"

52.

If the heart knew life's secrets here below,
At death 'twould know God's secrets too, I trow;
But, if you know naught here, while still yourself,
To-morrow, stripped of self, what can you know?

53.

On that dread day, when wrath shall rend the sky,
And darkness dim the bright stars' galaxy,
I'll seize the Loved One by His skirt, and cry,
"Why hast Thou doomed these guiltless ones to die?"

[7] Meaning, souls reabsorbed in the divine essence have no concern with the material heaven and hell.

[8] Meaning, all is illusion (*Maya*).

54.

To knaves Thy secret we must not confide,
To comprehend it is to fools denied,
See then to what hard case Thou doomest men,
Our hopes from one and all perforce we hide.

55.

Cupbearer! what though fate's blows here betide us,
And a safe resting-place be here denied us,
So long as the bright wine-cup stands between us,
We have the very Truth at hand to guide us.

56.

Long time in wine and rose I took delight,
But then my business never went aright;
Since wine could not accomplish my desire,
I have abandoned and forsworn it quite.

57.

Bring wine! my heart with dancing spirit teems,
Wake! fortune's waking is as fleeting dreams;
Quicksilver-like our days are swift of foot,
And youthful fire subsides as torrent streams.

58.

Love's devotees, not Moslems here you see,
Not Solomons, but ants of low degree;[9]
Here are but faces wan and tattered rags,
No store of Cairene cloth or silk have we.

59.

My law it is in pleasure's paths to stray,
My creed to shun the theologic fray;
I wedded Luck, and offered her a dower,
She said, "I want none, so thy heart be gay."

[9] For the story of Solomon and the ants, see Koran, chapter xxvii.

60.

From mosque an outcast, and to church a foe,
Allah! of what clay didst thou form me so?
Like skeptic monk, or ugly courtesan,
No hopes have I above, no joys below.

61.

Men's lusts, like house-dogs, still the house distress
With clamor, barking for mere wantonness;
Foxes are they, and sleep the sleep of hares;
Crafty as wolves, as tigers pitiless.

62.

Yon turf, fringing the margent of the stream,
As down upon a cherub's lip might seem,
Or growth from dust of buried tulip cheeks;
Tread not that turf with scorn, or light esteem!

63.

Hearts with the light of love illumined well,
Whether in mosque or synagogue they dwell,
Have *their* names written in the book of love,
Unvexed by hopes of heaven or fears of hell.

64.

One draught of wine outweighs the realm of Tus,
Throne of Kobad and crown of Kai Kawus;
Sweeter are sighs that lovers heave at morn,
Than all the groanings zealot breasts produce.

65.

Though Moslems for my sins condemn and chide me,
Like heathens to my idol I confide me;
Yea, when I perish of a drunken bout,
I'll call on wine, whatever doom betide me.

66.

In drinking thus it is not my design
To riot, or transgress the law divine,
No! to attain unconsciousness of self
Is the sole cause I drink me drunk with wine.

67.

Drunkards are doomed to hell, so men declare,
Believe it not, 'tis but a foolish scare;
Heaven will be empty as this hand of mine,
If none who love good drink find entrance there.

68.

'Tis wrong, according to the strict Koran,
To drink in Rajab, likewise in Sha'ban,
God and the Prophet claim those months as theirs;
Was Ramazan then made for thirsty man? [10]

69.

Now Ramazan is come, no wine must flow,
Our simple pastimes we must now forego,
The wine we have in store we must not drink,
Nor on our mistresses one kiss bestow.

70.

What is the world? A *caravanserai,*
A pied pavilion of night and day;
A feast whereat a thousand Jamshids sat,
A couch whereon a thousand Bahrams lay.

71.

Now that your roses bloom with flowers of bliss,
To grasp your goblets be not so remiss;
Drink while you may! Time is a treacherous foe,
You may not see another day like this.

[10] The point, of course, is that Ramazan is the Mohammedan Lent.

72.

Here in this palace, where Bahram held sway,
The wild roes drop their young, and tigers stray;
And that great hunter king — ah! well-a-day!
Now to the hunter death is fallen a prey.

73.

Down fall the tears from skies enwrapt in gloom,
Without this drink, the flowers could never bloom!
As now these flowerets yield delight to me,
So shall my dust yield flowers — God knows for whom.

74.

To-day is Friday,[11] as the Moslem says,
Drink then from bowls served up in quick relays;
Suppose on common days you drink one bowl,
To-day drink two, for 'tis the prince of days.

75.

The *very* wine a myriad forms sustains,
And to take shapes of plants and creatures deigns
But deem not that its essence ever dies,
Its forms may perish, but its self remains.

76.

'Tis naught but smoke this people's fire doth bear,
For my well-being not a soul doth care;
With hands fate makes me lift up in despair,
I grasp men's skirts, but find no succor there.

77.

This bosom friend, on whom you so rely,
Seems to clear wisdom's eyes an enemy;
Choose not your friends from this rude multitude,
Their converse is a plague 'tis best to fly.

[11] Friday is the day "of assembly," or Sabbath.

78.

O foolish one! this molded earth is naught;
This parti-colored vault of heaven is naught;
Our sojourn in this seat of life and death
Is but one breath, and what is that but naught?

79.

Some wine, a Houri (Houris if there be),
A green bank by a stream, with minstrelsy; —
Toil not to find a better Paradise
If other Paradise indeed there be!

80.

To the wine-house I saw the sage repair,
Bearing a wine-cup, and a mat for prayer;
I said, "O Shaikh, what does this conduct mean?"
Said he, "Go drink! the world is naught but air."

81.

The Bulbul to the garden winged his way,
Viewed lily cups, and roses smiling gay,
Cried in ecstatic notes, "O live your life,
You never will relive this fleeting day."

82.

Thy body is a tent, where harborage
The Sultan spirit takes for one brief age;
When he departs, comes the tent-pitcher death,
Strikes it, and onward moves, another stage.

83.

Khayyam, who long time stitched the tents of learning,
Has fallen into a furnace, and lies burning,
Death's shears have cut his thread of life asunder,
Fate's brokers sell him off with scorn and spurning.

84.

In the sweet spring a grassy bank I sought,
And thither wine, and a fair Houri brought;
And, though the people called me graceless dog,
Gave not to Paradise another thought!

85.

Sweet is rose-ruddy wine in goblets gay,
And sweet are lute and harp and roundelay;
But for the zealot who ignores the cup,
'Tis sweet when he is twenty leagues away!

86.

Life, void of wine, and minstrels with their lutes,
And the soft murmurs of Irakian flutes,
Were nothing worth: I scan the world and see:
Save pleasure, life yields only bitter fruits.

87.

Make haste! soon must you quit this life below,
And pass the veil, and Allah's secrets know;
Make haste to take your pleasure while you may,
You wot not whence you come, nor whither go.

88.

Depart we must! what boots it then to be,
To walk in vain desires continually?
Nay, but if heaven vouchsafe no place of rest,
What power to cease our wanderings have we?

89.

To chant wine's praises is my daily task,
I live encompassed by cup, bowl, and flask;
Zealot! if reason be thy guide, then know
That guide of me doth ofttimes guidance ask.

90.

O men of morals! why do ye defame,
And thus misjudge me? I am not to blame.
Save weakness for the grape, and female charms,
What sins of mine can any of ye name?

91.

Who treads in passion's footsteps here below,
A helpless pauper will depart, I trow;
Remember who you are, and whence you come.
Consider what you do, and whither go.

92.

Skies like a zone our weary lives enclose,
And from our tear-stained eyes a Jihun flows;
Hell is a fire enkindled of our griefs;
Heaven but a moment's peace, stolen from our woes.

93.

I drown in sin — show me Thy clemency!
My soul is dark — make me Thy light to see!
A heaven that must be earned by painful works,
I call a wage, not a gift fair and free.

94.

Did He who made me fashion me for hell,
Or destine me for heaven? I can not tell.
Yet will I not renounce cup, lute, and love,
Nor earthly cash for heavenly credit sell.

95.

From right and left the censors came and stood,
Saying, "Renounce this wine, this foe of good";
But if wine be the foe of holy faith,
By Allah, right it is to drink its blood!

96.

The good and evil with man's nature blent,
The weal and woe that heaven's decrees have sent —
Impute them not to motions of the skies —
Skies than thyself ten times more impotent.

97.

Against death's arrows what are buckles worth?
What all the pomps and riches of the earth?
When I survey the world, I see no good
But goodness, all beside is nothing worth.

98.

Weak souls, who from the world can not refrain,
Hold life-long fellowship with rule and pain;
Hearts free from worldly cares have store of bliss,
All others seeds of bitter woe contain.

99.

He, in whose bosom wisdom's seed is sown,
To waste a single day was never known;
Either he strives to work great Allah's will,
Or else exalts the cup, and works his own.

100.

When Allah mixed my clay He knew full well
My future acts, and could each one foretell;
Without His will no act of mine was wrought;
Is it then just to punish me in hell?

101.

Ye, who cease not to drink on common days,
Do not on Friday quit your drinking ways;
Adopt my creed, and count all days the same,
Be worshipers of God, and not of days.

102.

If grace be grace, and Allah gracious be,
Adam from Paradise why banished He?
Grace to poor sinners shown is grace indeed;
In grace hard earned by works no grace I see.

103.

Dame Fortune's smiles are full of guile, beware!
Her scimitar is sharp to smite, take care!
If e'er she drop a sweetmeat in thy mouth,
'Tis poisonous — to swallow it forbear!

104.

Where'er you see a rose or tulip bed,
Know that a mighty monarch's blood was shed
And where the violet rears her purple tuft,
Be sure a black-moled girl hath laid her head.

105.

Wine is a melting ruby, cup its mine;
Cup is the body, and the soul is wine;
These crystal goblets smile with ruddy wine
Like tears, that blood of wounded hearts enshrine.

106.

Drink wine! 'tis life etern, and travail's meed,
Fruitage of youth, and balm of age's need:
'Tis the glad time of roses, wine, and friends;
Rejoice thy spirit — that is life indeed.

107.

Drink wine! long must you sleep within the tomb,
Without a friend, or wife to cheer your gloom;
Hear what I say, and tell it not again,
"Never again can withered tulips bloom."

108.

They preach how sweet those Houri brides will be,
But I say wine is sweeter — taste and see!
Hold fast this cash, and let that credit go,
And shun the din of empty drums like me.

109.

Once and again my soul did me implore,
To teach her, if I might, the heavenly lore;
I bade her learn the *Alif* well by heart.
Who knows that letter well need learn no more.[12]

110.

I came not hither of my own free will,
And go against my wish, a puppet still;
Cupbearer! gird thy loins, and fetch some wine;
To purge the world's despite, my goblet fill.

111.

How long must I make bricks upon the sea?
Beshrew this vain task of idolatry;
Call not Khayyam a denizen of hell;
One while in heaven, and one in hell is he.

112.

Sweet is the breath of Spring to rose's face,
And thy sweet face adds charm to this fair place;
To-day is sweet, but yesterday is sad,
And sad all mention of its parted grace.

113.

To-night pour wine, and sing a dulcet air,
And I upon thy lips will hang, O fair;
Yea, pour some wine as rosy as thy cheeks,
My mind is troubled like thy ruffled hair.

[12] *Alif Kafat*, the One (God) is enough. Probably a quotation. Hafiz (Ode 416) uses the same expression: "He who knows the One knows all."

114.

Pen, tablet, heaven and hell I looked to see [13]
Above the skies, from all eternity;
At last the master sage instructed me,
"Pen, tablet, heaven and hell are all in thee."

115.

The fruit of certitude *he* can not pluck,
The path that leads thereto who never struck,
Nor ever shook the bough with strenuous hand;
To-day is lost; hope for to-morrow's luck.

116.

Now spring-tide showers its foison on the land,
And lively hearts wend forth, a joyous band,
For 'Isa's breath wakes the dead earth to life,
And trees gleam white with flowers, like Musa's hand.

117.

Alas for that cold heart, which never glows
With love, nor e'er that charming madness knows;
The days misspent with no redeeming love; —
No days are wasted half as much as those!

118.

The zephyrs waft thy fragrance, and it takes
My heart, and me, his master, he forsakes;
Careless of me he pants and leaps to thee,
And thee his pattern and ensample makes!

119.

Drink wine! and then as Mahmud thou wilt reign,
And hear a music passing David's strain:
Think not of past or future, seize to-day,
Then all thy life will not be lived in vain.

[13] Allah writes his decrees with the "pen" on the "tablet." Koran, chapter lxviii.

120.

Ten Powers, and nine spheres, eight heavens made He,
And planets seven, of six sides, as we see,
Five senses, and four elements, three souls,
Two worlds, but only one, O man, like thee.

121.

Jewry hath seen a thousand prophets die,
Sinai a thousand Musas mount the sky;
How many Cæsars Rome's proud forum crossed!
'Neath Kasra's dome how many monarchs lie!

122.

Gold breeds not wit, but to wit lacking bread
Earth's flowery carpet seems a dungeon bed;
'Tis his full purse that makes the rose to smile,
While empty-handed violets hang the head.

123.

Heaven's wheel has made full many a heart to moan,
And many a budding rose to earth has thrown;
Plume thee not on thy youth and lusty strength,
Full many a bud is blasted ere 'tis blown.

124.

What lord is fit to rule but "Truth"? [14] Not one.
What beings disobey His rule? Not one.
All things that are, are such as He decrees;
And naught is there beside beneath the sun.

125.

That azure-colored vault and golden tray
Have turned, and will turn yet for many a day;
And just so we, impelled by turns of fate —
Come here but for a while, then pass away.

[14] "The Truth" is a Sufi name for the Deity.

126.

The Master did himself these vessels frame,
Why should he cast them out to scorn and shame?
If he has made them well, why should he break them?
Yea, though he marred them, *they* are not to blame.

127.

Kindness to friends and foes 'tis well to show,
No kindly heart can prove unkind, I trow:
Harshness will alienate a bosom friend,
And kindness reconcile a deadly foe.

128.

To lovers true, what matters dark or fair?
Or if the loved one silk or sackcloth wear,
Or lie on down or dust, or rise to heaven?
Yea, though she sink to hell, he'll seek her there.

129.

Full many a hill and vale I journeyed o'er;
Yea, journeyed through the world's wide quarters four,
But never heard of pilgrim who returned;
When once they go, they go to come no more.

130.

Wine-houses flourish through this thirst of mine,
Loads of remorse weigh down this back of mine;
Yet, if I sinned not, what would mercy do?
Mercy depends upon these sins of mine.

131.

Thy being is the being of Another,[15]
Thy passion is the passion of Another.
Cover thy head, and think, and thou wilt see
Thy hand is but the cover of Another.

[15] Meaning God is the *Fa'il i hakiki*, the only real Agent.

132.

From learning to the cup your bridle turn;
All lore of world to come, save Kausar,[16] spurn;
Your turban pawn for wine, or keep a shred
To bind your brow, and all the remnant burn.

133.

See! from the world what profit have I gained?
What fruitage of my life in hand retained?
What use is Jamshid's goblet, once 'tis crushed?
What pleasure's torch, when once its light has waned?

134.

When life is spent, what's Balkh or Nishapore?
What sweet or bitter, when the cup runs o'er?
Come drink! full many a moon will wax and wane
In times to come, when we are here no more.

135.

O fair! whose cheeks checkmate red eglantine,
And draw the game with those fair maids of Chin;
You played one glance against the king of Babil
And took his pawns, and knights, and rooks, and queen.

136.

Life's caravan is hastening on its way;
Brood not on troubles of the coming day,
But fill the wine-cup ere sweet night be gone,
And snatch a pleasant moment, while you may.

137.

He, who the world's foundations erst did lay,
Doth bruise full many a bosom day by day,
And many a ruby lip and musky tress
Doth coffin in the earth, and shroud with clay.

[16] Kausar, the river of wine in Paradise.

138.

Be not beguiled by world's insidious wiles;
O foolish ones, ye know her tricks and guiles;
Your precious lifetime cast not to the winds;
Haste to seek wine, and court a sweetheart's smile.

139.

Comrades! I pray you, physic me with wine,
Make this wan amber face like rubies shine,
And, if I die, use wine to wash my corpse,
And frame my coffin out of planks of vine!

140.

When Allah yoked the courses of the sun,
And launched the Pleiades their race to run,
My lot was fixed in fate's high chancery;
Then why blame me for wrong that fate has done?

141.

Ah! seasoned wine oft falls to rawest fools,
And clumsiest workmen own the finest tools;
And Turki maids, fit to delight men's hearts,
Lavish their smiles on beardless boys in school!

142.

Whilom, ere youth's conceit had waned, methought
Answers to all life's problems I had wrought;
But now, grown old and wise, too late I see
My life is spent, and all my lore is naught.

143.

They who of prayer-mats make such great display
Are fools to bear hypocrisy's hard sway;
Strange! under cover of this saintly show
They live like heathen, and their faith betray.

144.

To him who would his sins extenuate,
Let pious men this verse reiterate,
" To call God's prescience the cause of sin
In wisdom's purview is but folly's prate."

145.

He brought me hither, and I felt surprise,
From life I gather but a dark surmise,
I go against my will; — thus, why I come,
Why live, why go, are all dark mysteries.

146.

When I recall my grievous sins to mind,
Fire burns my breast, and tears my vision blind;
Yet, when a slave repents, is it not meet
His lord should pardon, and again be kind?

147.

They at whose lore the whole world stands amazed,
Whose high thoughts, like Borak,[17] to heaven are raised,
Strive to know Thee in vain, and like heaven's wheel
Their heads are turning, and their brains are dazed.

148.

Allah hath promised wine in Paradise,
Why then should wine on earth be deemed a vice?
An Arab in his cups cut Hamzah's girths [18]—
For that sole cause was drink declared a vice.

149.

Now of old joys naught but the name is left,
Of all old friends but wine we are bereft,
And that wine *new,* but still cleave to the cup,
For save the cup, what single joy is left?

[17] Borak, or Burak, the steed on which Mohammed made his famous nocturnal ascent to heaven.

[18] Nicolas says this refers to an event which occurred to Hamzah, a relation of Mohammed.

150.

The world will last long after Khayyam's fame
Has passed away, yea, and his very name;
Aforetime we were not, and none did heed.
When we are dead and gone, 'twill be the same.

151.

The sages who have compassed sea and land,
Their secret to search out, and understand —
My mind misgives me if they ever solve
The scheme on which this universe is planned.

152.

Ah! wealth takes wings, and leaves our hands all bare,
And death's rough hands delight our hearts to tear;
And from the nether world none e'er escapes,
To bring us news of the poor pilgrims there.

153.

'Tis passing strange, those titled noblemen
Find their own lives a burden sore, but when
They meet with poorer men, not slaves to sense,
They scarcely deign to reckon them as men.

154.

The wheel on high, still busied with despite,
Will ne'er unloose a wretch from his sad plight;
But when it lights upon a smitten heart,
Straightway essays another blow to smite.

155.

Now is the volume of my youth outworn,
And all my spring-tide blossoms rent and torn.
Ah, bird of youth! I marked not when you came,
Nor when you fled, and left me thus forlorn.

156.

These fools, by dint of ignorance most crass,
Think they in wisdom all mankind surpass;
And glibly do they damn as infidel
Whoever is not, like themselves, an ass.

157.

Still be the wine-house thronged with its glad choir,
And Pharisaic skirts burnt up with fire;
Still be those tattered frocks and azure robes
Trod under feet of revelers in the mire.

158.

Why toil ye to ensure illusions vain,
And good or evil of the world attain?
Ye rise like Zamzam, or the fount of life,
And, like them, in earth's bosom sink again.

159.

Till the Friend pours his wine to glad my heart,
No kisses to my face will heaven impart:
They say, "Repent in time"; but how repent,
Ere Allah's grace hath softened my hard heart?

160.

When I am dead, take me and grind me small,
So that I be a caution unto all,
And knead me into clay with wine, and then
Use me to stop the wine-jar's mouth withal.

161.

What though the sky with its blue canopy
Doth close us in so that we can not see,
In the etern Cupbearer's wine methinks
There float a myriad bubbles like to me.

162.

Take heart! Long in the weary tomb you'll lie,
While stars keep countless watches in the sky,
And see your ashes molded into bricks,
To build another's house and turrets high.

163.

Glad hearts, who seek not notoriety,
Nor flaunt in gold and silken bravery,
Haunt not this ruined earth like gloomy owls,
But wing their way, Simurgh-like, to the sky.

164.

Wine's power is known to wine-bibbers alone,
To narrow heads and hearts 'tis never shown;
I blame not them who never felt its force,
For, till they feel it, how can it be known?

165.

Needs must the tavern-hunter bathe in wine,
For none can make a tarnished name to shine;
Go! bring me wine, for none can now restore
Its pristine sheen to this soiled veil of mine.

166.

I wasted life in hope, yet gathered not
In all my life of happiness one jot;
Now my fear is that life may not endure,
Till I have taken vengeance on my lot!

167.

Be very wary in the soul's domain,
And on the world's affairs your lips refrain;
Be, as it were, sans tongue, sans ear, sans eye,
While tongue, and ears, and eyes you still retain.

168.

Let him rejoice who has a loaf of bread,
A little nest wherein to lay his head,
Is slave to none, and no man slaves for him —
In truth his lot is wondrous well bested.

169.

What adds my service to Thy majesty?
Or how can sin of mine dishonor Thee?
O pardon, then, and punish not, I know
Thou'rt slow to wrath, and prone to clemency.

170.

Hands, such as mine, that handle bowls of wine,
'Twere shame to book and pulpit to confine;
Zealot! thou'rt dry, and I am moist with drink,
Yea, far too moist to catch that fire of thine!

171.

Whoso aspires to gain a rose-cheeked fair,
Sharp pricks from fortune's thorns must learn to bear.
See! till this comb was cleft by cruel cuts,
It never dared to touch my lady's hair.

172.

Forever may my hands on wine be stayed,
And my heart pant for some fair Houri maid!
They say, "May Allah aid thee to repent!"
Repent I could not, e'en with Allah's aid!

173.

Soon shall I go, by time and fate deplored,
Of all my precious pearls not one is bored;
Alas! there die with me a thousand truths
To which these fools fit audience ne'er accord.

174.

To-day how sweetly breathes the temperate air,
The rains have newly laved the parched parterre;
And Bulbuls cry in notes of ecstasy,
"Thou too, O pallid rose, our wine must share!"

175.

Ere you succumb to shocks of mortal pain,
The rosy grape-juice from your wine-cup drain.
You are not gold, that, hidden in the earth,
Your friends should care to dig you up again!

176.

My coming brought no profit to the sky,
Nor does my going swell its majesty;
Coming and going put me to a stand,
Ear never heard their wherefore nor their why.

177.

The heavenly Sage, whose wit exceeds compare,
Counteth each vein, and numbereth every hair;
Men you may cheat by hypocritic arts,
But how cheat Him to whom all hearts are bare?

178.

Ah! wine lends wings to many a weary wight,
And beauty spots to ladies' faces bright;
All Ramazan I have not drunk a drop,
Thrice welcome, then, O Bairam's blessed night!

179.

All night in deep bewilderment I fret,
With tear-drops big as pearls my breast is wet;
I can not fill my cranium with wine;
How can it hold wine, when 'tis thus upset?

180.

To prayer and fasting when my heart inclined,
All my desire I surely hoped to find;
Alas! my purity is stained with wine,
My prayers are wasted like a breath of wind.

181.

I worship rose-red cheeks with heart and soul,
I suffer not my hand to quit the bowl,
I make each part of me his function do,
Or e'er my parts be swallowed in the Whole.

182.

This worldly love of yours is counterfeit,
And, like a half-spent blaze, lacks light and heat;
True love is his, who for days, months, and years,
Rests not, nor sleeps, nor craves for drink or meat.

183.

Why spend life in vainglorious essay
All Being and Not-being to survey?
Since Death is ever pressing at your heels,
'Tis best to drink or dream your life away.

184.

Some hanker after that vain fantasy
Of Houris, feigned in Paradise to be;
But, when the veil is lifted, they will find
How far they are from Thee, how far from Thee.

185.

In Paradise, they tell us, Houris dwell,
And fountains run with wine and oxymel:
If these be lawful in the world to come,
Surely 'tis right to love them here as well.

186.

A draught of wine would make a mountain dance,
Base is the churl who looks at wine askance;
Wine is a soul our bodies to inspire,
A truce to this vain talk of temperance!

187.

Oft doth my soul her prisoned state bemoan,
Her earth-born co-mate she would fain disown,
And quit, did not the stirrup of the law
Upbear her foot from dashing on the stone.

188.

The moon of Ramazan is risen, see!
Alas, our wine must henceforth banished be;
Well! on Sha'ban's last day I'll drink enough
To keep me drunk till Bairam's jubilee.

189.

From life we draw now wine, now dregs to drink,
Now flaunt in silk, and now in tatters shrink;
Such changes wisdom holds of slight account
To those who stand on death's appalling drink!

190.

What sage the eternal tangle e'er unraveled,
Or one short step beyond his nature traveled?
From pupils to the masters turn your eyes,
And see, each mother's son alike is graveled.

191.

Crave not of worldly sweets to take your fill,
Nor wait on turn of fortune, good or ill;
Be of light heart, as are the skies above,
They roll a round or two, and then lie still.

192.

What eye can pierce the veil of God's decrees,
Or read the riddle of earth's destinies?
Pondered have I for years threescore and ten,
But still am baffled by these mysteries.

193.

They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell,
Our Friend will sternly judge, and doom to hell.
Can aught but good from perfect goodness come?
Compose your trembling hearts, 'twill all be well.

194.

Drink wine to root up metaphysic weeds,
And tangle of the two-and-seventy creeds;
Do not forswear that wondrous alchemy,
'Twill turn to gold, and cure a thousand needs.

195.

Though drink is wrong, take care with whom you drink,
And who you are that drink, and what you drink;
And drink at will, for, these three points observed,
Who but the very wise can ever drink?

196.

To drain a gallon beaker I design,
Yea, two great beakers, brimmed with richest wine;
Old faith and reason thrice will I divorce,[19]
Then take to wife the daughter of the vine.

197.

True I drink wine, like every man of sense,
For I know Allah will not take offense;
Before time was, He know that I should drink,
And who am I to thwart His prescience?

[19] A triple divorce is irrevocable. Koran, chapter ii.

198.

Rich men, who take to drink, the world defy
With shameless riot, and as beggars die;
Place in my ruby pipe some emerald hemp,[20]
'Twill do as well to blind care's serpent eye.

199.

These fools have never burnt the midnight oil
In deep research, nor do they ever toil
To step beyond themselves, but dress them fine,
And plot of credit others to despoil.

200.

When false dawn streaks the east with cold, gray line,
Pour in your cups the pure blood of the vine;
The truth, they say, tastes bitter in the mouth,
This is a token that the " Truth " is wine.

201.

Now is the time earth decks her greenest bowers,
And trees, like Musa's hand, grow white with flowers!
As 'twere at 'Isa's breath the plants revive,
While clouds brim o'er, like tearful eyes, with showers.

202.

Oh burden not thyself with drudgery,
Lord of white silver and red gold to be;
But feast with friends, ere this warm breath of thine
Be chilled in death, and earthworms feast on thee.

203.

The showers of grape-juice, which cupbearers pour,
Quench fires of grief in many a sad heart's core.
Praise be to Allah, who hath sent this balm
To heal sore hearts, and spirits' health restore!

[20] The emerald is supposed to have the virtue of blinding serpents.

204.

Can alien Pharisees Thy kindness tell,
Like us, Thy intimates, who nigh Thee dwell?
Thou say'st, "All sinners will I burn with fire."
Say that to strangers — we know Thee too well.

205.

O comrades dear, when hither ye repair
In times to come, communion sweet to share,
While the cupbearer pours your old Magh wine,
Call poor Khayyam to mind, and breathe a prayer.

206.

For me heaven's sphere no music ever made,
Nor yet with soothing voice my fears allayed;
If e'er I found brief respite from my woes,
Back to woe's thrall I was at once betrayed.

207.

Sooner with half a loaf contented be,
And water from a broken crock, like me,
Than lord it over one poor fellow man,
Or to another bow the vassal knee.

208.

While Moon and Venus in the sky shall dwell,
None shall see aught red grape-juice to excel:
O foolish publicans, what can you buy
One half so precious as the goods you sell?

209.

They who by genius, and by power of brain,
The rank of man's enlighteners attain,
Not even they emerge from this dark night,
But tell their dreams, and fall asleep again.

210.

At dawn, when dews bedeck the tulip's face,
And violets their heavy heads abase,
I love to see the roses' folded buds,
With petals closed against the wind's disgrace.

211.

Like as the skies rain down sweet jessamine,
And sprinkle all the meads with eglantine,
Right so, from out this jug of violet hue,
I pour in lily cups this rosy wine.

212.

Ah! thou hast snared this head, though white as snow,
Which oft has vowed the wine-cup to forego;
And wrecked the mansion long resolve did build,
And rent the vesture penitence did sew!

213.

I am not one whom Death doth much dismay,
Life's terrors all Death's terrors far outweigh;
This life, that Heaven hath lent me for a while,
I will pay back, when it is time to pay.

214.

The stars, who dwell on heaven's exalted stage,
Baffle the wise diviners of our age;
Take heed, hold fast the rope of mother wit.
These augurs all distrust their own presage.

215.

The people who the heavenly world adorn,
Who come each night, and go away each morn,
Now on Heaven's skirt, and now in earth's deep pouch,
While Allah lives, shall aye anew be born!

216.

Slaves of vain wisdom and philosophy,
Who toil at Being and Nonentity,
Parching your brains till they are like dry grapes,
Be wise in time, and drink grape-juice like me!

217.

Sense, seeking happiness, bids us pursue
All present joys, and present griefs eschew;
She says, we are not as the meadow grass,
Which, when they mow it down, springs up anew.

218.

Now Ramazan is past, Shawwal comes back,
And feast and song and joy no more we lack;
The wine-skin carriers throng the streets and cry,
"Here comes the porter with his precious pack."

219.

My comrades are all gone; Death, deadly foe,
Has caught them one by one, and trampled low;
They shared life's feast, and drank its wine with me,
But lost their heads, and dropped a while ago.

220.

Those hypocrites, all know so well, who lurk
In streets to beg their bread, and will not work,
Claim to be saints, like Shibli and Junaid,
No Shiblis are they, though well known in Karkh!

221.

When the great Founder molded me of old,
He mixed much baser metal with my gold;
Better or fairer I can never be
Than I first issued from his heavenly mold.

222.

The joyous souls who quaff potations deep,
And saints who in the mosques sad vigils keep,
Are lost at sea alike, and find no shore,
One only wakes, all others are asleep.

223.

Not-being's water served to mix my clay,
And on my heart grief's fire doth ever prey,
And blown am I like wind about the world,
And last my crumbling earth is swept away.

224.

Small gains to learning on this earth accrue,
They pluck life's fruitage, learning who eschew;
Take pattern by the fools who learning shun,
And then perchance shall fortune smile on you.

225.

When the fair soul this mansion doth vacate,
Each element assumes its primal state,
And all the silken furniture of life
Is then dismantled by the blows of fate.

226.

These people string their beads of learned lumber,
And tell of Allah stories without number;
Yet never solve the riddle of the skies,
But wag the chin, and get them back to slumber.

227.

These folk are asses, laden with conceit,
And glittering drums, that empty sounds repeat,
And humble slaves are they of name and fame,
Acquire a name, and, lo! they kiss thy feet.

228.

On the dread day of final scrutiny
Thou wilt be rated by thy quality;
Get wisdom and fair qualities to-day,
For, as thou art, requited wilt thou be.

229.

Many fine heads, like bowls, the Brazier made,
And thus his own similitude portrayed;
He sets one upside down above our heads,
Which keeps us all continually afraid.

230.

My true condition I may thus explain
In two short verses which the whole contain:
"From love to Thee I now lay down my life,
In hope Thy love will raise me up again."

231.

The heart, like tapers, takes at beauty's eyes
A flame, and lives by that whereby it dies;
And beauty is a flame where hearts, like moths,
Offer themselves a burning sacrifice.

232.

To please the righteous life itself I sell,
And, though they tread me down, never rebel;
Men say, "Inform us what and where is hell?"
Ill company will make this earth a hell.

233.

The sun doth smite the roofs with Orient ray
And, Khosrau like, his wine-red sheen display;
Arise, and drink! the herald of the dawn
Uplifts his voice, and cries, "Oh, drink to-day!"

234.

Comrades! when e'er you meet together here,
Recall your friend to mind, and drop a tear;
And when the circling wine-cups reach his seat,
Pray turn one upside down his dust to cheer.

235.

That grace and favor at the first, what meant it?
That lavishing of joy and peace, what meant it?
But now thy purpose is to grieve my heart;
What did I do to cause this change? What meant it?

236.

These hypocrites who build on saintly show,
Treating the body as the spirit's foe,
If they will shut their mouths with lime, like jars,
My jar of grape-juice I will then forego.

237.

Many have come, and run their eager race,
Striving for pleasures, luxuries, or place,
And quaffed their wine, and now all silent lie,
Enfolded in their parent earth's embrace.

238.

Then, when the good reap fruits of labors past,
My hapless lot with drunkards will be cast;
If good, may I be numbered with the first,
If bad, find grace and mercy with the last.

239.

Of happy turns of fortune take your fill,
Seek pleasure's couch, or wine-cup, as you will;
Allah regards not if you sin, or saint it,
So take your pleasure, be it good or ill.

240.

Heaven multiplies our sorrows day by day,
And grants no joys it does not take away;
If those unborn could know the ills we bear,
What think you, would they rather come or stay?

241.

Why ponder thus the future to foresee,
And jade thy brain to vain perplexity?
Cast off thy care, leave Allah's plans to him —
He formed them all without consulting thee.

242.

The tenants of the tombs to dust decay,
Nescient of self, and all beside are they;
Their sundered atoms float about the world,
Like mirage clouds, until the judgment-day.

243.

O soul! lay up all earthly goods in store,
Thy mead with pleasure's flowerets spangled o'er;
And know 'tis all as dew, that decks the flowers
For one short night, and then is seen no more!

244.

Heed not the Sunna, nor the law divine;
If to the poor his portion you assign,
And never injure one, nor yet abuse,
I guarantee you heaven, and now some wine!

245.

Vexed by this wheel of things, that pets the base,
My sorrow-laden life drags on apace;
Like rosebud, from the storm I wrap me close,
And blood-spots on my heart, like tulip, trace.

246.

Youth is the time to pay court to the vine,
To quaff the cup, with revelers to recline;
A flood of water once laid waste the earth,
Hence learn to lay you waste with floods of wine.

247.

The world is baffled in its search for Thee,
Wealth can not find Thee, no, nor poverty;
Thou'rt very near us, but our ears are deaf,
Our eyes are blinded that we may not see!

248.

Take care you never hold a drinking-bout
With an ill-tempered, ill-conditioned lout;
He'll make a vile disturbance all night long,
And vile apologies next day, no doubt.

249.

The starry aspects are not all benign;
Why toil then after vain desires, and pine
To lade thyself with load of fortune's boons,
Only to drop it with this life of thine?

250.

O comrades! here is filtered wine, come drink!
Pledge all your charming sweethearts as you drink;
'Tis the grape's blood, and this is what it says,
"To you I dedicate my life-blood! drink!"

251.

Are you depressed? Then take of *bhang* one grain,
Of rosy grape-juice take one pint or twain;
Sufis, you say, must not take this or that,
Then go and eat the pebbles off the plain!

252.

I saw a busy potter by the way
Kneading with might and main a lump of clay;
And, lo! the clay cried, "Use me gently, pray;
I was a man myself but yesterday!"

253.

Oh! wine is richer that the realm of Jam,
More fragrant than the food of Miriam;
Sweeter are sighs that drunkards heave at morn
Than strains of Bu Sa'id and Bin Adham.

254.

Deep in the rondure of the heavenly blue,
There is a cup, concealed from mortals' view,
Which all must drink in turn; Oh, sigh not then,
But drink it boldly, when it comes to you!

255.

Though you should live to four, or forty score,
Go hence you must, as all have gone before;
Then, be you king, or beggar of the streets,
They'll rate you all the same, no less, no more.

256.

If you seek Him, abandon child and wife,
Arise, and sever all these ties to life;
All these are bonds to check you on your course.
Arise, and cut these bonds, as with a knife.

257.

O heart! this world is but a fleeting show,
Why should its empty griefs distress thee so?
Bow down, and bear thy fate, the eternal pen
Will not unwrite its roll for thee, I trow!

258.

Whoe'er returned of all that went before,
To tell of that long road they travel o'er?
Leave naught undone of what you have to do,
For when you go, you will return no more.

259.

Dark wheel! how many lovers thou hast slain,
Like Mahmud [21] and Ayaz, O inhumane!
Come, let us drink, thou grantest not two lives;
When one is spent, we find it not again.

260.

Illustrious Prophet! whom all kings obey,
When is our darkness lightened by wine's ray?
On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, and Saturday, both night and day!

261.

O turn away those roguish eyes of thine!
Be still! seek not my peace to undermine!
Thou say'st, "Look not." I might as well essay
To slant my goblet, and not spill my wine.

262.

In taverns better far commune with Thee,
Than pray in mosques, and fail Thy face to see!
O first and last of all Thy creatures Thou,
'Tis Thine to burn, and Thine to cherish me!

263.

To wise and worthy men your life devote,
But from the worthless keep your walk remote;
Dare to take poison from a sage's hand,
But from a fool refuse an antidote.

[21] Mahmud, the celebrated King of Ghazni, and Ayaz, his favorite.

264.

I flew here, as a bird from the wild, in aim
Up to a higher nest my course to frame;
But, finding here no guide who knows the way,
Fly out by the same door where through I came.

265.

He binds us in resistless Nature's chain,
And yet bids us our natures to restrain;
Between these counter rules we stand perplexed,
"Hold the jar slant, but all the wine retain."

266.

They go away, and none is seen returning,
To teach that other world's recondite learning;
'Twill not be shown for dull mechanic prayers,
For prayer is naught without true heartfelt yearning.

267.

Go to! Cast dust on those deaf skies, who spurn
Thy orisons and bootless prayers, and learn
To quaff the cup, and hover round the fair;
Of all who go, did ever one return?

268.

Though Khayyam strings no pearls of righteous deeds,
Nor sweeps from off his soul sin's noisome weeds,
Yet will he not despair of heavenly grace,
Seeing that One as two he ne'er misreads.

269.

Again to tavern-haunts do we repair,
And say "Adieu" to the five hours of prayer;
Where'er we see a long-necked flask of wine,
We elongate our necks that wine to share.

270.

We are but chessmen, destined, it is plain,
That great chess-player, Heaven, to entertain;
It moves us on life's chess-board to and fro,
And then in death's dark box shuts up again.

271.

You ask what is this life so frail, so vain,
'Tis long to tell, yet will I make it plain;
'Tis but a breath blown from the vasty deeps,
And then blown back to those same deeps again!

272.

To-day to heights of rapture have I soared,
Yea, and with drunken Maghs pure wine adored;
I am become beside myself, and rest
In that pure temple, "Am not I your Lord?"

273.

My queen (long may she live to vex her slave!)
To-day a token of affection gave,
Darting a kind glance from her eyes, she passed,
And said, "Do good and cast it on the wave!"

274.

I put my lips to the cup, for I did yearn
The hidden cause of length of days to learn;
He leaned his lip to mine, and whispered low,
"Drink! for, once gone, you never will return."

275.

We lay in the cloak of Naught, asleep and still,
Thou said'st, "Awake! taste the world's good and ill";
Here we are puzzled by Thy strange command,
From slanted jars no single drop to spill.

276.

O Thou! who know'st the secret thoughts of all,
In time of sorest need who aidest all,
Grant me repentance, and accept my plea,
O Thou who dost accept the pleas of all!

277.

I saw a bird perched on the walls of Tus,
Before him lay the skull of Kai Kawus,
And thus he made his moan, "Alas, poor king!
Thy drums are hushed, thy 'larums have rung truce."

278.

Ask not the chances of the time to be,
And for the past, 'tis vanished, as you see;
This ready-money breath set down as gain,
Future and past concern not you or me.

279.

What launched that golden orb his course to run,
What wrecks his firm foundations, when 'tis done,
No man of science ever weighed with scales,
Nor made assay with touchstone, no, not one!

280.

I pray thee to my counsel lend thine ear,
Cast off this false hypocrisy's veneer;
This life a moment is, the next all time;
Sell not eternity for earthly gear!

281.

Ofttimes I plead my foolishness to Thee,
My heart contracted with perplexity;
I gird me with the Magian zone, and why?
For shame so poor a Mussulman to be.

282.

Khayyam! rejoice that wine you still can pour,
And still the charms of tulip cheeks adore;
You'll soon not be, rejoice then that you are,
Think how 'twould be in case you were no more!

283.

Once, in a potter's shop, a company
Of cups in converse did I chance to see,
And lo! one lifted up his voice, and cried,
"Who made, who sells, who buys this crockery?"

284.

Last night, as I reeled from the tavern door,
I saw a sage, who a great wine-jug bore;
I said, "O Shaikh, have you no shame?" Said he,
"Allah hath boundless mercy in his store."

285.

Life's fount is wine, Khizir its guardian,
I, like Elias, find it where I can;
'Tis sustenance for heart and spirit too,
Allah himself calls wine "a boon to man."

286.

Though wine is banned, yet drink, forever drink!
By day and night, with strains of music drink!
Where'er thou lightest on a cup of wine,
Spill just one drop, and take the rest and drink!

287.

Although the creeds number some seventy-three,
I hold with none but that of loving Thee;
What matter faith, unfaith, obedience, sin?
Thou'rt all we need, the rest is vanity.

288.

Tell one by one my scanty virtues o'er;
As for my sins, forgive them by the score;
Let not my faults kindle Thy wrath to flame;
By blest Mohammed's tomb, forgive once more!

289.

Grieve not at coming ill, you can't defeat it,
And what far-sighted person goes to meet it?
Cheer up! bear not about a world of grief,
Your fate is fixed, and grieving will not cheat it.

290.

There is a chalice made with wit profound,
With tokens of the Maker's favor crowned;
Yet the world's Potter takes his masterpiece,
And dashes it to pieces on the ground!

291.

In truth wine is a spirit thin as air,
A limpid soul in the cup's earthen ware;
No dull, dense person shall be friend of mine
Save wine-cups, which are dense and also rare.

292.

O wheel of heaven! no ties of bread you feel,
No ties of salt, you flay me like an eel!
A woman's wheel spins clothes for man and wife,
It does more good than you, O heavenly wheel!

293.

Did no fair rose my paradise adorn,
I would make shift to deck it with a thorn;
And if I lacked my prayer-mats, beads, and Shaikh,
Those Christian bells and stoles I would not scorn.

294.

"If heaven deny me peace and fame," I said,
"Let it be open war and shame instead;
The man who scorns bright wine had best beware,
I'll arm me with a stone, and break his head!"

295.

See! the dawn breaks, and rends night's canopy:
Arise! and drain a morning draught with me!
Away with gloom! full many a dawn will break
Looking for us, and we not here to see!

296.

O you who tremble not at fires of hell,
Nor wash in water of remorse's well,
When winds of death shall quench your vital torch,
Beware lest earth your guilty dust expel.

297.

This world a hollow pageant you should deem;
All wise men know things are not what they seem;
Be of good cheer, and drink, and so shake off
This vain illusion of a baseless dream.

298.

With maids stately as cypresses, and fair
As roses newly plucked, your wine-cups share,
Or e'er Death's blasts shall rend your robe of flesh
Like yonder rose-leaves, lying scattered there!

299.

Cast off dull care, O melancholy brother!
Woo the sweet daughter of the grape, no other;
The daughter is forbidden, it is true,
But she is nicer than her lawful mother!

300.

My love shone forth, and I was overcome,
My heart was speaking, but my tongue was dumb;
Beside the water-brooks I died of thirst.
Was ever known so strange a martyrdom?

301.

Give me my cup in hand, and sing a glee
In concert with the bulbul's symphony;
Wine would not gurgle as it leaves the flask,
If drinking mute were right for thee and me!

302.

The "Truth" will not be shown to lofty thought,
Nor yet with lavished gold may it be bought;
But, if you yield your life for fifty years,
From words to "states" you may perchance be brought.

303.

I solved all problems, down from Saturn's wreath
Unto this lowly sphere of earth beneath,
And leapt out free from bonds of fraud and lies,
Yea, every knot was loosed, save that of death!

304.

Peace! the eternal "Has been" and "To be"
Pass man's experience, and man's theory;
In joyful seasons naught can vie with wine,
To all these riddles wine supplies the key!

305.

Allah, our Lord, is merciful, though just;
Sinner! despair not, but His mercy trust!
For though to-day you perish in your sins,
To-morrow He'll absolve your crumbling dust.

306.

Your course annoys me, O ye wheeling skies!
Unloose me from your chain of tyrannies!
If none but fools your favors may enjoy,
Then favor me — I am not very wise!

307.

O City Mufti, you go more astray
Than I do, though to wine I do give way;
I drink the blood of grapes, you that of men:
Which of us is the more bloodthirsty, pray?

308.

'Tis well to drink, and leave anxiety
For what is past, and what is yet to be;
Our prisoned spirits, lent us for a day,
A while from season's bondage shall go free!

309.

When Khayyam quittance at Death's hand receives,
And sheds his outworn life, as trees their leaves,
Full gladly will he sift this world away,
Ere dustmen sift his ashes in their sieves.

310.

This wheel of heaven, which makes us all afraid,
I liken to a lamp's revolving shade,
The sun the candlestick, the earth the shade,
And men the trembling forms thereon portrayed.

311.

Who was it that did mix my clay? Not I.
Who spun my web of silk and wool? Not I.
Who wrote upon my forehead all my good,
And all my evil deeds? In truth not I.

312.

O let us not forecast to-morrow's fears,
But count to-day as gain, my brave compeers!
To-morrow we shall quit this inn, and march
With comrades who have marched seven thousand years.

313.

Ne'er for one moment leave your cup unused!
Wine keeps heart, faith, and reason too, amused;
Had Iblis swallowed but a single drop,
To worship Adam he had ne'er refused!

314.

Come, dance! while we applaud thee, and adore
Thy sweet Narcissus eyes, and grape-juice pour;
A score of cups is no such great affair,
But 'tis enchanting when we reach three score!

315.

I close the door of hope in my own face,
Nor sue for favors from good men, or base;
I have but One to lend a helping hand —
He knows, as well as I, my sorry case.

316.

Ah! by these heavens, that ever circling run,
And by my own base lusts I am undone,
Without the wit to abandon worldly hopes,
And wanting sense the world's allures to shun!

317.

On earth's green carpet many sleepers lie,
And hid beneath it others I descry;
And others, not yet come, or passed away,
People the desert of Nonentity!

318.

Sure of Thy grace, for sins why need I fear?
How can the pilgrim faint whilst Thou art near?
On the last day Thy grace will wash me white,
And make my "black record" to disappear.

319.

Think not I dread from out the world to hie,
And see my disembodied spirit fly;
I tremble not at death, for death is true,
'Tis my ill life that makes me fear to die!

320.

Let us shake off dull reason's incubus,
Our tale of days or years cease to discuss,
And take our jugs, and plenish them with wine,
Or e'er grim potters make their jugs of us!

321.

How much more wilt thou chide, O raw divine,
For that I drink, and am a libertine?
Thou hast thy weary beads, and saintly show,
Leave me my cheerful sweetheart, and my wine!

322.

Against my lusts I ever war, in vain,
I think on my ill deeds with shame and pain;
I trust Thou wilt assoil me of my sins,
But even so, my shame must still remain.

323.

In these twin compasses, O Love, you see
One body with two heads, like you and me,
Which wander round one center, circlewise,
But at the last in one same point agree.

324.

We shall not stay here long, but while we do,
'Tis folly wine and sweethearts to eschew;
Why ask if earth etern or transient be?
Since you must go, it matters not to you.

325.

In reverent sort to mosque I wend my way,
But, by great Allah, it is not to pray;
No! but to steal a prayer-mat! When 'tis worn,
I go again, another to purvey.

326.

No more let fate's annoys our peace consume,
But let us rather rosy wine consume;
The world our murderer is, and wine its blood,
Shall we not then that murderer's blood consume?

327.

For Thee I vow to cast repute away,
And, if I shrink, the penalty to pay;
Though life might satisfy Thy cruelty,
'Twere naught, I'll bear it till the judgment-day!

328.

In Being's rondure de we stray belated,
Our pride of manhood humbled and abated;
Would we were gone! long since have we been wearied
With this world's griefs, and with its pleasures sated.

329.

The world is false, so I'll be false as well,
And with bright wine, and gladness ever dwell!
They say, "May Allah grant thee penitence!"
He grants it not, and, did he, I'd rebel!

330.

When Death shall tread me down upon the plain,
And pluck my feathers, and my life-blood drain,
Then mold me to a cup, and fill with wine;
Haply its scent will make me breathe again.

331.

So far as this world's dealings I have traced,
I find its favors shamefully misplaced;
Allah be praised! I see myself debarred
From all its boons, and wrongfully disgraced.

332.

'Tis dawn! my heart with wine I will recruit,
And dash to bits the glass of good repute;
My long-extending hopes I will renounce,
And grasp long tresses, and the charming lute.

333.

Though I had sinned the sins of all mankind,
I know Thou would'st to mercy be inclined;
Thou sayest, "I will help in time of need."
One needier than I where wilt Thou find?

334.

Am I a wine-bibber? What if I am?
Gueber or infidel? Suppose I am?
Each sect miscalls me, but I heed them not,
I am my own, and, what I am, I am.

335.

All my life long from drink I have not ceased.
And drink I will to-night on Kadr's feast;
And throw my arms about the wine-jar's neck,
And kiss its lip, and clasp it to my breast!

336.

I know what is, and what is not, I know
The lore of things above, and things below;
But all this lore will cheerfully renounce,
If one a higher grade than drink can show.

337.

Though I drink wine, I am no libertine,
Nor am I grasping, save of cups of wine;
I scruple to adore myself, like you;
For this cause to wine-worship I incline.

338.

To confidants like you I dare to say
What mankind really are — molded of clay,
Affliction's clay, and kneaded in distress,
They taste the world awhile, then pass away.

339.

We make the wine-jar's lip our place of prayer,
And drink in lessons of true manhood there,
And pass our lives in taverns, if perchance
The time misspent in mosques we may repair.

340.

Man is the whole creation's summary,
The precious apple of great wisdom's eye;
The circle of existence is a ring,
Whereof the signet is humanity.

341.

With fancies, as with wine, our heads we turn,
Aspire to heaven, and earth's low trammels spurn;
But, when we drop this fleshly clog, 'tis seen
From dust we came, and back to dust return.

342.

If so it be that I did break the fast,
Think not I meant it; no! I thought 'twas past —
That day more weary than a sleepless night —
And blesséd breakfast-time had come at last!

343.

I never drank of joy's sweet cordial,
But grief's fell hand infused a drop of gall;
Nor dipped my bread in pleasure's piquant salt,
But briny sorrow made me smart withal!

344.

At dawn to tavern-haunts I wend my way,
And with distraught Kalendars pass the day;
O Thou! who know'st things secret, and things known,
Grant me Thy grace, that I may learn to pray!

345.

The world's annoys I rate not at one grain,
So I eat once a day I don't complain;
And, since earth's kitchen yields no solid food,
I pester no man with petitions vain.

346.

Never from worldly toils have I been free,
Never for one short moment glad to be!
I served a long apprenticeship to fate,
But yet of fortune gained no mastery.

347.

One hand with Koran, one with wine-cup dight,
I half incline to wrong, and half to right;
The azure-marbled sky looks down on me,
A sorry Moslem, yet not heathen quite.

348.

Khayyam's respects to Mustafa convey,
And with due reverence ask him to say,
Why it has pleased him to forbid pure wine,
When he allows his people acid whey?

349.

Tell Khayyam, for a master of the schools,
He strangely misinterprets my plain rules:
Where have I said that wine is wrong for all?
'Tis lawful for the wise, but not for fools.

350.

My critics call me a philosopher,
But Allah knows full well they greatly err;
I know not even what I am, much less
Why on this earth I am a sojourner!

351.

The more I die to self, I live the more,
The more abase myself, the higher soar;
And, strange! the more I drink of Being's wine,
More sane I grow and sober than before.

352.

Quoth rose, "I am the Yusuf flower, I swear,
For in my mouth rich golden gems I bear":
I said, "Show me another proof." Quoth she,
"Behold this blood-stained vesture that I wear!"

353.

I studied with the masters long ago,
And long ago did master all they know;
Here now the end and issue of it all,
From earth I came, and like the wind I go!

354.

Death finds us soiled, though we were pure at birth,
With grief we go, although we came with mirth;
Watered with tears, and burned with fires of woe,
And, casting life to winds, we rest in earth!

355.

To find great Jamshid's world-reflecting bowl
I compassed sea and land, and viewed the whole;
But, when I asked the wary sage, I learned
That bowl was my own body, and my soul!

356.

Me, cruel Queen! you love to captivate,
And from a knight to a poor pawn translate;
You marshal all your force to tire me out,
You take my rooks with yours, and then checkmate!

357.

If Allah wills me not to will aright,
How can I frame my will to will aright?
Each single act I will must needs be wrong,
Since none but He has power to will aright.

358.

"For once, while roses are in bloom," I said,
"I'll break the law, and please myself instead,
With blooming youths, and maidens' tulip cheeks
The plain shall blossom like a tulip-bed."

359.

Think not I am existent of myself,
Or walk this blood-stained pathway of myself;
This being is not I, it is of Him.
Pray what, and where, and whence is this "myself"?

360.

Endure this world without my wine I can not!
Drag on life's load without my cups I can not!
I am the slave of that sweet moment, when
They say, "Take one more goblet," and I can not!

361.

You, who both day and night the world pursue,
And thoughts of that dread day of doom eschew,
Bethink you of your latter end; be sure
As time has treated others, so 'twill you!

362.

O man, who are creation's summary,
Getting and spending too much trouble thee!
Arise, and quaff the Etern Cupbearer's wine,
And so from troubles of both worlds be free!

363.

In this eternally revolving zone,
Two lucky species of men are known;
One knows all good and ill that are on earth,
One neither earth's affairs, nor yet his own.

364.

Make light to me the world's oppressive weight,
And hide my failings from the people's hate,
And grant me peace to-day, and on the morrow
Deal with me as Thy mercy may dictate!

365.

Souls that are well informed of this world's state,
Its weal and woe with equal mind await:
For, be it weal we meet, or be it woe,
The weal doth pass, and woe too hath its date.

366.

Lament not fortune's want of constancy,
But up! and seize her favors ere they flee;
If fortune always cleaved to other men,
How could a turn of luck have come to thee?

367.

Chief of old friends! harken to what I say,
Let not heaven's treacherous wheel your heart dismay;
But rest contented in your humble nook,
And watch the games that wheel is wont to play.

368.

Hear now Khayyam's advice, and bear in mind,
Consort with revelers, though they be maligned,
Cast down the gates of abstinence and prayer,
Yea, drink, and even rob, but, oh! be kind!

369.

This world a body is, and God its soul,
And angels are its senses, who control
Its limbs — the creatures, elements, and spheres;
The One is the sole basis of the whole.

370.

Last night that idol who enchants my heart,
With true desire to elevate my heart,
Gave me his cup to drink; when I refused,
He said, "Oh, drink to gratify my heart!"

371.

Would'st thou have fortune bow her neck to thee,
Make it thy care to feed thy soul with glee;
And hold a creed like mine, which is to drain
The cup of wine, not that of misery.

372.

Though you survey, O my enlightened friend,
This world of vanity from end to end,
You will discover there no other good
Than wine and rosy cheeks, you may depend!

373.

Last night upon the river bank we lay,
I with my wine-cup, and a maiden gay,
So bright it shone, like pearl within its shell,
The watchman cried, "Behold the break of day!"

374.

Have you no shame for all the sins you do,
Sins of omission and commission, too?
Suppose you gain the world, you can but leave it,
You can not carry it away with you!

375.

In a lone waste I saw a debauchee,
He had no home, no faith, no heresy,
No God, no truth, no law, no certitude;
Where in this world is man so bold as he?

376.

Some look for truth in creeds, and forms, and rules;
Some grope for doubts or dogmas in the schools;
But from behind the veil a voice proclaims,
"Your road lies neither here nor there, O fools."

377.

In heaven is seen the bull we name Parwin,
Beneath the earth another lurks unseen;
And thus to wisdom's eyes mankind appear
A drove of asses, two great bulls between!

378.

The people say, "Why not drink somewhat less?
What reasons have you for such great excess?"
First, my Love's face, second, my morning draught;
Can there be clearer reasons, now confess?

379.

Had I the power great Allah to advise,
I'd bid him sweep away this earth and skies,
And build a better, where, unclogged and free,
The clear soul might achieve her high emprise.

380.

This silly sorrow-laden heart of mine
Is ever pining for that Love of mine;
When the Cupbearer poured the wine of love,
With my heart's blood he filled this cup of mine!

381.

To drain the cup, to hover round the fair,
Can hypocritic arts with these compare?
If all who love and drink are going wrong,
There's many a wight of heaven may well despair!

382.

'Tis wrong with gloomy thoughts your mirth to drown —
To let grief's millstone weigh your spirits down;
Since none can tell what is to be, 'tis best
With wine and love your heart's desires to crown.

383.

'Tis well in reputation to abide,
'Tis shameful against heaven to rail and chide;
Still, head had better ache with over-drink,
Than be puffed up with Pharisaic pride!

384.

O Lord! pity this prisoned heart, I pray,
Pity this bosom stricken with dismay!
Pardon these hands that ever grasp the cup,
These feet that to the tavern ever stray!

385.

O Lord! from self-conceit deliver me,
Sever from self, and occupy with Thee!
This self is captive to earth's good and ill,
Make me beside myself, and set me free!

386.

Behold the tricks this wheeling dome doth play,
And earth laid bare of old friends torn away!
O live this present moment, which is thine,
Seek not a morrow, mourn not yesterday!

387.

Since all man's business in this world of woe
Is sorrow's pangs to feel, and grief to know,
Happy are they that never come at all,
And they that, having come, the soonest go!

388.

By reason's dictates it is right to live,
But of ourselves we know not how to live,
So Fortune, like a master, rod in hand,
Raps our pates well to teach us how to live!

389.

Nor you nor I can read the etern decree,
To that enigma we can find no key;
They talk of you and me *behind* the veil,
But, if that veil be lifted, where are *we?*

390.

O Love, forever doth heaven's wheel design
To take away thy precious life, and mine;
Sit we upon this turf, 'twill not be long
Ere turf shall grow upon my dust, and thine!

391.

When life has fled, and we rest in the tomb,
They'll place a pair of bricks to mark our tomb;
And, a while after, mold our dust to bricks,
To furnish forth some other person's tomb!

392.

Yon palace, towering to the welkin blue,
Where kings did bow them down, and homage do,
I saw a ringdove on its arches perched,
And thus she made complaint, "Coo, Coo, Coo, Coo!"

393.

We come and go, but for the gain, where is it?
And spin life's woof, but for the warp, where is it?
And many a righteous man has burned to dust
In heaven's blue rondure, but their smoke, where is it?

394.

Life's well-spring lurks within that lip of thine!
Let not the cup's lip touch that lip of thine!
Beshrew me, if I fail to drink his blood,
For who is he, to touch that lip of thine?

395.

Such as I am, Thy power created me,
Thy care hath kept me for a century!
Through all these years I make experiment,
If my sins or Thy mercy greater be.

396.

"Take up thy cup and goblet, Love," I said,
"Haunt purling river bank, and grassy glade;
Full many a moon-like form has heaven's wheel
Oft into cup, oft into goblet, made!"

397.

We buy new wine and old, our cups to fill,
And sell for two grains this world's good and ill;
Know you where you will go to after death?
Set wine before me, and go where you will!

398.

Was e'er man born who never went astray?
Did ever mortal pass a sinless day?
If I do ill, do not requite with ill!
Evil for evil how can'st Thou repay?

399.

Bring forth that ruby gem of Badakhshan,
That heart's delight, that balm of Turkestan;
They say 'tis wrong for Mussulmans to drink,
But ah! where can we find a Mussulman?

400.

My body's life and strength proceed from Thee!
My soul within and spirit are of Thee!
My being is of Thee, and Thou art mine,
And I am Thine, since I am lost in Thee!

401.

Man, like a ball, hither and thither goes,
As fate's resistless bat directs the blows;
But He, who gives thee up to this rude sport,
He knows what drives thee, yea, He knows, He knows!

402.

O Thou who givest sight to emmet's eyes,
And strength to puny limbs of feeble flies,
To Thee we will ascribe Almighty power,
And not base, unbecoming qualities.

403.

Let not base avarice enslave thy mind,
Nor vain ambition in its trammels bind;
Be sharp as fire, as running water swift,
Not, like earth's dust, the sport of every wind!

404.

'Tis best all other blessings to forego
For wine, that charming Turki maids bestow;
Kalendars' raptures pass all things that are,
From moon on high down into fish below!

405.

Friend! trouble not yourself about your lot,
Let futile care and sorrow be forgot;
Since this life's vesture crumbles into dust,
What matters stain of word or deed, or blot?

406.

O thou who hast done ill, and ill alone,
And thinkest to find mercy at the throne,
Hope not for mercy! for good left undone
Can not be done, nor evil done undone!

407.

Count not to live beyond your sixtieth year,
To walk in jovial courses persevere;
And ere your skull be turned into a cup,
Let wine-cups ever to your hand adhere!

408.

These heavens resemble an inverted cup,
Whereto the wise with awe keep gazing up;
So stoops the bottle o'er his love, the cup,
Feigning to kiss, and gives her blood to sup!

409.

I sweep the tavern threshold with my hair,
For both world's good and ill I take no care;
Should the two worlds roll to my house, like balls,
When drunk, for one small coin I'd sell the pair!

410.

The drop wept for his severance from the sea,
But the sea smiled, for "I am all," said he,
"The Truth is all, nothing exists beside,
That one point circling apes plurality."

411.

Shall I still sigh for what I have not got,
Or try with cheerfulness to bear my lot?
Fill up my cup! I know not if the breath
I now am drawing is my last, or not!

412.

Yield not to grief, though fortune prove unkind,
Nor call sad thoughts of parted friends to mind;
Devote thy heart to sugary lips, and wine,
Cast not thy precious life unto the wind!

413.

Of mosque and prayer and fast preach not to me,
Rather go drink, were it on charity!
Yea, drink, Khayyam, your dust will soon be made
A jug, or pitcher, or a cup, may be!

414.

Bulbuls, doting on roses, oft complain
How froward breezes rend their veils in twain;
Sit we beneath this rose, which many a time
Has sunk to earth, and sprung from earth again.

415.

Suppose the world goes well with you, what then?
When life's last page is read and turned, what then?
Suppose you live a hundred years of bliss,
Yea, and a hundred years besides, what then?

416.

How is it that of all the leafy tribe,
Cypress and lily men as "free" describe?
This has a dozen tongues, yet holds her peace,
That has a hundred hands which take no bribe.

417.

Cupbearer, bring my wine-cup, let me grasp it!
Bring that delicious darling, let me grasp it!
That pleasing chain which tangles in its coils
Wise men and fools together, let me grasp it!

418.

Alas! my wasted life has gone to wrack!
What with forbidden meats, and lusts, alack!
And leaving undone what 'twas right to do,
And doing wrong, my face is very black!

419.

I could repent of all, but of wine, never!
I could dispense with all, but with wine, never!
If so be I became a Mussulman,
Could I abjure my Magian wine? no, never!

420.

We rest our hopes on Thy free grace alone,
Nor seek by merits for our sins to atone;
Mercy drops where it lists, and estimates
Ill done as undone, good undone as done.

421.

This is the form Thou gavest me of old,
Wherein Thou workest marvels manifold;
Can I aspire to be a better man,
Or other than I issued from Thy mold?

422.

O Lord! to Thee all creatures worship pay,
To Thee both small and great forever pray,
Thou takest woe away, and givest weal,
Give then, or, if it please Thee, take away!

423.

With going to and fro in this sad vale
Thou art grown double, and thy credit stale,
Thy nails are thickened like a horse's hoof,
Thy beard is ragged as an ass's tail.

424.

O unenlightened race of humankind,
Ye are a nothing, built on empty wind!
Yea, a mere nothing, hovering in the abyss,
A void before you, and a void behind!

425.

Each morn I say, "To-night I will repent
Of wine, and tavern-haunts no more frequent";
But while 'tis spring, and roses are in bloom,
To loose me from my promise, O consent!

426.

Vain study of philosophy eschew!
Rather let tangled curls attract your view;
And shed the bottle's life-blood in your cup,
Or e'er death shed your blood, and feast on you.

427.

O heart! can'st thou the darksome riddle read,
Where wisest men have failed, wilt thou succeed?
Quaff wine, and make thy heaven here below,
Who knows if heaven above will be thy meed?

428.

They that have passed away, and gone before,
Sleep in delusion's dust for evermore;
Go, boy, and fetch some wine, this is the truth,
Their dogmas were but air, and wind their lore!

429.

O heart! when on the Loved One's sweets you feed,
You lose yourself, but find your Self indeed;
And, when you drink of His entrancing cup,
You hasten your escape from quick and dead!

430.

Though I am wont a wine-bibber to be,
Why should the people rail and chide at me?
Would that all evil actions made men drunk,
For then no sober people should I see!

431.

Child of four elements and sevenfold heaven,
Who fume and sweat because of these eleven,
Drink! I have told you seventy times and seven,
Once gone, nor hell will send you back, nor heaven.

432.

With many a snare Thou dost beset my way,
And threatenest, if I fall therein, to slay;
Thy rule resistless sways the world, yet Thou
Imputest sin, when I do but obey!

433.

To Thee, whose essence baffles human thought,
Our sins and righteous deeds alike seem naught;
May Thy grace sober me, though drunk with sins,
And pardon all the ill that I have wrought!

434.

If this life were indeed an empty play,
Each day would be an *'lid* of festal day,
And men might conquer all their hearts' desire,
Fearless of after penalties to pay!

435.

O wheel of heaven, you thwart my heart's desire,
And rend to shreds my scanty joy's attire,
The water that I drink you foul with earth,
And turn the very air I breathe to fire!

436.

O soul! could you but doff this flesh and bone,
You'd soar a sprite about the heavenly throne;
Had you no shame to leave your starry home,
And dwell an alien on this earthly zone?

437.

Ah, potter, stay thine hand! with ruthless art
Put not to such base use man's mortal part!
See, thou art mangling on thy cruel wheel
Faridun's fingers, and Kai Khosrau's heart!

438.

O rose! all beauties' charms thou dost excel,
As wine excels the pearl within its shell;
O fortune! thou dost ever show thyself
More strange, although I seem to know thee well!

439.

From this world's kitchen crave not to obtain
Those dainties, seeming real, but really vain,
Which greedy worldlings gorge to their own loss;
Renounce that loss, so loss shall prove thy gain!

440.

Plot not of nights, thy fellows' peace to blight,
So that they cry to God the live-long night;
Nor plume thee on thy wealth and might, which thieves
May steal by night, or death, or fortune's might.

441.

This soul of mine was once Thy cherished bride,
What caused Thee to divorce her from Thy side?
Thou didst not use to treat her thus of yore,
Why then now doom her in the world to abide?

442.

Ah! would there were a place of rest from pain,
Which we, poor pilgrims, might at last attain,
And after many thousand wintry years,
Renew our life, like flowers, and bloom again!

443.

While in love's book I sought an augury;
An ardent youth cried out in ecstasy,
"Who owns a sweetheart beauteous as the moon
Might wish his moments long as years to be!"

444.

Winter is past, and spring-tide has begun,
Soon will the pages of life's book be done!
Well saith the sage, "Life is a poison rank,
And antidote, save grape-juice, there is none."

445.

Beloved, if thou a reverend Molla be,
Quit saintly show, and feigned austerity,
And quaff the wine that Murtaza purveys,
And sport with Houris 'neath some shady tree!

446.

Last night I dashed my cup against a stone,
In a mad drunken freak, as I must own,
And lo! the cup cries out in agony,
"You too, like me, shall soon be overthrown."

447.

My heart is weary of hypocrisy,
Cupbearer, bring some wine, I beg of thee!
This hooded cowl and prayer-mat pawn for wine,
Then will I boast me in security.

448.

Audit yourself, your truce account to frame,
See! you go empty, as you empty came;
You say, "I will not drink and peril life,"
But, drink or no, you must die all the same!

449.

Open the door! O entrance who procurest,
And guide the way, O Thou of guides the surest!
Directors born of men shall not direct me,
Their counsel comes to naught, but Thou endurest!

450.

In slandering and reviling you persist,
Calling me infidel and atheist:
My errors I will not deny, but yet
Does foul abuse become a moralist?

451.

To find a remedy, put up with pain,
Chafe not at woe, and healing thou wilt gain;
Though poor, be ever of a thankful mind,
'Tis the sure method riches to obtain.

452.

Give me a skin of wine, a crust of bread,
A pittance bare, a book of verse to read;
With thee, O love, to share my lowly roof,
I would not take the Sultan's realm instead!

453.

Reason not of the five, nor of the four,
Be their dark problems one, or many score;
We are but earth — go, minstrel, bring the lute!
We are but air — bring wine; I ask no more!

454.

Why argue on Yasin and on Barat?
Write me the draft for wine they call Barat!
The day my weariness is drowned in wine
Will seem to me as the great night Barat!

455.

Whilst thou dost wear this fleshy livery,
Step not beyond the bounds of destiny;
Bear up, though very Rustems be thy foes,
And crave no boon from friends like Hatim Tai!

456.

These ruby lips, and wine, and minstrel boys,
And lute, and harp, your dearly cherished toys,
Are mere redundancies, and you are naught,
Till you renounce the world's delusive joys.

457.

Bow down, heaven's tyranny to undergo,
Quaff wine to face the world, and all its woe;
Your origin and end are both in earth,
But now you are *above* earth, not *below!*

458.

You know all secrets of this earthly sphere,
Why then remain a prey to empty fear?
You can not bend things to your will, but yet
Cheer up for the few moments you are here!

459.

Behold, where'er we turn our ravished eyes,
Sweet verdure springs, and crystal Kausars rise;
And plains, once bare as hell, now smile as heaven:
Enjoy this heaven with maids of Paradise!

460.

Never in this false world on friends rely,
(I give this counsel confidentially);
Put up with pain, and seek no antidote;
Endure your grief, and ask no sympathy!

461.

Of wisdom's dictates two are principal,
Surpassing all your lore traditional;
Better to fast than eat of every meat,
Better to live alone than mate with all!

462.

Why unripe grapes are sharp, prithee explain,
And then grow sweet, while wine is sharp again?
When one has carved a block into a lute,
Can he from that same block a pipe obtain?

463.

When dawn doth silver the dark firmament,
Why shrills the bird of dawning his lament?
It is to show in dawn's bright looking-glass
How of thy careless life a night is spent.

464.

Cupbearer, come! from thy full-throated ewer
Pour blood-red wine, the world's despite to cure!
Where can I find another friend like wine,
So genuine, so solacing, so pure?

465.

Though you should sit in sage Aristo's room,
Or rival Cæsar on his throne of Rum,
Drain Jemshid's goblet, for your end's the tomb,
Yea, were you Bahram's self, your end's the tomb!

466.

It chanced into a potter's shop I strayed,
He turned his wheel and deftly plied his trade,
And out of monarchs' heads, and beggars' feet,
Fair heads and handles for his pitchers made!

467.

If you have sense, true senselessness attain,
And the Etern Cupbearer's goblet drain;
If not, true senselessness is not for you —
Not every fool true senselessness can gain!

468.

O Love! before you pass death's portal through,
And potters make their jugs of me and you,
Pour from this jug some wine, of headache void,
And fill your cup, and fill my goblet too!

469.

O Love! while yet you can, with tender art,
Lift sorrow's burden from your lover's heart;
Your wealth of graces will not always last,
But slip from your possession, and depart!

470.

Bestir thee, ere death's cup for thee shall flow,
And blows of ruthless fortune lay thee low;
Acquire some substance *here,* there is none *there,*
For those who thither empty-handed go!

471.

Who framed the lots of quick and dead but Thou?
Who turns the troublous wheel of heaven but Thou?
Though we are sinful slaves, is it for Thee
To blame us? Who created us but Thou?

472.

O wine, most limpid, pure, and crystalline,
Would I could drench this silly frame of mine
With thee, that passers-by might think 'twas thou,
And cry, "Whence comest thou, fair master wine?"

473.

A Shaikh beheld a harlot, and quoth he,
"You seem a slave to drink and lechery";
And she made answer, "What I seem I am,
But, Master, are you all you seem to be?"

474.

If, like a ball, earth to my house were borne,
When drunk, I'd rate it at a barleycorn;
Last night they offered me in pawn for wine,
But the rude vintner laughed that pledge to scorn.

475.

Now in thick clouds Thy face Thou dost immerse,
And now display it in this universe;
Thou the spectator, Thou the spectacle,
Sole to Thyself Thy glories dost rehearse.

476.

Better to make one soul rejoice with glee,
Than plant a desert with a colony;
Rather one freeman bind with chains of love,
Than set a thousand prisoned captives free!

477.

O thou who for thy pleasure dost impart
A pang of sorrow to thy fellow's heart,
Go! mourn thy perished wit, and peace of mind,
Thyself hast slain them, like the fool thou art!

478.

Wherever you can get two maunds of wine,
Set to, and drink it like a libertine;
Whoso acts thus will set his spirit free
From saintly airs like yours, and grief like mine.

479.

So long as I possess two maunds of wine,
Bread of the flower of wheat, and mutton chine,
And you, O Tulip cheek, to share my hut,
Not every Sultan's lot can vie with mine.

480.

They call you wicked, if to fame you're known,
And an intriguer, if you live alone;
Trust me, though you were Khizr or Elias,
'Tis best to know none, and of none be known.

481.

Yes! here am I with wine and feres again!
I did repent, but, ah! 'twas all in vain;
Preach not to me of Noah and his flood,
But pour a flood of wine to drown my pain!

482.

For union with my love I sigh in vain,
The pangs of absence I can scarce sustain,
My grief I dare not tell to any friend;
O trouble strange, sweet passion, bitter pain!

483.

'Tis dawn! I hear the loud Muezzin's call,
And here am I before the vintner's hall;
This is no time of piety. Be still!
And drop your talk and airs devotional!

484.

Angel of joyful foot! the dawn is nigh;
Pour wine, and lift your tuneful voice on high,
Sing how Jemshids and Khosraus bit the dust,
Whelmed by the rolling months, from Tir to Dai!

485.

Frown not at revelers, I beg of thee,
For all thou keepest righteous company;
But drink, for, drink or no, 'tis all the same,
If doomed to hell, no heaven thou'lt ever see.

486.

I wish that Allah would rebuild these skies,
And earth, and that at once, before my eyes,
And either 'rase my name from off his roll,
Or else relieve my dire necessities!

487.

Lord! make thy bounty's cup for me to flow,
And bread unbegged for day by day bestow;
Yea, with thy wine make me beside myself.
No more to feel the headache of my woe!

488.

Omar! of burning heart, perchance to burn [22]
In hell, and feed its bale-fires in thy turn,
Presume not to teach Allah clemency,
For who art thou to teach, or He to learn?

489.

Cheer up! your lot was settled yesterday!
Heedless of all that you might do or say,
Without so much as "By your leave" they fixed
Your lot for all the morrows yesterday!

490.

I never would have come, had I been asked,
I would as lief not go, if I were asked,
And, to be short, I would annihilate
All coming, being, going, were I asked!

491.

Man is a cup, his soul the wine therein,
Flesh is a pipe, spirit the voice within;
O Khayyam, have you fathomed what man is?
A magic lantern with a light therein!

[22] The Persian preface states that, after his death, Omar appeared to his mother in a dream, and repeated this quatrain to her.

492.

O skyey wheel, all base men you supply
With baths, mills, and canals that run not dry,
While good men have to pawn their goods for bread:
Pray, who would give a fig for such a sky?

493.

A potter at his work I chanced to see,
Pounding some earth and shreds of pottery;
I looked with eyes of insight, and methought
'Twas Adam's dust with which he made so free!

494.

The Saki knows my *genus properly,*
To all woe's *species* he holds a key;
Whene'er my *mood* is sad he brings me wine,
And that makes all the *difference* to me!

495.

Dame Fortune! all your acts and deeds confess
That you are foul oppression's votaress;
You cherish bad men, and annoy the good;
Is this from dotage, or sheer foolishness?

496.

You, who in carnal lusts your time employ,
Wearing your precious spirit with annoy,
Know that these things you set your heart upon
Sooner or later must the soul destroy!

497.

Hear from the spirit-world this mystery:
Creation is summed up, O man, in thee;
Angel and demon, man and beast art thou,
Yea, thou *art* all thou dost *appear* to be!

498.

If popularity you would ensue,
Speak well of Moslem, Christian, and Jew;
So shall you be esteemed of great and small,
And none will venture to speak ill of you.

499.

O wheel of heaven, what have I done to you,
That you should thus annoy me? Tell me true;
To get a drink I have to cringe and stoop,
And for my bread you make me beg and sue.

500.

No longer hug your grief and vain despair,
But in this unjust world be just and fair;
And since the issue of the world is naught,
Think you are naught, and so shake off dull care!

NIZAMI

THE LOVES OF KHOSRU AND SHIREEN

"And whatsoe'er my doom, the world shall tell,
Thy lover gave to immortality
Her name he loved."

—NIZAMI.

NIZAMI

(INTRODUCTION)

THE poet Nizami, although he lived over 700 years ago (A.D. 1140–1203), forms the favorite romantic reading of Persians even to-day. He is the chief teller of love-tales for his people. He wrote five long poetic books, commonly called "The Five Treasures." Among these the "Khosru and Shireen," here quoted, is generally regarded as his masterpiece.

Nizami seems to have lived almost wholly apart from the active world, dwelling in the atmosphere of the dreams which he so loved. The Mohammedan sovereigns of his day delighted to honor him, but he clung to the seclusion of his quiet home in Ganjah, which is now Elizabetpol in Russian Persia. He was a deeply religious man, not wholly untouched by the mystic spirit of Sufism, which may occasionally be traced in his poems. Indeed, his first long poem, written when he was about forty years old, is called the "Treasure of Mysteries," and is rather religious than romantic. He also echoed Firdausi, his great predecessor, by writing an historical poem, the "Book of Iskandar" or "Alexander the Great." The other three of his "Five Treasures" are wholly love-tales. The "Khosru and Shireen" extends to some seven thousand couplets. It is Persia's best-known love-tale.

NIZAMI

KHOSRU AND SHIREEN [1]

[Khosru Parviz lived A.D. 590: he was a prince of exalted virtues and great magnificence: he fought against the Greek emperors with success, but was at last defeated by Heraclius. He is said to have married a daughter of the Greek Emperor Maurice, named Irene, called by the Persians Shireen, or Sweet.

Ferhad's history forms a tragical episode in this romance. He was a sculptor, celebrated throughout the East for his great genius, and was daring enough to fix his affections on the beloved of the King. The jealousy of Khosru was excited, and he lamented to his courtiers the existence of a passion which was so violent as not to be concealed, and which gave him great uneasiness. He was recommended to employ Ferhad in such a manner as to occupy his whole life, and divert him from his dangerous dream: accordingly, as on one occasion the fair Shireen had, somewhat unreasonably, required of her royal lover a *river of milk,* he made this desire a pretext for the labors he imposed on his presumptuous rival.

Ferhad was summoned to the presence of Khosru, and commissioned by the King to execute a work which should render his name immortal, but one which, to accomplish, demanded almost superhuman powers. This was to clear away all impediments which obstructed the passage of the great mountain of Beysitoun, at that time impassable in consequence of its mighty masses of rock and stone. He commanded him, after having done this, to cause the rivers on the opposite side of the mountain to join.

Ferhad, nothing daunted, replied that he would remove the very heart of the rock from the King's path; but on

[1] The poem is here summarized by Louisa S. Costello.

condition that the lovely Shireen should be the reward of his labors. Khosru, secretly triumphing in the conviction that what the artist undertook was impossible, consented to his terms, and the indefatigable lover began his work.]

THE LABORS OF FERHAD

On lofty Beysitoun the lingering sun
Looks down on ceaseless labors, long begun:
The mountain trembles to the echoing sound
Of falling rocks, that from her sides rebound.
Each day all respite, all repose denied —
No truce, no pause, the thundering strokes are plied;
The mist of night around her summit coils,
But still Ferhad, the lover-artist, toils,
And still — the flashes of his axe between —
He sighs to ev'ry wind, "Alas! Shireen!
Alas! Shireen! — my task is well-nigh done,
The goal in view for which I strive alone.
Love grants me powers that Nature might deny;
And, whatsoe'er my doom, the world shall tell,
Thy lover gave to immortality
Her name he loved — so fatally — so well!

[The enamored sculptor prophesied aright; for the wonderful efforts made by this "slave of love" left imperishable monuments of his devotion, in the carved caverns which, to this day, excite the amazement and admiration of the traveler who visits the Kesr-e-Shireen, or "Villa of Shireen," and follows the stream called Joui-shur, or "stream of milk," which flows from the mountain, between Hamadan and Hulwan.

Ferhad first constructed a recess or chamber in the rock, wherein he carved the figure of Shireen, near the front of the opening: she was represented surrounded by attendants and guards; while in the center of the cave was an equestrian statue of Khosru, clothed in armor, the workmanship so exquisite that the nails and buttons of the coat of mail were clearly to be seen, and are still said to be so. An eye-witness

says: "Whoso looks on the stone would imagine it to be animated." The chamber and the statues still remain there. As Ferhad continued to hew away pieces of the rock, which "are like so many columns," the task was soon performed. The vestiges of the chisel remain, so that the sculptures appear recent. The horse of Khosru was exquisitely carved: it was called Shebdiz.]

THE GREAT WORK

A hundred arms were weak one block to move
Of thousands, molded by the hand of Love
Into fantastic shapes and forms of grace,
Which crowd each nook of that majestic place.

The piles give way, the rocky peaks divide,
The stream comes gushing on — a foaming tide!
A mighty work, for ages to remain,
The token of his passion and his pain.

As flows the milky flood from Allah's throne
Rushes the torrent from the yielding stone;
And sculptured there, amazed, stern Khosru stands,
And sees, with frowns, obeyed his harsh commands:
While she, the fair beloved, with being rife,
Awakes the glowing marble into life.

Ah! hapless youth; ah! toil repaid by woe —
A king thy rival and the world thy foe!
Will she wealth, splendor, pomp for thee resign —
And only genius, truth, and passion thine!

Around the pair, lo! groups of courtiers wait,
And slaves and pages crowd in solemn state;
From columns imaged wreaths their garlands throw,
And fretted roofs with stars appear to glow!
Fresh leaves and blossoms seem around to spring,
And feathered throngs their loves are murmuring;
The hands of Peris might have wrought those stems,

Where dewdrops hang their fragile diadems;
And strings of pearl and sharp-cut diamonds shine,
New from the wave, or recent from the mine.

"Alas! Shireen!" at every stroke he cries;
At every stroke fresh miracles arise:
"For thee these glories and these wonders all,
For thee I triumph, or for thee I fall;
For thee my life one ceaseless toil has been,
Inspire my soul anew: Alas! Shireen!"

[The task of the rival of Khosru was at length completed, and the King heard with dismay of his success: all the courtiers were terrified at the result of their advice, and saw that some further stratagem was necessary. They therefore engaged an old woman who had been known to Ferhad, and in whom he had confidence, to report to him tidings which would at once destroy his hopes.]

THE MESSENGER

What raven note disturbs his musing mood?
What form comes stealing on his solitude?
Ungentle messenger, whose word of ill
All the warm feelings of his soul can chill!
"Cease, idle youth, to waste thy days," she said,
"By empty hopes a visionary made;
Why in vain toil thy fleeting life consume
To frame a palace? — rather hew a tomb.
Even like sere leaves that autumn winds have shed,
Perish thy labors, for — Shireen is dead!"

He heard the fatal news — no word, no groan;
He spoke not, moved not, stood transfixed to stone.
Then, with a frenzied start, he raised on high
His arms, and wildly tossed them toward the sky;
Far in the wide expanse his axe he flung
And from the precipice at once he sprung.
The rocks, the sculptured caves, the valleys green,
Sent back his dying cry —"Alas! Shireen!"

[The legend goes on to relate that the handle of the axe flung away by Ferhad, being of pomegranate wood, took root on the spot where it fell, and became a flourishing tree: it possessed healing powers, and was much resorted to by believers long afterward.

Khosru, on learning this catastrophe, did not conceal his satisfaction, but liberally rewarded the old woman who had caused so fatal a termination to the career of his rival; but the gentle-hearted Shireen heard of his fate with grief, and shed many tears on his tomb.

The charms of Shireen were destined to create mischief, for the King had a son by a former marriage, who became enamored of his fatally beautiful step-mother. His father, Khosru, was, in the end, murdered by his hand, and Shireen became the object of his importunities. Wearied, at length, with constant struggles, she feigned to give him a favorable answer, and promised, if he would permit her to visit the grave of her husband, when she returned she would be his. Shireen accordingly went on her melancholy errand, and, true to her affection for her beloved Khosru, stabbed herself, and died upon his tomb.]

JALAL AD-DIN RUMI

THE MASNAVI

"The Masnavi is commonly said to be the Koran of Persia."
HUGHES' "NOTES ON MOHAMMEDANISM."

"How long wilt thou dwell on words and empty shows?
A burning heart I seek; I yearn with burning!
Kindle in thy dry heart the flame of Love,
And burn up wholly thoughts and fine expressions."
— JALAL AD-DIN.

JALAL AD-DIN RUMI

(INTRODUCTION)

JALAL AD-DIN, as already noted, is famed rather as the chief exponent and teacher of Sufism than as a poet. He became the founder of the sect of "whirling dervishes," or Maulavi. His personal name is Jalal of Din; but as he early became the head of a great collegiate institution in Asia Minor, which was then called "Rumi," or Roman land, he is commonly referred to as Jalal ad-Din Rumi, or of Rum. Under another still more disguising title he often appears as the Moolah of Rum. This would more properly be Maulana (Our Lord), and is his title as the head of his order of whirling dervishes.

Jalal was born in Afghanistan, the far eastern Persian land, in 1207, and he died in the Turkish domains of Asia Minor, or Rumi, in 1273. His father was a noted Sufi teacher who was driven by persecution to flee from his Afghanistan home, taking his young son with him. Jalal, when only twenty-four, succeeded to his learned father's headship of the Rumi collegiate institution, and with youthful enthusiasm spread his impassioned Sufi doctrines far and wide. We are told that in his house there was a central column or pillar, and that when Jalal was "drowned in the ocean of Love," he would "take hold of that pillar and set himself turning round it," and improvising his frenzied poetry.

When the more conservative Mohammedans remonstrated with Jalal because his Maulavis danced and sang, or perhaps Westerners would call it "whirled and howled," even at funerals, the Moolah responded, "When the human spirit, after years of imprisonment in the cave and dungeon of the body, is at length set free, and wings its flight to the source whence it came, is this not an occasion for rejoicings, thanks, and dancing?"

As happens with the chief expounders of most religions, legend gathered around Jalal's childhood. He is said to have seen visions and taught philosophy at the somewhat early age of six years. There is also a tradition of his flying up to heaven as a boy; though, as we know from other sources that in those days of Arabic scientific leadership men experimented on airships, this may be the remnant of a scientific rather than of a religious story. Among the miracles of the teacher's later life, he is said to have raised the dead, and to have preached to fishes and to frogs. Of him also is told a charming tale of his love for children. Once as the great prophet passed, some little children stopped their play and salaamed in reverence. Jalal returned the bow as solemnly. One little chap far off, seeing the honor done his playmates, cried to Jalal to wait for him also. And Jalal waited while the child ran up, made his baby salaam, and received the salute in return.

Jalal's religious exposition of Sufism is mainly contained in his "Masnavi," an enormous poetic work in six books, comprising almost thirty thousand couplets. He also issued a Divan, or collection of short poems, which he named, in honor of a friend who had largely influenced him, "The Divan of Shams ad-Din." The whole relationship between Jalal and his friend Shams is a most interesting subject for study, as the impassioned leader of the Maulavi seems to have given to Shams that devoted love which Sufism declares to be typical of our love for God. Jalal's disciples sought to restrain their master from following around after Shams, and even accused the latter of having bewitched their leader. The death of Shams, after some three years of this inconvenient situation, must have been a great relief to the anxious disciples.

JALAL-AD-DIN RUMI

THE FAIREST LAND

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou
 Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
 And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside? —
'Tis where those we love abide:
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.

"Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.

"With thee yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;
And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

THE MASNAVI

(SELECTIONS)[1]

THE MUSIC OF LOVE

Hail to thee, then, O Love, sweet madness!
Thou who healest all our infirmities!
Who art the Physician of our pride and self-conceit!
Who art our Plato and our Galen!
Love exalts our earthly bodies to heaven,
And makes the very hills to dance with joy!
O lover, 'twas Love that gave life to Mount Sinai,
When "it quaked, and Moses fell down in a swoon."
Did my Beloved only touch me with His lips,
I too, like a flute, would burst out into melody.

THE BELOVED

When the rose has faded and the garden is withered,
The song of the nightingale is no longer to be heard.
The Beloved is all in all, the lover only veils Him;
The Beloved is all that lives, the lover a dead thing.
When the lover feels no longer love's quickening,
He becomes like a bird who has lost its wings. Alas!
How can I retain my senses about me,
When the Beloved shows not the Light of his countenance?

Love is the astrolabe of God's mysteries.
A lover may hanker after this love or that love,
But at the last he is drawn to the King of Love.
However much we describe and explain Love,
When we fall in love we are ashamed of our words.
Explanation by the tongue makes most things clear,
But Love unexplained is better.

In one 'twas said, "Leave power and weakness alone;

[1] From the translation of E. H. Whinfield.

Whatever withdraws thine eyes from God is an idol."
In one 'twas said, " Quench not thy earthly torch,
That it may be a light to lighten mankind.
If thou neglectest regard and care for it,
Thou wilt quench at midnight the lamp of Union."

Why dost Thou flee from the cries of us on earth?
Why pourest Thou sorrow on the heart of the sorrowful?
O Thou who, as each new morn dawns from the east,
Art seen uprising anew, like a bright fountain!
What excuse makest Thou for Thy witcheries?
O Thou whose lips are sweeter than sugar,
Thou that ever renewest the life of this old world,
Hear the cry of this lifeless body and heart!

Mustafa became beside himself at that sweet call,
His prayer failed on " the night of the early morning halt."
He lifted not head from that blissful sleep,
So that his morning prayer was put off till noon.
On that, his wedding night, in the presence of his bride,
His pure soul attained to kiss her hands.
Love and mistress are both veiled and hidden.
Impute it not a fault if I call Him " Bride."

"HE KNOWS ABOUT IT ALL"

He who is from head to foot a perfect rose or lily,
To him spring brings rejoicing.
The useless thorn desires the autumn,
That autumn may associate itself with the garden;
And hide the rose's beauty and the thorn's shame,
That men may not see the bloom of the one and the other's shame;
That common stone and pure ruby may appear all as one.
True, the Gardener knows the difference in the autumn,
But the sight of One is better than the world's sight.

Whoso recognizes and confesses his own defects
Is hastening in the way that leads to Perfection!

But he advances not toward the Almighty
Who fancies himself to be perfect.

Whatsoever is perceived by sense He annuls,
But He stablishes that which is hidden from the senses.
The lover's love is visible, his Beloved hidden.
The Friend is absent, the distraction He causes present.
Renounce these affections for outward forms,
Love depends not on outward form or face.
Whatever is beloved is not a mere empty form,
Whether your beloved be of earth or heaven.
Whatever is the form you have fallen in love with —
Why do you forsake it the moment life leaves it?
The form [2] is still there; whence then this disgust at it?
Ah! lover, consider well what is really your beloved.
If a thing perceived by outward senses is the beloved,
Then all who retain senses must still love it;
And since Love increases constancy,
How can constancy fail while form abides?
But the truth is, the sun's beams strike the wall,
And the wall only reflects that borrowed light.
Why give your heart to mere stones, O simpleton?
Go! Seek the Source of Light which shineth alway!

THE RELIGION OF LOVE

The sect of lovers is distinct from all others,
Lovers have a religion and a faith of their own.
Though the ruby has no stamp, what matters it?
Love is fearless in the midst of the sea of fear.

Pain is a treasure, for it contains mercies;
The kernel is soft when the rind is scraped off.
O brother, the place of darkness and cold
Is the fountain of Life and the cup of ecstasy.
So also is endurance of pain and sickness and disease.
For from abasement proceeds exaltation.

2 "Form" here is used rather as soul, the love behind the decaying body.

The spring seasons are hidden in the autumns,
And the autumns are charged with springs.

If spiritual manifestations had been sufficient,
The creation of the world had been needless and vain.
If spiritual thought were equivalent to love of God,
Outward forms of temples and prayers would not exist.

"We bow our heads before His edict and ordinance,
We stake precious life to gain His favor.
While the thought of the Beloved fills our hearts,
All our work is to do Him service and spend life for Him.
Wherever He kindles His destructive torch,
Myriads of lovers' souls are burnt therewith.
The lovers who dwell within the sanctuary
Are moths burnt with the torch of the Beloved's face."
O heart, haste thither, for God will shine upon you,
And seem to you a sweet garden instead of a terror.
He will infuse into your soul a new Soul,
So as to fill you, like a goblet, with wine.
Take up your abode in His Soul!
Take up your abode in heaven, O bright full moon!
Like the heavenly Scribe, He will open your heart's book
That He may reveal mysteries unto you.

The sea itself is one thing, the foam another;
Neglect the foam, and regard the sea with your eyes.
Waves of foam rise from the sea night and day.
You look at the foam ripples and not at the mighty sea.
We, like boats, are tossed hither and thither,
We are blind though we are on the bright ocean.
Ah! you who are asleep in the boat of the body,
You see the water; behold the Water of waters!
Under the water you see there is another Water moving it.
Within the spirit is a Spirit that calls it.

When you have accepted the Light, O beloved,

When you behold what is veiled without a veil,
Like a star you will walk upon the heavens.

WHERE LOVE IS

A damsel said to her lover, "O fond youth,
You have visited many cities in your travels;
Which of those cities seems most delightful to you?"
He made answer, "The city wherein my love dwells,
In whatever nook my queen alights;
Though it be as the eye of a needle, 'tis a wide plain;
Wherever her Yusuf-like [3] face shines as a moon,
Though it be the bottom of a well, 'tis Paradise.
With thee, my love, hell itself were heaven.
With thee a prison would be a rose-garden.
With thee hell would be a mansion of delight,
Without thee lilies and roses would be as flames of fire!"

No lover ever seeks union with his beloved,
But his beloved is also seeking union with him.
But the lover's love [4] makes his body lean,
While the Beloved's love makes her fair and lusty.
When in this heart the lightning spark of love arises,
Be sure this Love is reciprocated in that heart.
When the Love of God arises in thy heart,
Without doubt God also feels love for thee.

The Love of the soul is for Life and the Living One,
Because its origin is the Soul not bound to place.
The Love of the soul is for wisdom and knowledge,
That of the body for houses, gardens, and vineyards;
The love of the soul is for things exalted on high,
That of the body for acquisition of goods and food.
The Love, too, of Him on high is directed to the soul:
Know this, for "He loves them that love Him."
The sum is this: that whoso seeks another,
The soul of that other who is sought inclines to him.

[3] Joseph, a name frequently used by Persian poets, irrespective of gender, to symbolize the ideal type of human beauty.

[4] Earthly love.

O Israfil of the resurrection-day of Love!
O Love, Love, and heart's desire of Love!
Let thy first boon to me be this:
To lend thine ear to my orisons,
Though thou knowest my condition clearly,
O protector of slaves, listen to my speech.
A thousand times, O prince incomparable,
Has my reason taken flight in desire to see thee,
And to hear thee and to listen to thy words,
And to behold thy life-giving smiles.
Thy inclining thine ear to my supplications
Is as a caress to my misguided soul.

DESTROY NOT EARTHLY BEAUTY

Tear not thy plumage off, it can not be replaced;
Disfigure not thy face in wantonness, O fair one!
That face which is bright as the forenoon sun —
To disfigure it were a grievous sin.
'Twere paganism to mar such a face as thine!
The moon itself would weep to lose sight of it!
Knowest thou not the beauty of thine own face?
Quit this temper that leads thee to war with thyself!
It is the claws of thine own foolish thoughts
That in spite wound the face of thy quiet soul.
Know such thoughts to be claws fraught with poison.
Which score deep wounds on the face of thy soul.

Thus spake cursed Iblis to the Almighty,
"I want a mighty trap to catch human game withal!"
God gave him gold and silver and troops and horses,
Saying, "You can catch my creatures with these."
Iblis said, "Bravo!" but at the same time hung his lip,
And frowned sourly like a bitter orange.
Then God offered gold and jewels from precious mines
To that laggard in the faith,
Saying, "Take these other traps, O cursed one."
But Iblis said, "Give me more, O blessed Defender."
God gave him succulent and sweet and costly wines,

And also store of silken garments.
But Iblis said, " O Lord, I want more aids than these,
In order to bind men in my twisted rope
So firmly that Thy adorers, who are valiant men,
May not, man-like, break my bonds asunder."

When at last God showed him the beauty of women,
Which bereaves men of reason and self-control,
Then Iblis clapped his hands and began to dance,
Saying, " Give me these; I shall quickly prevail with these! "

Lovers and beloved have both perished;
And not themselves only, but their love as well.
'Tis God alone who agitates these nonentities,
Making one nonentity fall in love with another.
In the heart that is no heart envy comes to a head,
Thus Being troubles nonentity.

ALLAH'S CALL

" O angels, bring him back to me.
Since the eyes of his heart were set on Hope,
Without care for consequence I set him free,
And draw the pen through the record of his sins! "

A lover was once admitted to the presence of his mistress, but, instead of embracing her, he pulled out a paper of sonnets and read them to her, describing her perfections and charms and his own love toward her at length. His mistress said to him, " You are now in my presence, and these lovers' sighs and invocations are a waste of time. It is not the part of a true lover to waste his time in this way. It shows that I am not the real object of your affection, but that what you really love is your own effusions and ecstatic raptures. I see, as it were, the water which I have longed for before me, and yet you withhold it. I am, as it were, in Bulgaria, and the object of your love is in Cathay. One who is really loved is the single object of her lover, the Alpha and Omega of his desires. As for you, you are wrapped up in your own amor-

ous raptures, depending on the varying states of your own feelings, instead of being wrapped up in me."

Eternal Life is gained by utter abandonment of one's own life. When God appears to His ardent lover the lover is absorbed in Him, and not so much as a hair of the lover remains. True lovers are as shadows, and when the sun shines in glory the shadows vanish away. He is a true lover to God to whom God says, "I am thine, and thou art Mine!"

LOVE NEEDS NO MEDIATOR

When one has attained Union with God he has no need of intermediaries. Prophets and apostles are needed as links to connect ordinary man with God, but he who hears the "inner voice" within him has no need to listen to outward words, even of apostles. Although that intercession is himself dwelling in God, yet my state is higher and more lovely than his. Though he is God's agent, yet I desire not his intercession to save me from evil sent me by God, for evil at God's hand seems to me good. What seems mercy and kindness to the vulgar seems wrath and vengeance to God-intoxicated saints.

HUMANITY THE REFLECTION OF THE BELOVED

Parrots are taught to speak without understanding the words. The method is to place a mirror between the parrot and the trainer. The trainer, hidden by the mirror, utters the words, and the parrot, seeing his own reflection in the mirror, fancies another parrot is speaking, and imitates all that is said by the trainer behind the mirror. So God uses prophets and saints as mirrors whereby to instruct men, *viz.*, the bodies of these saints and prophets; and men, when they hear the words proceeding from these mirrors, are utterly ignorant that they are really being spoken by "Universal Reason" or the "Word of God" behind the mirror of the saints.

Earthly forms are only shadows of the Sun of Truth — a

cradle for babes, but too small to hold those who have grown to spiritual manhood.

THE VISION OF ETERNAL TRUTH

The end and object of all negation is to attain to subsequent affirmation, as the negation in the creed, "There is no God," finds its complement and purpose in the affirmation "but God." Just so the purpose of negation of self is to clear the way for the apprehension of the fact that there is no existence but the One. The intoxication of Life and its pleasures and occupations veils the Truth from men's eyes, and they ought to pass on to the spiritual intoxication which makes men beside themselves and lifts them to the beatific vision of eternal Truth.

THE WINE EVERLASTING

O babbler, while thy soul is drunk with mere date wine,
Thy spirit hath not tasted the genuine grapes.
For the token of thy having seen that divine Light
Is this, to withdraw thyself from the house of pride.

When those Egyptian women sacrificed their reason,
They penetrated the mansion of Joseph's love;
The Cupbearer of Life bore away their reason,
They were filled with wisdom of the world without end.
Joseph's beauty was only an offshoot of God's beauty:
Be lost, then, in God's beauty more than those women.

What ear has told you falsely eye will tell truly.
Then ear, too, will acquire the properties of an eye;
Your ears, now worthless as wool, will become gems;
Yea, your whole body will become a mirror,
It will be as an eye of a bright gem in your bosom.
First the hearing of the ear enables you to form ideas,
Then these ideas guide you to the Beloved.
Strive, then, to increase the number of these ideas,
That they may guide you, like Majnun, to the Beloved.

Yea, O sleeping heart, know the kingdom that endures not
Forever and ever is only a mere dream.
I marvel how long you will indulge in vain illusion,
Which has seized you by the throat like a headsman.
Know that even in this world there is a place of refuge;
Harken not to the unbeliever who denies it.
His argument is this: he says again and again,
"If there were aught beyond this life we should see it."
But if the child see not the state of reason,
Does the man of reason therefore forsake reason?
And if the man of reason sees not the state of Love,
Is the blessed moon of Love thereby eclipsed?

THE LOVER'S CRY TO THE BELOVED

"My back is broken by the conflict of my thoughts;
O Beloved One, come and stroke my head in mercy!
The palm of Thy hand on my head gives me rest,
Thy hand is a sign of Thy bounteous providence.
Remove not Thy shadow from my head,
I am afflicted, afflicted, afflicted!
Sleep has deserted my eyes
Through my longing for Thee, O Envy of cypresses!

.

O take my life, Thou art the Source of Life!
For apart from Thee I am wearied of my life.
I am a lover well versed in lovers' madness,
I am weary of learning and sense."

SORROW TURNED TO JOY

"He who extracts the rose from the thorn
Can also turn this winter into spring.
He who exalts the heads of the cypresses
Is able also out of sadness to bring joy."

THE GIFTS OF THE BELOVED

Where will you find one more liberal than God?
He buys the worthless rubbish which is your wealth,
He pays you the Light that illumines your heart.
He accepts these frozen and lifeless bodies of yours,

And gives you a Kingdom beyond what you dream of,
He takes a few drops of your tears,
And gives you the Divine Fount sweeter than sugar.
He takes your sighs fraught with grief and sadness,
And for each sigh gives rank in heaven as interest.
In return for the sigh-wind that raised tear-clouds,
God gave Abraham the title of "Father of the Faithful."

Thou art hidden from us, though the heavens are filled
With Thy Light, which is brighter than sun and moon!
Thou art hidden, yet revealest our hidden secrets!
Thou art the Source that causes our rivers to flow.
Thou art hidden in Thy essence, but seen by Thy bounties.
Thou art like the water, and we like the millstone.
Thou art like the wind, and we like the dust;
The wind is unseen, but the dust is seen by all.
Thou art the Spring, and we the sweet green garden;
Spring is not seen, though its gifts are seen.
Thou art as the Soul, we as hand and foot;
Soul instructs hand and foot to hold and take.
Thou art as Reason, we like the tongue;
'Tis reason that teaches the tongue to speak.
Thou art as Joy, and we are laughing;
The laughter is the consequence of the joy.
Our every motion every moment testifies,
For it proves the presence of the Everlasting God.

EXERT YOURSELVES

"'Trust in God, yet tie the camel's leg.'
Hear the adage, 'The worker is the friend of God';
Through trust in Providence neglect not to use means.
Go, O Fatalists, practise trust with self-exertion,
Exert yourself to attain your objects, bit by bit.
In order to succeed, strive and exert yourselves,
If you strive not for your objects, ye are fools."

THE WISDOM OF THE WEAK

"O friends, God has given me inspiration.
Oftentimes strong counsel is suggested to the weak.
The wit taught by God to the bee
Is withheld from the lion and the wild ass.
It fills its cells with liquid sweets,
For God opens the door of this knowledge to it.
The skill taught by God to the silkworm
Is a learning beyond the reach of the elephant.
The earthly Adam was taught of God names,
So that his glory reached the seventh heaven.
He laid low the name and fame of the angels,
Yet blind indeed are they whom God dooms to doubt!"

WHITE NIGHTS

Every night Thou freest our spirits from the body
And its snare, making them pure as rased tablets.
Every night spirits are released from this cage,
And set free, neither lording it nor lorded over.
At night prisoners are unaware of their prison,
At night kings are unaware of their majesty.

THE KINGLY SOUL

The kingly soul lays waste the body,
And after its destruction he builds it anew.
Happy the soul who for love of God
Has lavished family, wealth, and goods! —
Has destroyed its house to find the Hidden Treasure,
And with that Treasure has rebuilt it in fairer sort;
Has dammed up the stream and cleansed the channel,
And then turned a fresh stream into the channel.

SAINT AND HYPOCRITE

Watch the face of each one, regard it well,
It may be by serving thou wilt recognize Truth's face.
As there are many demons with men's faces,
It is wrong to join hand with every one.
When the fowler sounds his decoy whistle,
That the birds may be beguiled by that snare,

The birds hear that call simulating a bird's call,
And, descending from the air, find net and knife.
So vile hypocrites steal the language of Dervishes,
In order to beguile the simple with their trickery.
The works of the righteous are light and heat,
The works of the evil treachery and shamelessness.
They make stuffed lions to scare the simple,
They give the title of Mohammed to false Musailima.
But Musailima retained the name of "Liar,"
And Mohammed that of "Sublimest of beings."
That wine of God (the righteous) yields a perfume of musk;
Other wine (the evil) is reserved for penalties and pains.

HARSHNESS AND ADORATION

Let me then, I say, make complaint
Of the severity of that Fickle Fair One.
I cry, and my cries sound sweet in His ear;
He requires from the two worlds cries and groans.
How shall I not wail under His chastening hand?
How shall I not be in the number of those bewitched by Him?
How shall I be other than night without His day?
Without the vision of His face that illumes the day?
His bitters are very sweets to my soul,
I am enamored of my own grief and pain,
For it makes me well-pleasing to my peerless King.
I use the dust of my grief as salve for my eyes,
That my eyes, like seas, may team with pearls.

THE DIVINE ABSORPTION

Do me justice, O Thou who art the glory of the just,
Who art the throne, and I the lintel of Thy door!
But, in sober truth, where are throne and doorway?
Where are "We" and "I"? There where our Beloved is!
O Thou, who art exempt from "Us" and "Me,"
Who pervadest the spirits of all men and women;
When man and woman become one, Thou art that One!
When their union is dissolved, lo! Thou abidest!
Thou hast made these "Us" and "Me" for this purpose,

To wit, to play chess with them by Thyself.
When Thou shalt become one entity with "Us" and "You,"
Then wilt Thou show true affection for these lovers.
When these "We" and "Ye" shall all become One Soul,
Then they will be lost and absorbed in the "Beloved."

LOVE MORE THAN SORROW AND JOY

Come then, O Lord!
Who are exalted above description and explanation!
Is it possible for the bodily eye to behold Thee?
Can mind of man conceive Thy frowns and Thy smiles?
Are hearts, when bewitched by Thy smiles and frowns,
In a fit state to see the vision of Thyself?
When our hearts are bewitched by Thy smiles and frowns,
Can we gain Life from these two alternating states?
The fertile garden of Love, as it is boundless,
Contains other fruits besides joy and sorrow.
The true lover is exalted above these two states,
He is fresh and green independently of autumn or spring!
Pay tithe on Thy beauty, O Beauteous One!
Tell forth the tale of the Beloved, every whit!

The heart of the harper was emancipated.
Like a soul he was freed from weeping and rejoicing,
His old life died, and he was regenerated.
Amazement fell upon him at that moment,
For he was exalted above earth and heaven,
An uplifting of the heart surpassing all uplifting.
I can not describe it; if you can, say on!
Ecstasy and words beyond all ecstatic words —
Immersion in the glory of the Lord of glory!
Immersion wherefrom was no extrication —
As it were identification with the Very Ocean!

When night returns and 'tis the time of the sky's levée,
The stars that were hidden come forth to their work.
The people of the world lie unconscious,
With veils drawn over their faces, and asleep;

But when the morn shall burst forth and the sun arise
Every creature will raise its head from its couch;
To the unconscious God will restore consciousness;
They will stand in rings as slaves with rings in ears;
Dancing and clapping hands with songs of praise,
Singing with joy, "Our Lord hath restored us to life!"

SEPARATION

Nothing is bitterer than severance from Thee,
Without Thy shelter there is naught but perplexity.
Our worldly goods rob us of our heavenly goods,
Our body rends the garment of our soul.
Our hands, as it were, prey on our feet;
Without reliance on Thee how can we live?

GOD'S LIGHT

'Tis God's Light that illumines the senses' light,
That is the meaning of "Light upon light."
The senses' light draws us earthward.
God's Light calls us heavenward.

When love of God kindles a flame in the inward man,
He burns, and is freed from effects.
He has no need of signs to assure him of Love,
For Love casts its own Light up to heaven.

THE BELIEVER'S HEART

The Prophet said that God has declared,
"I am not contained in aught above or below,
I am not contained in earth or sky, or even
In highest heaven. Know this for a surety, O beloved!
Yet am I contained in the believer's heart!
If ye seek Me, search in such hearts!"

SELF-SATISFACTION

No sickness worse than fancying thyself perfect
Can infect thy soul, O arrogant, misguided one!
Shed many tears of blood from eyes and heart,
That this self-satisfaction may be driven out.

The fate of Iblis lay in saying, "I am better than He,"
And this same weakness lurks in the souls of all creatures.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE

The knowledge which is not of Him is a burden;
Knowledge which comes not immediately from Him
Endures no longer than the rouge of the tire-woman.
Nevertheless, if you bear this burden in a right spirit
'Twill be removed, and you will obtain joy.
See you bear not that burden out of vainglory,
Then you will behold a store of True Knowledge within.
When you mount the steed of this True Knowledge,
Straightway the burden will fall from your back.

THE FLAME OF LOVE

How long wilt thou dwell on words and empty shows?
A burning heart is what I want; consort with burning!
Kindle in thy heart the flame of Love,
And burn up utterly thoughts and fine expressions.
O Moses! the lovers of fair rites are one class,
They whose hearts and souls burn with Love, another.

A woman bore many children in succession, but none of them lived beyond the age of three or four months. In great distress she cried to God, and then beheld in a vision the beautiful gardens of Paradise, and many fair mansions therein, and upon one of these mansions she read her own name inscribed. And a voice from heaven informed her that God would accept the sorrows she had endured in lieu of her blood shed in holy war, as, owing to her sex, she was unable to go out to battle like the men. On looking again, the woman beheld in Paradise all the children she had lost, and she cried, "O Lord! they were lost to me, but safe with Thee!"

THE OPTIMISTIC ROSE

In this tale there is a warning for thee, O Soul,
That thou mayest acquiesce in God's ordinances,
And be wary and not doubt God's benevolence,

When sudden misfortune befalls thee.
Let others grow pale from fear of ill fortune,
Do thou smile like the rose at loss and gain;
For the rose, though its petals be torn asunder,
Still smiles on, and it is never cast down.

THE TRUE MOSQUE

Fools laud and magnify the mosque,
While they strive to oppress holy men of heart.
But the former is mere form, the latter spirit and truth.
The only true mosque is that in the hearts of saints.
The mosque that is built in the hearts of the saints
Is the place of worship of all, for God dwells there.
So long as the hearts of the saints are not afflicted,
God never destroys the nation.

IGNORANCE

Blood is impure, yet its stain is removed by water;
But that impurity of ignorance is more lasting,
Seeing that without the blessed water of God
It is not banished from the man who is subject to it.
O that thou wouldst turn thy face to thy own prayers,
And say, "Ah! my prayers are as defective as my being;
O requite me good for evil!"

"Pray in this wise and allay your difficulties:
'Give us good in the house of our present world,
And give us good in the house of our next world.
Make our path pleasant as a garden,
And be Thou, O Holy One, our goal!'"

ALL RELIGIONS ARE ONE

In the adorations and benedictions of righteous men
The praises of all the prophets are kneaded together.
All their praises are mingled into one stream,
All the vessels are emptied into one ewer.
Because He that is praised is, in fact, only One.
In this respect all religions are only one religion.
Because all praises are directed toward God's Light,
These various forms and figures are borrowed from it.

SADI

THE BUSTAN
THE GULISTAN

"In the name of Him who taught the soul to think,
And kindled the heart's lamp with the light of soul."

— SHABISTARI.

SADI

(INTRODUCTION)

SADI was named by a brother poet the "nightingale of the groves of Shiraz." The metaphor might seem to Western taste somewhat too light, when we remember the high repute in which Sadi was held by his nation as a philosopher. To his countrymen, however, he is still chiefly "the nightingale." His foremost place among Persian writers has been explained in the general introduction. He was also noted in his lifetime as a religious teacher, though he never claimed, like his contemporary Jalal, to be inspired by any higher wisdom than that of the human intellect. His religious repute was in part due to his being descended from the race of Mohammed, though his honored family rank did not prevent him from being very poor. He owed his education to charity. Indeed, the very name by which he is now known is but a poetic *nom de plume* assumed to do honor to the prince who aided him in his youth. This charitable ruler was named Sa'd, so the poet called himself Sadi, or "One belonging to Sa'd."

Sadi was not originally a writer. He first devoted a long life to earnest religious exercises, to wide travel, and to study. He is even said to have dipped into the Latin learning of the West, and has been suspected of owing something of his poetic wit to the Latin poet Horace. At all events it was not until Sadi was about seventy years old that, in the year 1256, he settled down in his native city of Shiraz in Southern Persia and there began to write in books the impressions and the wisdom garnered all his life.

The first work of this ripe and remarkable old age was the "Bustan," which means the fruit-garden, or orchard. The book contains, in a rather casual and typically Eastern form, the "fruits" of the author's long experience, his judgments upon life, illustrated by a vast store of anecdotes. These

fruits of wisdom Sadi presented in some thousands of poetic couplets, distributed in ten chapters, on such subjects as Contentment, Government, Prayer, and Love.

Scarce two years later followed the "Gulistan," or Rose-Garden, which is usually regarded as the writer's greatest work. It much resembles the "Bustan," except that in this second culling of the opinions gathered through his life Sadi has fallen back on prose, with only occasionally interspersed verse. Nevertheless, if we may judge from the title, Sadi intended this work to be the fairer and lighter of the two, a wandering amid rose-vines rather than under sturdy trees. And its tone is certainly more joyous than that of the "Bustan."

Several other writings, though none quite of equal fame, followed these two. The poet's age was long, and as peaceful as his earlier life had been active. He is said to have lived to be over a hundred and seven years old; but since Eastern legends have woven themselves around Sadi almost as much as around Jalal, we must accept their tales only in a poetic sense. Mysticism has spread its own cloud garment over the great Persian mystic.

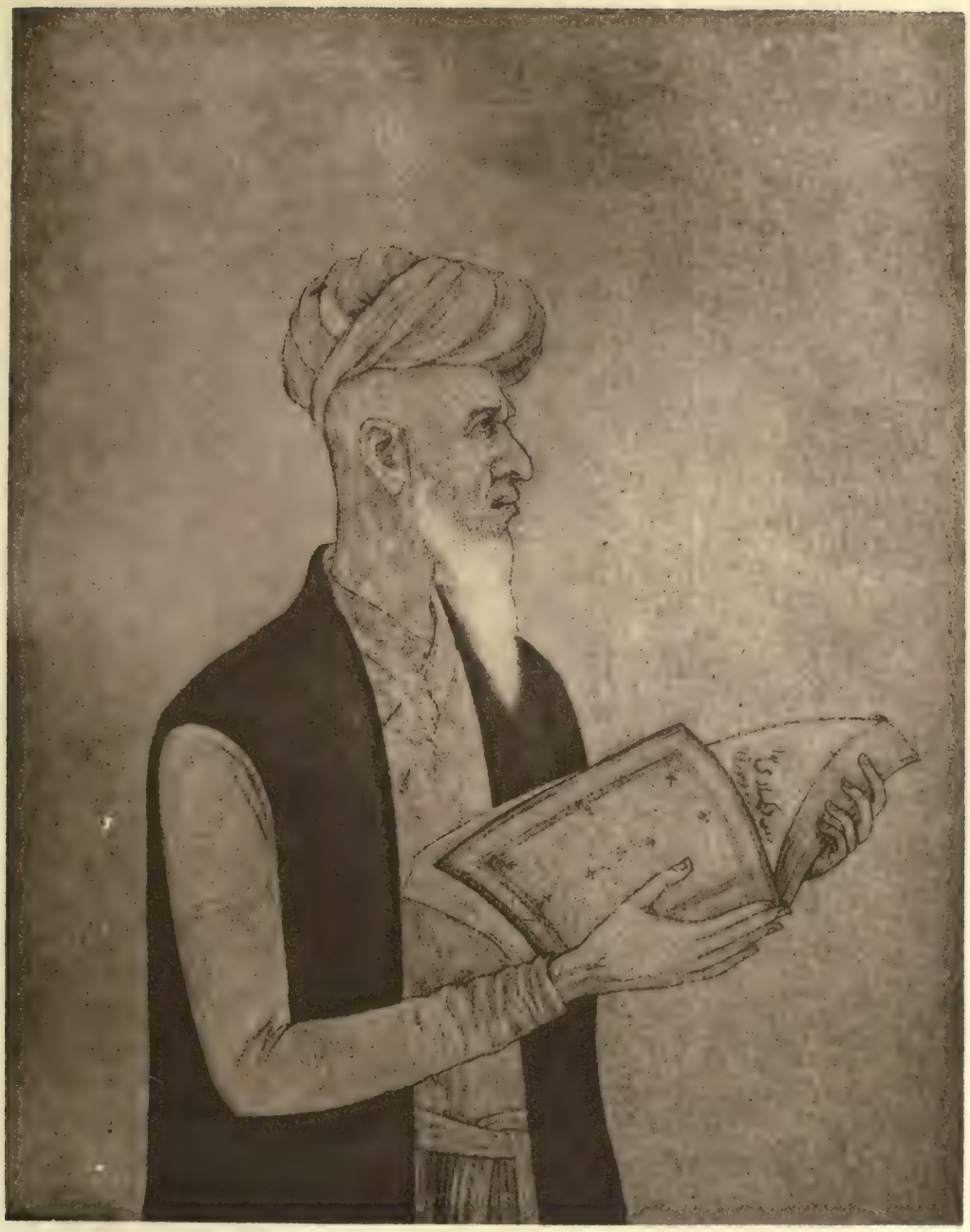
There is a typical legend of Sadi's travels for which the reader may care to pause. It is told by an old Persian writer, who says: "Sadi, when in Armenia, became much attached to a young man of his own age. In that country people died not the natural death, but on a particular day, once a year, they were in the habit of meeting on a plain near their principal cities, when they occupied themselves in recreation and amusement, in the midst of which individuals of every age and rank would suddenly stop, make a reverence to the west, gird up their loins, and setting out full speed toward that quarter of the desert, were no more seen or heard of.

"Sadi had often remarked that the relations of those persons made few observations or explanations on their disappearance. At last, on such an anniversary, Sadi observed that his friend was preparing to set off, when he seized upon his girdle, and insisted upon knowing what it meant. The



SADI, THE PHILOSOPHER POET.

From an old contemporary portrait found in Western India where Sadi had travelled.



youth solemnly enjoined him to let him go, for that the Malic-al-mo-at, or angel of death, had already called on him twice, and on the third call he must obey his destiny, whether he would or no; but Sadi kept his hold, and found himself carried along with such velocity as deprived him of the power of knowing whither they went. At last they stopped in a verdant plain in the midst of the desert, when the youth stretched himself upon the earth: the turf opened, and he was swallowed up.

"Sadi threw dust over the spot, lamented him in beautiful verse, and set about finding the way back: he had to cross rivers of molten gold, silver, and copper, through deserts and wildernesses, and over mountains of snow, before he found himself once more at the place whence he had started."

SADI

THE BUSTAN

INTRODUCTION

IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE MERCIFUL, THE COMPASSIONATE!

In the name of the Lord life-creating!
The Wise One speech-creating within the tongue!

The Lord, the giver, hand-seizing!
Merciful, sin-forgiving, excuse-accepting!

A King [1] such that whosoever turned away his head from His door
Found not any respect at the doors to which he went,

The heads of kings, neck-exalting,
Are at His court, on the ground of supplication.

He does not instantly seize the froward;
He does not drive away with violence those excuse-bringing.

And though He becomes angry at bad conduct,
When thou didst return He canceled the past circumstance in the book of sins.

The two worlds (this and the next) are like a drop in the sea of His knowledge;
He sees a crime, but in mercy covers it with a screen.

If a person seeks a quarrel with his father,
Doubtless the father becomes very angry.

[1] *Azize* signifies a king; it is applied to God.

And if a relation be not satisfied with a relation on account of bad conduct,
He drives him from before him, like strangers.

And if the clever slave is not of use,
The master holds him not dear,

And if thou art kind to friends,
The friend will fly from thee to the distance of a league.

And if a soldier abandons service,
The king army-leading becomes quit of him.

But the Lord of high and low (God)
Shuts not the door of food on any one, on account of his sin.

The embroidered leather surface of the earth is His common table;
At this open table, whether enemy (infidel) or friend (the faithful) — what matter?

And if He had hastened against one tyranny-practising,[2]
Who would have obtained safety from the hand of His violence?

His nature is free from suspicion of opposition and similitude;
His kingdom independent of the devotion of jinn and mankind.[3]

The servant of His order every thing and person:
The son of Adam, and fowl, and ant, and fly.

He spreads so wide a tray of liberality,
That the *Simurgh*[4] in the mountains of Kaf (the Caucasus) enjoys a portion.

[2] The first line may also be rendered:
"And, if he had hastened in the way of tyranny."

[3] The nature of God is free from the evil imputation of similitude, and of being of the same nature, made by those opposed to His commands.

[4] "*Simurgh*" is a rare, fabulous bird. See the "Shah-Nameh."

Grace and liberality diffusing, and work executing;
Because He is the Possessor of Creation and Knower of secrets.

Grandeur and egotism are proper for Him,
Whose kingdom is ancient and nature independent.

He places the crown of fortune on the head of one;
He brings another from a throne to the dust.

This one has the cap of Good-Fortune on his head;
That one the blanket of Misfortune on his body.

He makes a fire, a rose-garden for Ibrahim;[5]
He takes a crowd, from the waters of the Nil,[6] to the fire of Hell.

If that (making the fire a rose-garden) — it is the written order of His beneficence;
And if this (the destruction of Pharaoh in the Nil) — it is the sign-manual of His order.

Behind the screen He sees bad acts:
By His own favor He covers them with a veil.

If with threatening He draws forth the sharp sword of Command,
The Cherubim will remain deaf and dumb.

And if from the tray of Liberality He gives victuals to be carried home,
'Azazil (*i.e.*, Satan) will say, "I may carry away a good portion."

[5] "Khalil," meaning "the friend of God," is one of the titles of Ibrahim. Nimrod threw Ibrahim into the fire; but God made the fire a rose-garden for Ibrahim's sake.

[6] This refers to Pharaoh and his host, who were drowned in the waters of the Nile or of the Red Sea.

At the Court of His grace and greatness
The Great Ones have put greatness out of their heads.

In mercy, near to those who are distressed:
A hearer of the prayer of those supplication-making.

Concerning circumstances not yet come to pass, His knowledge penetrating;
As to secrets unspoken, His grace informed.

By power, the Guardian of high (sky) and low (earth),
The Lord of the Court of the day of reckoning (Judgment-day).

The back of a person is not free from obedience to Him (it must bend);
On His word there is not room for the finger of a person (in slander).

The ancient doer of good, good-approving;
With the reed of Destiny, in the womb, picture-painting.

From the east to the west, the moon and sun
He put into motion; and spread the firmament on the water.

The earth, from distress of earthquake, became stupefied;
On its skirt He drove down a mountain as a nail.[7]

He gives to the seed of man a form like a *parì;*
Who has made a painting on the water?

He places the ruby and the turquoise in the back-bone (middle) of the rock;
The red rose, on the branch of green color.

From the cloud He casts a drop toward the ocean;
From the back-bone of the father He brings the seed into the womb.

[7] The earth is supposed to be stretched out flat, like a carpet, with the hills planted on it, to keep it steady.

From that drop He makes an incomparable pearl;
And from this He makes a form (of man) like the lofty cypress.

The knowledge of a single atom is not hidden from Him,
To whom the evident and the hidden are one.

He prepares the daily food of the snake and the ant;
Although they are without hands and feet, and strength.

By His order He portrayed existence from non-existence;
Who, except He, knows how to make the existing from the non-existing?

Another time He takes away (creation) to the concealment of non-existence,
And thence conveys it to the plain of the place of assembling (the Resurrection).

The people of the world are agreed to His divine origin;
Overpowered in respect to the substance of His essence.

The people discovered not what was beyond His majesty;
The vision discovered not the extent of His power.

The bird of Fancy flies not to the summit of His nature;
The power of the intellect arrives not at the skirt of His description.

In this whirlpool a thousand ships of reason foundered,
In such a way that not a plank was found on the marge.

Many nights I sate lost in this journey of thought of God,
When suddenly terror seized my sleeve, saying, "Get up!"

The knowledge of the King (God) is the encircler of the wide plain of creation;
Thy conjecture becomes not the encircler of Him.

Genius reaches not to the substance of His nature;
Thought reaches not to the profundity of His qualities.

One can attain to the Arab poet, Suhban,[8] in eloquence;
But one can not reach to the substance of God without equal.

Because the immature ones have on this road urged the steed of thought,
At the words "*la ahsa,*" they have wearied of the pace.

One can not gallop a steed in every place,
Places there are where it is proper to cast the shield (yield).

And if a traveler (a pious one) becomes acquainted with the secret of God,[9]
They (the angels) will shut on him the door of returning (to the world).

In this banquet (of the mystery of God) they give a cup (of the wine of the love of God) to that one,
To whom they give a draught of senselessness (that he may not utter the mystery of God).

The wise man fears this sea of blood (the mystery of God),
Out of which no one has taken the bark of his life.

Of this hawk (the Rationalist), the eye is sewn up (blind to the knowledge of God);
Of the other (the holy man), the eyes are open (to the knowledge of God); and feathers (of flight to the world) burned.

No one went to the buried treasure of Karun[10] (mystery of God);
And if he found a way, he found not a way out of it.

[8] Suhban Wail was an Arab orator, who was so eloquent that he would not repeat a word, but express his meaning in different language.

[9] As in the traditions (Arabic): "Who knows God, his tongue is dumb."

[10] Karun was born of the uncle, or sister, of Moses. He was famous for his riches. The wealth of Karun is here emblematic of the knowledge of God.

If thou art a seeker, who over this ground (of the knowledge of God) dost travel,
First thou shouldst pluck up the foot of the steed of returning;

Shouldst reflect, in the mirror of the mind;
Shouldst acquire purity by degrees.

Possibly the perfume of the love of God makes thee intoxicated;
Makes thee a seeker of the Covenant —" Am I your God?"

With the foot of search thou dost travel to that place (the mystery of God);
And thence thou dost fly with the wing of the love of God.

Truth tears the curtains of fancy;
There remains not a lofty curtain, save the glory of God.[11]

Again for the steed of reason there is no running;
Astonishment will seize its rein, saying, "Stand!"

In this sea of God only the man-guardian (Mohammed) went:
That one became lost, who went not behind the inviter (Mohammed).

[11] The Sara of Irak tells us: "God most High, before the creation of Adam (on him be peace), having created the souls of men, said: 'Am I your God?' The souls answered 'Yes.' Those who said 'Yes' in this world became of the faith of Islam. Those who gave no reply remained as infidels. Some of the Moslems, by reason of the affections of this world, forgot that Covenant; but, in the case of the souls of those who are lovers of God, and solitary save as regards Him — its sound still remains. When the perfume makes thee intoxicated and a seeker of the Covenant —'Am I your God?' then, with the foot of search, thou dost find the path to that stage (am I your God?). God most High says to thee —'O Adorer!' and thou dost reply —'O Lord!' Thence, with the wing of love, thou dost fly and arrive at the side of the Court of God, which is the end of the world. Certainty as to the Unity of God is then acquired, and no veil remains between the Adored (God) and the adorer (man) save the veil of splendor, beyond which there is no passing for the steed of thought."

Those persons who have turned back from this road (of following Mohammed)
Traveled much, and are distressed.

That person who chooses the way opposite to the Prophet
Will never arrive at the stage of his journey.

Oh Sadi! think not that the path of purity
One can travel, except behind the Chosen One (Mohammed).

Generous of dispositions, beautiful of natures!
The Prophet of creatures, the Intercessor of nations!

The Imam [12] of the prophets, the Leader of the road!
The faithful [13] of God, the place of descent of the Angel Jibra'il!

The Intercessor of mortals, the Lord of raising and dispersing (the Judgment-day)!
The Imam of the guides, the Chief of the Court of Assembling (the Resurrection)!

The Speaker, whose Mount Sinai is the celestial sphere;
All lights are the rays of his light.

The orphan (Mohammed) who, the Koran uncompleted,
Washed the library of (effaced) so many religions,

When anger drew forth his sword of terror,
Struck, by a miracle, the waist of the moon in two halves.

When his fame fell in the mouths of the people of the world
An earthquake occurred in the court of Kisri (King Naushiravan).

[12] Imam is one who precedes, or leads, the prophets.

[13] Faithful, because Mohammed concealed not any part of the revelation of God. The angel Jibra'il descended on Mohammed with the Koran.

By the words — *lá-iláha illa-lláh* [14] — he broke into small pieces the idol Lat;
For the honor of religion he took away the reputation of the idol 'Uzza.

He brought not forth the dust of the idols Lat and 'Uzza only;
But made the Old Testament and Gospel obsolete.[15]

One night he sate on the beast Burak; he passed beyond the Heavens:
In majesty and grandeur he exceeded the angels.

So impetuous, he urged his steed into the plain of propinquity to God,
While Jibra'il remained behind him, at the tree of paradise.

The Chief of the sacred house (of the Kaaba) spoke to him,
Saying: "Oh, bearer of the Divine Revelation! move proudly higher.

"When thou didst find me sincere in friendship,
Why didst thou twist the reins from my love?"

Jibra'il said: "The power to move higher was not to me:
I remained here because the power of wing remained not to me.

"If I fly one hair's breadth higher,
The effulgence of splendor will burn my feathers."

On account of sins a person remains not in restraint
Who has such a Lord (Mohammed) as guide.

What acceptable praise may I say to thee?
Oh, Prophet of Mortals! peace be on thee!

[14] "There is no god but God!"

[15] The revelation of the Old Testament descended on Moses; that of the New Testament, or Anjíl, on Isa, or Jesus.

May the benedictions of angels be on thy soul!
May they be on thy companions and followers!

First Abu-Bakr, the old disciple;
'Umar, grasp on the convolution of the contumacious demon (Satan);

The wise 'Usman, night, alive-keeping;
The fourth 'Ali-Shan, Duldul,[16] riding.

Oh God! by the right of the sons of Fatima,
May I, on the word of faith, conclude my life! [17]

If thou dost reject my claim, or if thou dost accept,
I, and the hand, and the skirt of the offspring of the Prophet are together.

Oh chief happy-footed! what loss occurs
Of thy exalted dignity, at the court of the Living One,

That there are a few beggars of the tribe,
Humble companions, guests, at the House of Safety (paradise)?

God praised and honored thee, O Mohammed!
Jabra'il performed the ground-kiss of thy worth.

The lofty sky, before thy worth, is ashamed,
Thou created, and man yet water and clay.[18]

Thou from the first, the essence of the existence of man;
Whatever else became existent is an offshoot from thee.

[16] Duldul was the name of 'Ali's mule.

[17] In the traditions (Arabic): "He whose last words are '*lá iláha illa-l-láh!*' will indeed enter paradise."

[18] In the traditions (Arabic): "Whatever God created — my soul first." And again (Arabic): "I was Prophet, and Adam between water and clay."

I know not what words I may say to thee,
Who art higher than what I say of thee.

To thee the honor of —"but for thee"[19]— is sufficient grandeur;
Thy praise in the verse of the Koran —*"táhá wa yasín"*— is sufficient.

What praise may the imperfect Sadi make?
Oh Prophet! on thee be benedictions and safety!

In the extremes of the world I wandered much;
With every one I passed my time.

From every corner I found pleasure;
From every harvest I obtained an ear of corn.

Like the pure ones of Shiraz of dust-like (submissive) disposition,
I saw not one.— May mercy be on this pure soil of Shiraz!

The cultivating of friendship of the men of this pure soil
Drew away my heart from Syria and Turkey.

I said to my heart: "From Egypt they bring sugar;
They take it as a present to friends."

From all that garden or the world I was loath
To go empty-handed to my friends.

If my hand be empty of that sugar,
There are words sweeter than sugar —

Not that sugar that men apparently enjoy;
But that which the lords of truth take away on paper (with respect).

May the World-Creator have mercy on thee!
Whatever more I may say is empty talk and wind.

[19] According to the holy saying of God (Arabic): "Oh, Mohammed! hadst thou not been, I would not have created the sky."

THE BUSTAN

Chapter I

ON JUSTICE AND ADMINISTRATION OF GOVERNMENT

The beneficences of God are not contained in the imagination;
What service does the tongue of praise offer?

Oh God, do thou — this King (Abu-Bakr, son of Sad), the poor man's friend,
Since the ease of the people is in his protection —

Keep long established over the head of the people;
By the grace of devotion, keep his heart alive (fresh).

Keep his tree of hope fruitful;
His head green, and his face, with mercy, fair.

Oh Sadi! go not in the way of dissimulation (in regard to the King's praise);
If thou hast honesty, bring and come.

Thou (Sadi) art a stage-recognizer, and the King a road-traveler:
Thou art a speaker of truth; and the King the hearer of truths.

What necessity that nine thrones of the sky
Thou dost place below the foot of the King Kizil-Arsalan.

Say not: Place thy foot of honor on the Heavens.
Say: Place the face of sincerity in the dust.

Place, in devotion, the face on the threshold of God;
Because this is the highway of the righteous.

If thou (Abu-Bakr) art a slave of God, place thy head on
this door of God;
Place from off thy head the cap of lordship.

At the Court of the Order-giver possessed of Majesty,
Bewail, like a dervish, before a rich and powerful man.

When thou dost perform thy devotions, put not on the kingly
raiment;
Like the poor dervish, bring forth a cry,

Saying: "O Omnipotent One! Thou art powerful;
Thou art strong; Thou art the dervish-cherisher.

"I (Abu-Bakr) am neither a monarch nor an order-giver;
I am one of the beggars of this Court.

"What springs forth from the power of my conduct,
Unless the power of Thy grace is my friend?

"Give to me the means of liberality and goodness;
And if not — what goodness can come from me to any one?

"O God! keep me on the work of goodness;
Otherwise, no work can come from me."

At night, like the beggars, pray with ardor,
If, by day, thou dost exercise sovereignty.

The obstinate ones (courtiers) are at thy door, loin-girt;
Thou shouldst be thus — thy head on the threshold of devo-
tion.

Oh, excellent! — for us slaves, the Lord God;
For the lord a slave, duty-performing.

They relate a story of the great men of the faith,
Recognizers of the truth of the essence of truth,

As follows: A pious man sate on a panther;
Snake in hand, he urged his long, pleasant-paced steed.

One said to him: "Oh, man of the way of God!
Guide me to this road by which thou didst go.

"What didst thou, that the rending animal became obedient to thee?
That the seal-ring of good fortune went to thy name?"

He said: "If the panther and snake be submissive to me,
And if also the elephant and vulture — be not astonished.

"Do thou also from the order of the Ruler (God) twist not thy neck,
So that no one, from thy order, may twist his neck."

When the ruler is obedient to God,
God is his Protector and Friend.

It is impossible when He loves thee
That He will leave thee in the power of an enemy.

This is the road, and turn not thy face from the way;
Place thy foot on this road and obtain the object which thou dost desire.

Advice of a person is profitable to a person — to him,
To whom the saying of Sadi is agreeable.

I have heard that, at the time of the agony of the soul (the last breath),
King Naushiravan the Just thus spoke to Hurmuz, his son,

Saying: "Be observant of the heart of the poor;
Be not in the desire of thy own ease.

"A person rests not within thy territory
When thou dost seek thy own ease and no more.

"In the opinion of the wise it is not approved —
The shepherd asleep, and the wolf among the sheep.

"Go: protect the poor and needy one,
Because the king is the crown-holder for the sake of his subjects.

"The subject is like the root, and the king the tree;
Oh son! the tree is strong by reason of the root.

"So long as thou canst, wound not the heart of the people;
But if thou dost — thou dost pluck up thy own roots.

"If a straight road (of safety) is necessary for thee —
The way of the pious is hope and fear.

"The disposition of man is toward wisdom,
In the hope of goodness, and fear of wickedness."

If thou didst find these two doors (hope and fear) in the King,
Thou didst obtain shelter in the territory of his kingdom.

The King brings a gift to the hopeful one,
In hope of the gift of pardon of the Creator of the World.

"The injury of persons is not pleasing to him (the king),
Who fears lest injury should come to his kingdom.

"And if there is not this disposition in his nature
There is not the perfume of ease in that territory.

"If thou art foot-bound (by wife and family), accept contentment;
But if thou art a single horseman (solitary), take thy own desire.

"Seek not plenteousness in that land and region,
Where thou dost see the subjects of the king sorrowful.

"Fear not the proud, haughty ones;
Fear that one who fears God.

"In a dream, he sees the territory of another populous,
Who keeps the heart of the people of his country distressed.

"From violence come ruin and ill-fame;
The prudent man reaches to the profundity of this speech.

"It is not proper with injustice to slay the peasants,
Who are the shelter and support of the kingdom.

"For thy own sake preserve the villagers;
Because the laborer of happy heart executes more work for his master.

"It is not manliness to do ill to that one (the villager),[1]
From whom thou mayst have experienced much benefit in tribute."

I have heard that King Khosru [2] said to his son Shirwiya
At that time when his eyes slept (rested) from seeing (at the time of death) —

"In that state be, so that whatever resolution thou mayst make
Thou mayst consider the peace of the peasant.

"Be sure, so long as thou dost not turn thy head from equity and judgment,
That men will not turn aside their feet from thy power.

[1] The splendid clothes and delicate food of kings, and other delights of life, are purchased with the gold of the villagers.

[2] Khosru Parviz, son of Hurmuz, reigned A. D. 590–625. He was the lover of Shireen. Shirwiya, in order to increase his sensual appetite, took a medicine which proved to be poison: he reigned six months.

" The peasant flies from the tyrant;
He makes his bad repute a stock story in the world.

" Much time passes not, that his own foundation,
That one plucked up, who laid a bad foundation (of tyranny).

" The enemy, skilful with the sword, lays waste,
Not so much as the smoke (grief) of the heart of an old woman.

" The lamp of grief that the widow-woman lighted up —
Thou mayst often have seen that it burned a city.

" Who in the world is more favored than that one
Who with justice, in sovereignty, lived?

" When the time of his traveling from this world arrives,
The people of the world send mercy to his tomb.

" Since bad and good men pass away,
It is best indeed that they connect thy name with goodness and bless thee.

" Appoint the God-fearing one over the peasant;
Because, the abstinent one is the architect of the country.

" That liver-eater of the people is thy enemy,
Who seeks thy profit, in the injury of the people.

" Government is a fault in the hands of those persons,
From whose power, the hands of the people are uplifted in prayer before God.

" The cherisher of good sees not evil;
When thou dost cherish evil thou art the enemy of thy own life.

"Exercise not retribution against the despoiler by confiscation of his property;
But it is proper to bring forth (to destroy) his root from the foundation.

"Exercise not patience with the agent of the friend of tyranny;
Since, on account of his fatness (from extortion), it is proper to flay his skin.

"It is also proper, at first, to cut off the wolf's head,
Not at the time when he tore in pieces the sheep of men."

How well said the captive merchant
When the robbers gathered around him with arrows! —

"Inasmuch as courage comes from highwaymen,
Whether the men of the army, or a troop of women, what matter?"

The great king who injured the merchants
Shut the door of well-being on the people of the city and the army.

How many wise men again go there
When they hear the rumor of bad custom?

Are a good name and favorable reception necessary to thee? —
Hold in esteem merchants and envoys.

Merchants heartily cherish travelers,
Because they carry their good name to the world.

That kingdom soon becomes ruined
From which the injured heart becomes a traveler.

Be the acquaintance of the foreigner, and friend of the traveler,
Because the traveler is one who hawks about a good name.

Hold dear the guest, and precious the traveler;
But also be on guard from injury from them.

To beware of the stranger is good;
Because, possibly, he may be an enemy in the guise of a friend.

Advance the rank of thy own old friends;
Because treachery never comes from the cherished one.

When thy servant becomes old,
Forget not the right of his years.

If old age has bound the hand of his service —
Yet thou hast power, in respect to liberality.

To accomplish the desire of the hopeful
Is better than to break the bonds of a thousand fettered ones.

If the pillar of the office of the scribe
Falls, he cuts not the rope of hope.

The just monarch, with his subjects,
Becomes angry like a father with a son.

Sometimes he strikes him so that he becomes sorrowful;
Sometimes he makes water flow from his pure eyes.

When thou dost exercise gentleness, the enemy becomes bold;
But if thou art an anvil, he becomes wearied of thee.

Severity and mildness together are best,
Like the vein-striker (bleeder), who is surgeon and plaster-placer.

Be generous, and pleasant-tempered, and forgiving;
Even as God scatters favor over thee, do thou scatter over the people.

No one came into the world who remained,
Save that one whose good name remained.

That one died not, after whom there remained —
Bridge, or *masjid,* or *khan,* or guest-house.

Every one behind whom a token remained not —
The tree of his existence brought not forth fruit.

If he departed from this world and the marks of his well-doing remained not,
It is not fit to chaunt after his death —"*Al hamd!*"

When thou dost wish that thy name may be eternal,
Conceal not the good name of the great ones.

After thy own time (death) call to mind that same descriptive picture
That, after the age of former kings, thou didst behold.

One took away a good name from the world;
The bad custom of the other remained behind him forever.

With the ear of approval, listen not to a person's injury;
But if the speech comes, probe its depth.

Accept the excuse of forgetfulness of the sinner;
When he asks for protection, give protection.

If a sinner comes to thy shelter,
It is not proper to slay him at the first fault.

When once they uttered advice, and the sinner heard not;
Punish him, the second time, with imprisonment and bonds.

And if advice and bonds are of no advantage to him,
He is an impure tree; pluck up his roots.

When anger comes to thee, on account of a person's crime,
Reflect much on his punishment;

Because it is easy to break the ruby of Badakhshan.
Broken — it is not possible to fasten it together again.

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I heard that King Jamshid,[3] of happy nature,
Wrote on a stone, at a fountain-head:

"At this fountain many like us took rest;
They departed in death, just as the eyes twinkled.

"With manliness and force they took the world;
But they took it not with themselves to the tomb.

"They departed, and each one reaped what he sowed:
There remained only good and bad fame."

When thou hast power over an enemy,
Injure him not; because this (the power) is indeed sufficient sorrow to him.

A living enemy, head-revolving (raging) about thee in desire of thy blood,
Is better than his life-blood revolving (circulating) about thy neck.

I heard that Darius, of august family,
Became separated, on a hunting-day, from his retinue;

A herdsman came running toward him:
Darius, of happy sect, said to his heart:

[3] Jamshid was a famous Persian king who practised sorcery, by which jinns and devils became subject to him. It is said he reigned three hundred years, during which time there was no sickness among the people. At length he laid claim to godship, and was slain by Zuhhak.

"Perhaps this is an enemy who has come to battle:
From a distance I will pierce him with a white poplar arrow."

He adjusted the royal bow to the bow-string:
He desired in a moment to make his existence non-existence.

The herdsman said: "Oh, Lord of Iran and Turan! —
May the evil eye be far from thy time! —

"I am he who cherishes the King's horses;
In this meadow I am in thy service."

The heart of the King, which had gone in fear, returned to its place.
He laughed and said: "O one of contemptible judgment!

"The auspicious angel (Jibra'il) assisted thee;
Otherwise, I had brought the bow-string to the ear."

The guardian of the land-pastured laughed and said:
"It is not proper to conceal advice from a benefactor;

"It is not laudable deliberation, nor good judgment,
That the King knows not an enemy from a friend.

"The condition of living in greatness is such
That thou shouldst know each humble person — who he is.

"Thou hast many times seen me in the presence:
Thou hast asked me concerning the herd of horses and the meadow.

"Now in love I returned before thee:
Thou dost not again recognize me from an enemy.

"O renowned monarch! I am powerful;
Because I can bring a particular horse out of a hundred thousand.

"By reason of wisdom and judgment, I have the guardianship of the horses;
Thou also shouldst keep thy own herd permanent (free from loss)."

When Darius heard this counsel from the man
He spoke fairly to him, and did him kindness.

Darius kept going and saying in his shame —
It will be proper to write this advice on the heart.

On account of anarchy there may be sorrow in that throne and country
When the deliberation of the king may be less than that of the shepherd.

How mayst thou hear the lament of one crying for justice —
The curtain of thy bed-place at Saturn?

So sleep that the lamentation may come to thy ear
If the crier for justice brings forth a shout.

Who complains of the tyrant who is in thy time,
When every violence that he commits is thy violence?

The dog tore not the skirt of one of a Karawan,
But the ignorant villager, who cherished the dog.

Oh Sadi! thou camest boldly into speech:
When the sharp sword of true speech is at thy hand, be victorious.

Say what thou dost know; because truth spoken is well:
Thou art not a bribe-taker, nor a blandishment-giver (hypocrite).

Bind avarice to thyself, but then wash the book of philosophy;
Bid farewell to avarice, and say whatever thou dost desire.

A certain neck-exalting one (a king) in Media came to know
That a wretched one beneath an arch kept saying:

"Thou even art hopeful at the door of God:
Then accomplish the hope of those door-sitting."

Thou dost not wish that thy heart may be sorrowful —
Bring forth from fetters the heart of the sorrowing ones.

The distress of the heart of the one justice-seeking
Casts a king from his kingdom.

Thou hast slept cool half a day in the retired place (harem);
Say to the foreigner, burn in the heat outside.

God is the taker of justice for that person
Who can not ask for justice from a king.

One of the great ones, possessed of discretion,
Tells a story of the son[4] of King 'Abdu-l-'Aziz,

Saying: He had a ring-stone set in a ring,
In respect to the value of which the Court jeweler was confounded.

At night, thou wouldst say it is the orb, world-illuminating;
A glittering star it was, in light like the day.

By chance a drought-year occurred,
When the full-moon of the face of men became the new-moon.

When he saw not ease and strength in man,
He considered it not manliness to be himself at ease.

When a person sees poison in the jaws of men,
How will the sweet water pass to his throat?

[4] The name of the son was Omar, a just and liberal prince.

He ordered: they sold the ring-stone for silver
Because pity came to him, on account of the poor and orphan.

He gave its value, in spoil, in one week:
He gave to the poor, and needy, and necessitous.

Those reproach-making fell on him,
Saying: "Such a ring will not again come to thy hand."

I heard that he said, and the rain of tears
Ran down, like wax, on his cheeks —

As follows: "Ugly is the ornament on a monarch,
The heart of a citizen afflicted with powerlessness;

"A ring without a stone is fit for me:
The heart of a sorrowful populace is not fit for me."

If a relation of the enemy be friendly to thee,
Beware; be not secure of craftiness.

Because his heart becomes torn for vengeance against thee.
When memory of the love of his own relation comes to him.

Consider not the sweet words of an enemy;
For it is possible there is poison in the honey.

That one took his life safe from the trouble of the enemy
Who reckoned friends as enemies.

That knave preserves the pearl in his purse,
Who considers all people purse-cuts.

The soldier who is an offender against the Amir,
So long as thou canst — take not into service.

He knew not gratitude toward his own chief;
He knows not thee also: be afraid of his deceit.

Hold (consider) him not strong as to oath and covenant;
Appoint a secret watchman over him.

Make long the tether of the aspirant;
Break it not, lest thou shouldst not see him again.

When, in battle and siege, the enemy's country
Thou seizest — consign it to the prisoners.

Because when a captive plunges his teeth in blood,
He drinks blood from the tyrant's throat.

When thou pluckest away a territory from the enemy's clutch,
Keep the peasantry in more order than he.

For, if he beats open the door of conflict,
The people will pluck out the essence of his brain.

But if thou causest injury to the citizens,
Shut not vainly the city-gate in the enemy's face.

Say not: "The enemy, sword-striking, is at the gate!"
When the enemy's partner is within the city.

Essay with deliberation battle with the enemy;
Reflect on counsel; and conceal thy resolution.

Reveal not the secret to every one;
For I have seen many a cup-sharer a spy.

Sikander, who waged war with the Easterns,
Kept, they say, his tent-door toward the west.

When Bahman wished to go to Zawulistan,
He cast a rumor of his going to the left, and went to the right.

If one, besides thee, knows what thy resolve is —
It is fit to weep over that judgment, and knowledge, and resolution.

Exercise liberality — neither conflict nor rancor —
That thou mayst bring a world beneath thy signet-ring.

When a work prospers through courtesy and pleasantness,
What need of severity and arrogance?

Thou wishest not that thy heart should be sorrowful?
Bring forth from bondage the hearts of those sorrowful.

The army is not powerful by the arm;
Go; ask a blessing from the feeble.

The prayer of the hopeful weak ones
Is of more avail than the manly arm.

Whosoever takes to the dervish his request for aid,
If he strikes at Firidun, he would overcome him.

Chapter II

ON BENEFICENCE

If thou art wise, incline to truth;
For truth, not the semblance, remains in its place.

To whomsoever there was neither knowledge nor liberality nor
piety —
In his form there was no reality.

Beneath the clay sleeps at ease that one
By whom men sleep tranquil at heart.

Suffer thy own grief in life; for the relation,
Through his own avarice, busies not himself with one dead.

Give now gold and silver which is thine;
For after thy death it is out of thy command.

Thou wishest not that thou shouldst be distressed in heart?
Put not out of thy heart those distressed.

Scatter treasures in alms to-day, without delay;
For to-morrow the key is not in thy hand.

Take away with thy self thy own road-provisions;
For compassion after death comes from neither son nor wife.

That one takes away the ball of empire from this world
Who took, with himself, a portion to the future world.

With sympathy, like my finger-tip,
No one in the world scratches my back.

Place now, on the palm of the hand, whatever there is;
Lest that, to-morrow (the Judgment-day), thou shouldst with the teeth bite the back of the hand.

Strive as to covering the shame of the dervish,
That the veil of God may be thy secret (defect) -concealer.

Turn not the foreigner portionless from thy door,
Lest that thou shouldst become a wanderer in beggary at doors.

The great one causes alms to reach the indigent;
For he fears that he may become necessitous (as to the need of others).

Look into the state of the heart of those wearied;
For thy heart may, perhaps, one day be broken.

Make the hearts of those dejected happy;
Remember the day of helplessness (the Judgment-day).

Thou art not a beggar at the doors of others;
Drive not, in thanks to God, a beggar from thy door.

Cast protection over the head of the one father-dead;
Scatter his dust of affliction, and pluck out his thorn.

Knowest thou not how very dejected his state was?
May a rootless tree be ever green? [1]

When thou seest an orphan, head lowered in front from grief,
Give not a kiss to the face of thy own son.

If the orphan weeps, who buys for his consolation?
And if he becomes angry, who leads him back to quietude?

[1] The father is the root; the son, the branches of the tree. A tree's freshness is due to its root.

Beware! that he weep not; for the great throne of God
Keeps trembling when the orphan weeps.

Pluck out with kindness the tear from his pure eye;
Scatter with compassion the dust of affliction from his face.

If his (the father's) protection departed from over his head,
Do thou cherish him with thy own protection.

I esteemed my head crown-worthy at that time
When I held my head in my father's bosom.

If a fly had sate on my body,
The heart of some would have become distressed.

If now enemies should bear me away captive,
None of my friends is a helper.

For me is acquaintance with the sorrows of orphans,
For in childhood my father departed (in death) from my head.

A certain one plucked out a thorn from an orphan's foot;
The Khujand Chief saw him in a dream:

He was talking and sauntering in the gardens of Paradise,
Saying: "How many roses blossomed from that thorn!"

So long as thou canst, be not free from mercy;
For they bear pity to thee, when thou bearest pity.

When thou hast done a favor, be not self-worshiping,
Saying: "I am a superior, and that other an inferior."

Say not: "The sword of Time has cast him!"
For the sword of Time is yet drawn.

When thou seest a thousand persons prayer-uttering for the empire,
Give thanks to God for favors.

For the reasen that many men have expectation from thee,
Thou hast expectation at the hand of none.

I have said that liberality is the character of chiefs;
I uttered a mistake — it is the quality of prophets!

I have heard that, one week, a son of the road (a traveler)
Came not to the guest-house of Ibrahim, the friend of God.

Through his happy disposition, he used not to eat in the morning,
Unless one, foodless, came from the path of travel.

He went out, and looked in every direction;
Glanced in the quarters of the valley; and saw:

One, willow-like, in solitude, in the desert;
His head and hair white with the snow of old age.

For consolation he said to him: "Marhaba!"
Uttered, according to the custom of the liberal, the invitation,

Saying: "Oh pupil of my eyes!
Do me a favor, as to bread and salt."

He said, "Yes"; and sprang up and lifted his feet;
For he knew his temperament — on him be peace!

The guards of the guest-house of Ibrahim
Placed the abject old man, with respect.

He ordered; and they arranged the table;
All sate around.

When the company began: "*Bismi-llah!*"
A word from the old man reached not his ear.

He spoke to him, thus: "O old man of ancient days!
I behold not thy truth and heart-burning, like old men.

"When thou eatest food, is it not the custom
That thou shouldst take the name of the Lord of Victuals?"

He said: "I accept not a religion
Which I have not heard from the old men, fire-worshiping."

The prophet of good omen knew
That the old man, of State become ruined, was a Guebre.

He drove him away with contempt when he saw him a stranger to Islam;
For to the pure the filthy is forbidden.

The angel Surosh came from the glorious Omnipotent,
With majesty, reproaching, saying: "Oh, friend of God!

"I had for a hundred years given him victuals and life;
Abhorrence of him comes to thee in a moment.

"If he takes his adoration to the fire,
Why withdrawest thou thy hand of magnanimity?"

I know not who told me this tale,
That there had been, in the country of Yaman, an order-giver.

He snatched the ball of empire from those renowned;
For in treasure-bestowing there was no equal to him.

One could call him "the Cloud of Liberality,"
For his hand used to scatter money like rain.

No one used to take to him the name of (mention) Hatim,
At which (mentioning), frenzy used not to go to his head,

Saying: "How much — of the words of that wind-weigher,
Who has neither country, nor command, nor treasure?"

I heard that he prepared a royal feast,
And harp-like entertained the people, in the midst of the banquet.

One opened the door of mention of Hatim;
Another began to utter his praise.

Envy held the man to the desire of revenge;
He appointed one for his blood-devouring,

Saying: "So long as Hatim is in my time,
"My name will not go into the world for goodness."

The calamity-seeking one took the path to the tribe of Tai,
He set out for the slaying of the young man.

There came before him on the road a young man,
From whom the perfume of affection came up to him:

Good of visage, and wise, and sweet of tongue;
He brought him a guest, that night, to his own abode:

Exercised liberality, and sympathized, and made excuses;
Snatched the enemy's heart by kindness:

Placed the morning-kiss on his hands and feet,
Saying: "Stay at ease, a few days, with us."

He said: "I can not here become a resident;
For I have before me an important matter."

He replied: "If thou wilt reveal the matter to me
I will with soul exert myself, like friends of one heart."

He replied: "Oh young man! listen to me;
For I know the generous one is a secret-concealer.

"Thou knowest, perhaps, in this land, Hatim,
Who is of happy judgment and good manners?

"The King of Yaman has desired his head;
I know not what hatred has arisen between them.

"Show me the short path to where he is;
Oh friend! this indeed I look for from thy courtesy."

The youth laughed, saying: "I am Hatim:
Behold! separate with the sword the head from my body.

"When the morning becomes white it is not proper that
Injury should reach thee, or that thou shouldst become disappointed." [2]

When Hatim placed, with nobleness, his head for slaughter,
A cry issued from the young man (the guest).

He fell upon the dust, and leaped to his feet;
Kissed now the dust; now his feet and hands:

Threw down the sword, and placed the quiver on the ground;
Put, like the helpless, his hands on his breast,

Saying: "If I strike a rose on thy body,
I am, in men's sight, a woman, not a man."

He kissed both his eyes, and embraced him;
And took his way thence to Yaman.

Between the two eyebrows of the man, the King
Knew immediately that he had not performed the duty.

[2] "My relatives may do thee an injury for slaying me; therefore slay me at once, and get thee away."

He said: "Come; what news hast thou?
Why didst thou not bind his head to thy saddle-strap?

"Perhaps a renowned one made an assault against thee;
Thou, through weakness, sustainedst not the fury of the contest?"

The clever youth gave the ground-kiss;
Praised the King; and the majesty of his nature,

Saying: "I discovered Hatim, fame-seeking,
Skilful, and of pleasant appearance, and of good visage:

"Considered him generous and endowed with wisdom;
Regarded him, in manliness, my superior:

"The load of his favor made my back bent;
He slew me with the sword of kindness and grace."

Whatever he experienced, from his liberality — he uttered;
The monarch recited praises on the offspring of Tai:

Gave the envoy gold-money,
Saying "Liberality is the seal on Hatim's name."

It (the evidence) reaches (touches) him, if they give evidence;
Since truth and fame are his fellow travelers.

I have heard that in the time of the Prophet the tribe of Tai
Made not acceptance of the faith of the Koran.

The Messenger of good news and the Observer (Mohammed) sent an army;
They took captive a multitude of them.

The Prophet ordered them to slay them with the sword of hate,
Saying: "They are unclean, and of impure religion."

A woman said: "I am Hatim's daughter,
Ask pardon for me from this renowned Ruler (Mohammed):

"Oh revered sir! exercise generosity as to my state;
For my lord Hatim was endowed with liberality."

By the command of the Prophet of pure judgment,
They loosed the fetters from her hands and feet:

Drew the sword upon the rest of that tribe,
So that they caused, mercilessly, a torrent of blood to flow.

With weeping the woman said to the swordsman:
"Strike my neck also with all the rest:

"I consider not release from fetters, generosity;
I — alone; and my friends in the noose of calamity."

She kept uttering lamentations over the brothers of Tai;
Her voice came to the Prophet's ear.

The rest of that tribe he gave to her,
Saying: "One of true origin never erred!"

From Hatim's storehouse, an old man
Demanded ten diram's weight of sugar-candy.

From the historian I remember news such
That he sent him a sack of sugar.

The wife said from the tent: "What is this?
The old man's need was exactly ten dirams."

The man-cherisher of Tai heard this speech;
He laughed, and said: "Oh heart's ease of Hai!

"If he demanded what was suitable to his own need, and
got it,
Where is the liberality of the offspring of Hatim?"

I have heard that a man experienced house-vexation
For a wasp made a nest in his roof.

His wife said: "What thou desirest in respect to them do not,
Lest that they should become scattered from their native country."

The wise man went to his own work;
The wasps began, one day, to sting his wife.

About the door, and roof, and street — the foolish wife
Kept making lamentation. But the husband said:

"Oh woman! make not thy face bitter toward men;
Thou didst say: 'Slay not the poor wasps!'"

How may one do good to the bad!
Forbearance to ill-doers increases ill.

When thou beholdest a people's injury in a chief,
Cut his throat with a sharp sword.

What dog, in short, is there — for whom they place a victual-tray?
Order that they give him a bone.

How well has the old man of the village (Firdausi) expressed this proverb:
"The baggage-animal, leg-striking (kicking), is best under a heavy load."

If the watchman shows mercy,
No one is able to sleep at night for thieves.

In the circle of contest the spear-reed
Is more precious than a hundred thousand sugar-reeds (canes).

Not every one is worthy of property;
This one requires property; that one, rebuke.

When thou cherishest the cat it takes away the pigeon;
When thou makest the wolf fat it rends Joseph.[3]

The edifice that has not firm foundations —
Make it not lofty; and if thou dost, tremble for it.

How well said Bahram,[4] desert-dwelling,
When his thoroughbred, restive steed threw him to the earth,

"It is proper to take from the herd another horse
Which it is possible to restrain, if he becomes restive."

O son! bind the Euphrates at low-water,
For when the torrent is risen it is of no use.

When the filthy wolf comes to thy snare,
Slay; if not, pluck up thy heart from love for the sheep.

From Iblis adoration never comes;
Nor from the bad jewel — goodness into existence.

Give neither place nor opportunity to the malignant one;
The enemy in the pit, and the demon in the glass bottle — is best.

Say not: "It is proper to kill this snake with a stick";
Strike when he has his head beneath thy stone.

The pen striker (penman) who did ill to his inferiors,
To make, with the sword, his hand a pen (to sever it) — is best.

[3] The brothers cast Joseph into a pit, sold him, and represented to their father that a wolf had devoured him.

[4] Bahram was called Bahram Ghor, *Sahra-nishin*, because he loved the hunting of asses in the desert.

The deliberator who introduces bad regulations
Takes thee, that he may give thee to hell-fire.

Say not: "For the country this deliberator is enough";
Call him not deliberator who is unfortunate.

The fortunate one acts upon Sadi's speech,
Because it is the cause of increase of country, and deliberation, and judgment.

Chapter III

ON LOVE

Oh happy the time of those distraught in love of Him,
Whether they experience the wound (of separation) or the plaster (of propinquity to Him)!

Beggars from royalty fleeing;
In the hope of union with Him, in beggary, long-suffering.

Time to time they drink the wine of pain (of love for Him);
And if they consider it bitter, they draw breath (are patient).

In the pleasure of wine there is the evil of head-sickness;
The thorn is the armor-bearer of the rose-branch.

Patience which is in remembrance of Him is not bitter;
For bitterness from a friend's hand is sugar.

His captive desires not release from bonds;
His prey seeks not freedom from the snare.

Sultans of retirement, beggars of Hai!
Stages of God recognizers, foot-trace lost.

Intoxicated with the love of the friend (God), reproach-enduring;
The camel, intoxicated, more easily bears the load.

How may people find the path to their state?
For, like the water of life, they are in darkness.

Like the holy house (Jerusalem) within — full of towers (pomp);
Without — the wall left desolate.

Moth-like, they set fire to themselves;
Silkworm-like, they spin not on themselves a protection.

Mistress in embrace — mistress-seeking;
On the stream-bank, lip dry with thirst.

I say not that as to water they are powerless;
But they are, on the Nile, dropsical.

The love of one, like thyself — of water and clay —
Ravishes patience and heartease.

In wakefulness — enamored of her cheek and mole;
In sleep — foot-bound, in thought of her.

In truth, thou placest thy head (life) at her feet, in such a way
That thou considerest the world, in comparison with her existence, non-existent.

When thy gold comes not to the eye (of approval) of thy mistress,
Gold and dust appear to thee the same.

To thee — desire for another appears not;
For with her — place for another remains not.

Thou sayst: "Her lodging is within my eye";
And if thou closest together the eye —"It is in my heart."

Neither thought of any one, lest thou shouldst become disgraced,
Nor power that thou shouldst, for a moment, become patient.

If she desires thy life, thou placest it on the palm of her hand;
And if she puts the sharp sword on thy head, thou placest thy head in submission.

When love, whose foundation is on desire,
Is to such a degree tumult-exciting and command-issuing,

Hast thou wonder at the travelers of the path of God
That they should be immersed in the sea of truth —

In passion for the Beloved, with soul engaged;
In remembrance of the Friend (God), careless of the world?

In memory of God, they have fled from the world;[1]
So intoxicated with the splendor of the Cupbearer (God) that
they have spilled the wine!

It is impossible to effect their cure with medicine;
For none is acquainted with their pain (of love).

From eternity without beginning, to their ear comes: "Am I
not your God?"
With clamor, in a shout, they utter: "Yes!"

A crowd — office-holding, corner-sitting;
Feet clayey, breath fiery —

Pluck up, with a shout, a mountain from its place;
Heap together, with a cry, a city:

Are wind-like, invisible, and swift-moving;
Are stone-like, silent, but praise-uttering.

In the morning, they weep to such a degree that the water
Washes down from their eyes the collyrium of sleep.

[1] In Sufism *saki*, or wine, signifies "a holy spiritual guide"; and hence God, who, cupbearer-like, gives the wine of love to His lovers, and makes them non-existent in His beauty.

The second line means: "With the splendor of the Cupbearer (God) they are to such a degree intoxicated, and become non-existent, that they have spilled the wine of love, and have no need of wine for causing intoxication (*masti*), and selflessness (*be-khudi*)."

Steed of the body slain, with the great austerity with which
they have urged the night;
In the morning, shouting, saying: "They are wearied!"

Night and day, in the sea of frenzy and burning;
From perturbation they know not night from day.

So enamored of the splendor of the figure-painter (God)
That they have no occupation with the beauty of the outward
form.

The pious ones gave not their hearts to the covering (external
beauty);
And if a fool gave — he is brainless and fleshless.

That one drank the pure wine of the Unity of God,
Who forgot this world and the next.

I have heard that once upon a time one, beggar-born,
Had affection for one king-born.

He went, and cherished a vain desire;
Imagination plunged its teeth in desire.

Mile-stone like, he used not to be free (absent) from his (the
prince's) plain;
Bishop-like, at all times, at the side of his horse.[2]

His heart became blood, and the secret remained in his heart;
But his feet, through weeping, remained in the mire of desire.

The guards obtained intelligence of his grief;
They said to him: "Wander not again here!"

A moment, he went; recollection of the friend's face came to
him;
Again he pitched his tent, at the head of his friend's street.

[2] At chess, the bishop is next the knight (horse).

A slave broke his head, and hand, and foot,
Saying: "Said we not once to thee — come not here?"

Again to him patience and rest remained not;
On account of his friend's face, patience remained not.

Like flies from off the sugar, with violence him
They used to drive away; but with speed he used to return.

One said to him: "Oh, impudent one of insane appearance!
Thou hast wonderful patience as to blows of stick and stone."

He said: "This violence against me is through his tyranny;
It is not proper to complain of a friend's hand.

"Behold, I express the breath of friendship
If he holds me friend; or, if enemy,

"Expect not, without him, patience from me;
Nay — even with him, repose has no possibility.

"Neither the power of patience, nor room for anger;
Neither the possibility of being (stopping), nor the foot of flight.

"Say not — turn aside the head from this door of the Court;
Though he place my head, like a tent-peg in the tent-rope.

"Nay — the moth, life given at its friend's foot,
Is better than alive in its dark corner."

He said: "If thou shouldst suffer the wound of his club?"
He replied: "I will fall at his feet, ball-like."

He said: "If, with the sword, he cuts off thy head?"
He replied: "This much even I grudge not.

"To me — indeed, there is not so much knowledge —
Whether the crown or the axe be at my head.

"Display not reproof with me impatient;
For patience appears not in love.

"If my eye becomes white (diseased) like Yakub,[3]
I abandon not hope of seeing Yusuf.

"One who is happy (in love) with another
Is not vexed with him for every little thing."

One day the youth kissed his (the prince's) stirrup;
He became angry; and turned the rein from him.

He laughed, and said: "Turn not the rein;
For the Sultan turns not away the rein (face) from any.

"To me — by thy existence, existence remains not;
To me — in memory of thee, self-worshiping remains not.[4]

"If thou observest a crime, reproach me not:
Thou art head brought forth (produced) from my collar (of existence).

"I fixed my hand in thy stirrup with that boldness;
For I brought not myself in the account.

"I drew the pen on (effaced) my own name;
Placed my foot on the head of my own desire.

"The arrow of that intoxicated eye slays me indeed;
What need that thou should bring thy hand to the sword!

[3] Yakub, or Jacob, from much weeping for Yusuf, or Joseph, became blind; he still kept the hope of seeing him. The meeting eventually took place.

[4] Whenever the degree of love reaches the perfection of exaltation, there is in the lover's heart no room for another. To such a degree does this occur, that the lover forgets his own existence, and considers himself indeed the beloved one. Thus Majnum, in fancy of Laila, regarded his own body as Laila, and said, "I am Laila!" The beggar, even so, regarded his own body to be that of his beloved, and recognized not himself.

"Set fire to the reed, and pass;
So that in the forest neither dry nor green thing may remain."

I have heard that at the chanting of a singer
One of Pari face began to dance.

From the fire of the distracted hearts around her
A candle-flame caught in her skirt.

She became troubled in heart and vexed;
One of her lovers said: "What fear?

"Oh love! as to thee — the fire burned the skirt;
As to me — it burned, all at once, the harvest (of existence)."

If thou art a lover, express not a breath about thyself;
For it is infidelity to speak of lover and one's self.

I recollect hearing from a knowing old man in this way,
That one, distraught with love, turned his head to the desert.

The father, through separation from him, neither ate nor slept;
They reproached the son; he said:

"From that time, when Friend called me one of his own,
Further love for any one remained not to me.

"By God! when He showed me His beauty,
Whatever else I beheld appeared to me fancy."

He who turned away from the people became not lost;
For he found again his own lost one (God).

There are beneath the sky shunners of men,
Whom one can call, at once, wild beast and also angel.

Like the angel, they rest not from remembering the King (God);
Like the wild beast they, night and day, shun men.

Strong of arm (by spirituality); but short of hand (by materiality);
Wise — outwardly mad; sensible — outwardly intoxicated.

Sometimes tranquil in a corner, religious habit-stitching;
Sometimes perplexed in society, religious habit-burning.

Neither passion as to themselves; nor solicitude for any one;
Nor place for any one, in the cell of their unitarianism.

Perturbed of reason, confused of sense;
Ear-stuffed to the word of the adviser.[5]

The duck will not become drowned in the river (of lust);
The samundar![6] what knows he of the torment of burning?

Empty of hand, men of full stomach (proud);
Desert wanderers, without a Kafila:

They have no expectation of the people's approbation;
For they are approved of God; and that is enough.

Dear ones of God concealed from the people's eye;
Not those waist-cord-possessing, clothed in the habit of the dervish.

They are full of fruit, and shady, vine-like;
Are not like us — of black deeds, and blue garment-dyers.[7]

Head plunged in themselves (in reflection), oyster-like;
Not foam (on mouth) gathered, river-like.

[5] The adviser is one who tries to lead them to the world.

[6] The samundar, or salamander, traditionally dwells in the fire; when it comes forth from the fire, it dies. Sultans make caps of its skin.

[7] In former times, Sufis wore blue-colored woolen garments.

If wisdom be thy friend, be afraid of them (those foam-gathered);
For they are demons in the garb of men.

They are not men indeed of bone and skin;
A true soul is not in every form.

The Sultan (God) is not the purchaser of every slave;
Not beneath every religious garment is there a living man.

If every drop of hail had become a pearl,
The bazar would have become full of them like small shells.

A person said to a moth: "Oh contemptible one!
Go; take a friend suitable to thyself,

"Go on such a path, that thou mayst see the way of hope;
Thou, and the love of the candle is from where to where?

"Thou art not the samundar; circle not around the fire;
For, manliness is first necessary for man, then conflict.

"The blind mouse (bat) goes hidden from the sun;
For force is foolish against an iron grasp.

"The person whom thou knowest to be thy enemy,
To take for a friend is not the part of wisdom."

No one says to thee: "Thou dost do good
When thou placest thy life in the desire of his love.

"The beggar who, of a king, asked (in marriage) for his daughter,
Suffered pushing on the back of his head, and nurtured a vain passion.

"How may she bring into reckoning a lover like thee,
For the faces of kings and sultans are toward her?

"Think not that, in such an assembly, she
Will exercise courtesy to a poor one like thee.

"Or if she practise gentleness toward the whole creation —
Thou art a helpless one — she will exercise severity to thee."

Behold! the ardent moth
What it said: "Oh wonder-displayer! if I burn, what fear?

"Like Ibrahim, a fire of love is in my heart,
That thou mayst consider this candle-flame is to me a rose.[8]

"My heart draws not the skirt of the ravishing one (the candle);
But its love draws the collar of my soul.

"Voluntarily I take not myself to the fire;
But the chain of love is about my neck.

"Even so, I was far, when it burned me;
Not this moment, when the fire of love kindled in me.

"A beloved one, in regard to loveliness, does not do that,
That one can speak to her of continence.

"Who reproaches me for love of the friend,
When, slain at the friend's foot, I am content?

"Knowest thou why I have a lust for destruction,
When it (the candle) is, if I am not — it is proper.

"I will burn because it is the approved beloved,
In whom, the burning of the friend (the moth) makes circulation.

"How long speakest thou to me, saying: 'Suitable to thyself
Get a companion, compassionate to thyself'?

[8] Nimrod threw Ibrahim, or Abraham, into the fire. God made the fire a rose-garden for Ibrahim's sake.

" Admonition to that one of distraught state is as if
Thou shouldst say to one scorpion-bitten — lament not!

" Oh, astonished one! utter not advice to that person
In whom thou knowest that it will take no effect.

" To the helpless one, rein-gone from the hand,
They say not: ' O boy! urge slowly.' "

How pleasantly occurred this witticism in the book Sindbad:
" O son! love is fire; advice, wind."

The fierce fire, by the wind, becomes more lofty;
The panther, by striking, becomes more angry.

When I saw, thoroughly thou doest evil
That thou placest my face opposite to one like thyself.

Seek one better than thyself, and reckon it gain;
For, with one like thyself, thou losest time.

The self-worshipers go in pursuit of such as themselves;
Those intoxicated of God go in a dangerous street (of love).

When I first possessed desire for this work,
I took up, at once, my heart from desire (of life).

One head-casting is true as a lover;
For one of white-liver is the lover of himself.

Death, in ambush, suddenly slays me;
It is better, indeed, that the delicate one should slay me.

When, doubtless, destruction is written on my head,
Destruction is most pleasant by the hand of the beloved.

Dost thou not, one day, in helplessness, yield the soul?
Then it is best thou surrender it at the feet of the beloved.

One night I recollect that my eyes slept not;
I heard that a moth spoke to a candle,

Saying: "I am a lover; if I burn, it is lawful,
Wherefore is thy weeping and burning?"

It replied: "Oh, my poor lover!
Honey (wax), my sweet friend, has departed from me.

"When sweetness (wax) goes away from me,
Like (the statuary) Farhad, fire goes to my head."

The candle kept speaking — and every moment a torrent of grief
Ran down on its yellow cheeks —

Saying: "Oh claimant! love is not thy business;
For thou hast neither patience nor the power of standing.

"Thou dost fly from before a naked flame;
I am standing until I completely burn.

"If the fire of love burns my feathers,
Behold me, whom it burns from head to foot.

"Observe not my splendor, assembly-illuminating;
Consider the heat and torrent of my heart-burning.

"Like Sadi, whose outward form is illuminated;
But, if thou lookest, his vitals are burned."

A portion of the night, even so, had not passed,
When one of Pari-face suddenly extinguished it.

While its smoke rose to its head, it kept saying:
"Oh, son! this is indeed the end of love!"

This is the way of God, if thou wilt learn;
By being slain, thou wilt obtain ease from the burning (of love).

Make not lamentation over the grave of one slain by the friend;
Say: "Praise be to God! that he is accepted by Him."

If thou art a lover, wash not the hand of sickness (of love).
Wash the hand, like Sadi, of worldly design.

The one who sacrifices his life keeps not his hand from his object,
Though they rain arrow and stone on his head.

I said to thee, "Beware; go not to the ocean;
But if thou goest, entrust thy body to the storm."

[Chapters IV and V deal with Humility and Resignation.]

Chapter VI

ON CONTENTMENT

He knew not God and worshiped not,
Who displayed not contentment with his fortune and daily food.

Contentment makes a man rich;
Inform the greedy one, world-traveling:

Oh, one without permanence! bring tranquillity to thy hand.
For vegetation grows not on the rolling stone.

If thou art a man of judgment and sense, cherish not thy body;
For when thou cherishest it, thou slayest it.

Wise men are skill-cherishers;
But body-cherishers are feeble in skill.

Eating and sleeping is the way of beasts alone;
To be in this way is the habit of the unwise.

That one attended to a manly life
Who silenced first the dogs of lust.

Happy that fortunate one who, in a corner,
Gathers to his hand road-provisions of the knowledge of God.

Those to whom God's mystery became revealed
Preferred not the false to it.

But when he knows not darkness from light,
Whether the sight of a demon, or the cheek of a houri — to him what difference?

Thou didst cast thyself into a well, on that account,
That thou didst not recognize the well from the road.

How may the young hawk fly to the zenith of the sky
When, in its long feathers, the stone of desire is bound?

If from lust's claw, thy skirt free
Thou shouldst make, thou wouldst go to the lotus-tree (in Paradise).

By eating less food than one's custom,
One can make the body of angelic temperament.

How may the brutal lion reach the angel state?
It can not fly from earth to sky.

Practise first the human temperament;
Think after that of the angelic temperament.

Thou art on the flanks of a refractory colt;
Take care that it twist not its head from thy order.

For if it should tear the halter from thy hand,
It would slay thy body and spill thy blood.

If thou art a man, eat food within limit;
Such a full belly! — art thou a man, or a jar?

Within the body is a place for food, and reflection on God, and breath;
Thou thinkest it is for bread only.

In the wallet of lust, where is remembrance of God contained?
With difficulty he breathes — leg extended.

The body-cherishers have no knowledge
That the full stomach is void of wisdom.

The two eyes and stomach became not filled with anything;
These bowels, coil on coil, are best empty.

Like hell which they fill with fuel,
Again there is a shout, saying: "Is there any more?"

Thy 'Isa (the soul) continually dies of weakness;
Thou art in that desire that thou mayst cherish thy ass (the body).

Oh, one of little worth! buy not the world in exchange for religion;
Purchase not thou the ass with the gospel of 'Isa.

Perhaps thou seest not that as to rapacious and non-rapacious animals,
Only the greed of eating casts into the snare.

The panther, which stretches its neck (in pride) among the beasts,
Falls, mouse-like, into the snare, through the greed of eating.

Mouse-like, whose bread and cheese thou eatest,
Into his snare thou fallest and sufferest his arrow.

If food be delicious, or if it be simple,
When delay occurs to thy hand, thou eatest pleasantly.

The sage places his head on the pillow at that time when
Sleep takes him, with violence, into its net.

So long as thou obtainest not the power of speech, speak not;
When thou seest not the plain (of power), beware of the ball (of speech).

Speak not; and so long as thou canst, plant not thy foot
Outside of limit, or inside of limit.

Go; acquire a pure heart;
The belly will not become full, save with the dust of the grave.

A Haji gave me an ivory comb,
Saying: "May the mercy of God be on the good qualities of pilgrims!"

I heard that once upon a time he had called me a dog,
For his heart was, in some way, dejected about me.

I threw away the comb, saying: "This bone,
Is unnecessary for me; another time, call me not a dog.

"Think not, if I swallow my own vinegar,
That I will endure the violence of the lord of sweetmeats."

O soul! be content with a little
That thou mayst consider the sultan and the dervish as one.

Why goest thou before the king with entreaty?
When thou placest avarice aside, thou art a king.

And if thou art a self-worshiper, make the belly a drum;
Make the door of this and that man a Kibla.

And if every moment thy lust says, give!
It causes thee to wander, village to village, in beggary.

Oh, man of sense, contentment exalts the head;
The head full of avarice comes not forth from the shoulder.

A certain one possessed of avarice, before King Khwarazm
— I heard — went early in the morning.

When he saw Khwarazm he became doubled and straight;
He rubbed his face, moreover, on the earth, and arose.

His son said: "Oh little father, name-seeking!
I ask of thee a difficulty; explain it.

"Didst thou not say that the dust of Hijaz was thy Kibla?
Why didst thou to-day pray in this direction (toward the King)?"

Display not devotion to the lust of the lust-worshiper;
Since it has every hour another Kibla.

Avarice spilled the reputation of honor;
It poured out a skirt full of pearls for two barley-grains.

When thou wishest to become satiated with the rivulet-water,
Why spillest thou face-water (honor) for the sake of ice?

Perhaps thou art a patient one as to happiness;
But if not thou art, of necessity, begging at doors.

Sir! go; make short the hand of avarice;
What need to thee of the long sleeve of beggary?

Of him who folded up the casket of avarice
It is unnecessary to write: "Slave or servant to any one."

Expectation will drive thee from every assembly;
Drive it from thyself, so that no one may drive thee.

To one of the holy men a fever came,
A person said: "Ask for sugar from such a one."

He said: "Oh, son! the bitterness of my dying
Is better than my bearing the oppression of one of bitter face."

The wise man ate not sugar from the hand of that one
Who, through arrogance, made his face vinegar (bitter) toward him.

Go not in pursuit of whatever thy heart desires,
For the strengthening of the body diminishes the soul's light.

Imperious lust makes a man contemptible;
If thou art wise, hold it not dear.

If thou enjoyest whatever may be thy wish,
Thou wilt endure much disappointment from the revolution of time.

To heat constantly the oven of the belly
May, in the day of want, be a misfortune.

In straitened circumstances thy face causes not its complexion to be shed
If, in the time of plenteousness, thou makst the belly tight.

The man, full-devourer, endures the belly-load;
And if he obtain not food, he endures the grief-load.

Thou mayst often see the belly-slave greatly ashamed,
In my opinion the belly straitened is better than the heart straitened.

Alas! thou art one man-born, full of dignity,
Who is like the beasts —"Nay; they are lost!"

Show not pity to the ox of great weight,
For it is a great sleeper and great devourer.

If fatness, ox-like, be necessary to thee,
Submit thy body, ass-like, to the tyranny of persons.

Knowest thou what wonderful thing I brought from Basra? —
A tale, which is sweeter than the green date.

We — a few individuals in the religious garb of the true
(Sufis) —
Passed by the side of a date-garden.

One among us was a stomach-barn (a glutton);
He was, through this narrow-eyedness, a belly-enjoyer.

The wretched one bound his loins and ascended the date-tree;
And thence fell heavily headlong.

The Ra'is of the village came, saying: "Who slew this
man?"
I said: "Express not against us a harsh word.

"The belly drew his skirt down from the branch."
The one of narrow heart is of capacious bowels.

Not every time can one eat the date and carry it away;
The stomach-barn (the glutton) suffered a bad end, and died.

The belly is the hand-fetter and foot-chain;
A belly-slave rarely worships God.

The locust is assuredly altogether belly;
The ant of small belly drags the locust by the foot.

A certain one had sugar-cane, on a small plate —
A wanderer, left and right, for a purchaser.

In a corner of the village, to a pious man, he spoke,
Saying: "Take; and pay when thou hast the means."

That wise man of adorned disposition uttered
An answer, that should be written on the eye.

"Perhaps, to thee, patience (as to payment) may not be
exercised toward me;
But to me patience is as to the sugar-cane."

Sugar in its reed has no sweetness
When behind it is the bitter demand for its price.

To one of the men of illumined mind
The Amir of Khutan gave a piece of silk cloth.

He expanded, through gladness, like the laughing rose-leaf;
Kissed his hands, clothed himself, and said:

"How good is the garment of honor of the King of Khutan!
But my own religious garment is more beautiful than it."

If thou art noble, sleep on the earth; for it is enough;
Perform no one's ground-kiss (in obeisance) for a costly carpet.

A certain one had no bread-food, save an onion;
He had no resources and means, like others.

One said to him: "Oh, one of foolish time!
Go; bring something cooked from the tray of plunder (the king's table).

"Oh sir! ask, and have fear of none;
For the one ashamed is cut as to his victuals."

He bound about him his overcoat, and quickly folded his hand (sleeve);
They rent his coat, and broke his hand.

I have heard that he said, while he wept blood:
"What is the remedy for the deed done by one's self!

"The captive of avarice is one calamity-seeking,
After this — I and my house, bread and onion are enough."

The barley-loaf, which I eat by the power of my arm,
Is better than flour twice sifted on the tray of people of liberality.

Last night how heart-straitened slept that worthless one
Who kept the ear of expectation upon the Kibla of others!

In an old woman's house there was a certain cat
Which was of reversed fortune and of bad state.

It went running to the Amir's guest-house;
The slaves of the sultan struck it with arrows.

It ran, blood dropping from its bones (wounds),
While from fear of life it ran, it kept saying:

"If I escape from the hand of this arrow-caster,
I and the mouse and the old woman's desolate abode are enough."

Oh, my soul! honey is not worth the sting's wound;
Contentment with one's own syrup of dates is best.

The Lord God is not satisfied with that slave
Who is not content with his Lord's portion.

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Chapter VII

ON EDUCATION

The language of this chapter is on integrity, and deliberation,
and disposition;
Not on the steed, and the battle-field, and the ball-game.

Thou art fellow-lodger with the enemy — lust;
Why art thou a stranger in the art of conflict?

Those turning back the rein of lust from forbidden things
Surpassed Rustem and Sam in manliness.

Chastise thyself with a stick, boy-like;
Beat not men's brains with the heavy mace.

No one has concern for an enemy like thee
Who prevailest not against thy own body.

Thy body is a city full of good and bad;
Thou art sultan; and wisdom is the prime minister.

Know for sure that the mean, neck-exalting,
In this city are — pride and passion and avarice.

Resignation and the fear of God are the free of good report;
Lust and concupiscence are highwaymen and cut-purses.

When the sultan displays favor to the bad,
How may ease remain for the wise?

Lust and avarice and pride and envy
Are like blood in thy veins; and like the soul in thy body.

If these enemies should obtain nurture,
They would turn aside their heads from thy order and judgment.

On the part of lust and concupiscence, opposition remains not
When they experience the grasp of sharp wisdom.

The Ra'is who punished not the enemy
Ruled not also — by reason of the enemy's power.

What need to say much in this chapter
When a word is enough, if a person acts upon it?

If thou bringest thy feet mountain-like (firmly) beneath thy skirt,
Thy head will pass beyond the sky in grandeur.

There was a young man, skilful and learned,
Who was, as regards admonishing, vigilant and manly.

Of good repute, and pious, and God-worshiping,
The beard of his face more beautiful than his handwriting.

Strong in eloquence, and clever in grammar;
But he used not to utter truly the letters of the Abjad.

Perhaps he had stammering in the tongue,
For he used not to explain the truth of the Mu'jam.

I spoke to one of the pious,
Saying: "A certain one has no front teeth."

At my folly he became red of face,
Saying: "Speak not again in this foolish way.

"Thou didst see in him that very defect which is existent;
From how much skill thy wisdom's eye was shut!

"Listen truly to me; for in the day of certainty (Resurrection),
The man, good-seeing, will not experience evil.

"One who has grace, and science, and judgment —
If the foot of his integrity slips from its place.—

"Approve not violence against him, for one small matter.
What have the sages said: Take what is clean."

Oh wise man! the thorn and the rose are together:
Why art thou in the fetter of the thorn? fasten thou the rose-bouquet.

He in whose nature is the ugly disposition
Sees not the peacock — only his ugly foot.

O one of malevolent face! acquire purity of heart;
For the dark mirror displays not the face.

Seek a path by which thou mayst escape from punishment of hell;
Not a word of man, on which thou mayst lay the finger of criticism.

O wise one! place not in front (expose not) the people's defects;
For it sews up thy eyes from thy own defects.

Why do I inflict punishment on the one of stained skirt
When I know, within myself, that I am of wet (stained) skirt?

It is improper that thou shouldst exercise violence against a person
When thou dost aid thyself by artifice of speech.

When evil is unpleasant to thee, do not do it thyself;
Say, after that, to thy neighbor: "Do not evil."

If I am God-worshiping, or if self-displaying,
I preserve my exterior for thee, my interior for God.

When I adorned my exterior with chastity,
Interfere not with my crookedness, or uprightness.

If my way of life be good, or if bad,
God is more acquainted than thou with my secret.

Punish for bad conduct that person
Who hopes from thee the reward of goodness.

If I am good or bad, be thou silent;
For I am myself the porter of profit and loss.

For a good deed by a man of good judgment —
For one, God writes ten.

O son! of whomsoever thou also a single talent
Mayst observe, pass by his ten defects.

Count not upon the finger one defect of his;
Bring forth a world of excellence for nothing.

Like the enemy, who, on the poetry of Sadi,
Glances with scorn, heart ruined —

He has no ear for the hundred beautiful subtleties;
When he beholds a defect, he raises a shout.

That one, bad-approving — to whom there is only this reason —
Envy plucked out his eyes, good-discerning.

Did not God's creating create the people?
Black, and white, and beautiful, and ugly — came.

Not every eye nor eyebrow that thou seest is good;
Eat the kernel of the pistachio-nut; cast away its husk.

Chapter VIII

ON THANKS

I can not express a breath for thanks to my Friend (God);
For I know not a word of praise that is worthy of Him.

Every hair on my body is a gift from Him;
How may I perform thanks for every hair?

Praise to the Lord-Giver
Who, from nonentity, made the slave existing.

To whom is there the power of description of His beneficence?
For His praises are immersed in His dignity.[1]

That inventor who creates a person from clay
Gives soul and wisdom and sense and heart.

From the father's back-bone to the limit of old age,
Behold to what extent He, from the unseen, gave thee honor!

When God created thee pure, be sensible and pure;
For it is a shame to go unclean to the dust of the grave.

Shake off continually the dust of mean qualities from the mirror of the heart;
For it takes not polish when the blight eats it.

In the beginning, wast thou not water of man's seed?
If thou art a man, put presumption out of thy head.

When thou bringest, with effort, victuals to thyself,
Rely not on the strength of thy own arm.

[1] If one utters thanks to God,
How may he utter thanks for the grace of thanks to God?

Oh self-worshiper! why dost thou not see God
Who brings into revolution the arm of the hand?

When by thy striving, a thing happens,
Know by God's grace it is; not by thy own effort.

By violence no one has carried off the ball;
Utter praise to the Lord of Grace.

Of thyself, thou art not erect one step;
From the hidden, aid arrives momently.

Wast thou not a child, tongue-bound as to boast (of speech)?
Food from the navel kept coming within thee.

When they severed the umbilical cord, thy daily food was broken off;
Thy hand clung to thy mother's breast.

A traveler, before whom adverse time brings sickness,
They give to him water from his own city, as medicine.[2]

Then he obtained nourishment in the belly;
He obtained food from the store of the bowels.

The two breasts — that to-day are heart-pleasing to him —
Are also two fountains of his nurturing-place.

The bosom and breast of the mother, heart-pleasing,
Are paradise; and the breast is for him a stream of milk.

Her stature, life-nourishing, is a tree;
The offspring on her bosom — a delicate fruit.

Are not the veins of the breast within the heart?
Then if thou wilt consider, milk is the heart's blood.

[2] It is said that when a person drinks the water of his native place, he obtains convalescence.

Teeth, sting-like, plunged in her blood;
Love for her own blood-devourer created within her.

When God made the arm strong; and the teeth dense —
The nurse anoints her breast with aloes.

The aloe makes it (the offspring) silent (forgetful) of milk,
so
That it forgets the breast and its milk.

Oh sir! thou also art, as to repentance, a child of the path
of God;
By bitterness, sin becomes forgotten by thee.

A young man turned his head from his mother's judgment,
Her sorrowful heart burned like fire.

When she became helpless she brought a cradle before him,
Saying: "Oh, one languid of love and forgetful of the time
of infancy!

"Wast thou not weeping, and tired and small,
When nights, from thy power, sleep overpowered me not?

"No; to thee in the cradle there was not the strength of thy
present state;
To thee there was not the power to drive away a fly from
thyself.

"Thou art that one who used to be vexed with a single fly,
Who, to-day, art chief and powerful."

Thou mayst again be in that state, at the bottom of the grave,
When thou canst not repel an ant from thy body.

Again how may the eye light up its lamp,
When the worm of the grave devours the fat of the brain?

Like one clothed as to the eye (blind), seest thou not that the road
He knows not, at the time of going, from the well?

Thou who art possessed of vision, if thou didst perform thanks (knowest the path from the well);
If not, thou also art one clothed as to the eye (blind).

The instructor taught thee not understanding and judgment;
God created these qualities in thy existence.

If He had refused thee a heart, truth-hearing,
Truth would have appeared to thy eye the essence of falsehood.

Behold one finger, with how many joints,
God, by creating, cast together.

Then it is madness and foolishness
That thou shouldst place thy finger (of caviling) on the word of His creating.

For the sake of man's motion consider
Him who fixed the sinews and placed the articulations of so many bones.

For without the revolution of the ankle, and the knee, and the foot,
It is impossible to raise the foot from its place.

Prostration (on the ground) is not difficult for a man, on that account,
That, the joint in his back-bone is not of one piece.

God has arranged two hundred joints within one another,
Who has finished like thee, oh, God! a clay-joint?

Oh, one of agreeable disposition! the veins in thy body
Are a land — in it are three hundred and sixty streams.

In the head — vision, and thought, and judgment, and discretion;
The limb of the body for the dear heart; and the heart for dear wisdom.

The wild beasts with the countenance downcast, are contemptible;
Thou, *Alif*-like, art a rider on thy feet.

They, head-lowered, for the sake of eating;
Thou, with dignity, bringest thy food to the head.

It beseems thee not, with so much chieftainship,
That thou shouldst lower thy head, save in devotion to God.

By His own beauty God gave thee knowledge; behold!
He made thee not, like the animals, head in the grass.

But with this form, heart-enchanting,
Be not fascinated; take a good walk of life.

A straight path is necessary, not erect stature;
For the infidel is also like us in outward form.

He who gave thee eye and mouth and ear;
If thou art wise — strive not in opposition to Him.

I grant that thou mayst beat the enemy with a stone,
Wage not war, at least from ignorance, with the Friend (God).

Those of wise disposition, obligation-recognizing,
Sew up the favor of God with the nail of thanks.

A certain one severely rubbed a boy's ears (chastised him),
Saying: "Oh father of wonderful judgment, of overturned fortune!

"I gave thee an axe, saying: Split firewood;
I said not: Undermine the masjid-wall!"

The tongue came from God for thanks and praise;
The grateful one moves it not in slander.

The ear is the thoroughfare for the Koran and counsel;
Strive not to listen to calumny and falsehood.

Two eyes, for the sake of beholding the creating of God, are good;
Lower the eyes from the defect of brother and friend.

For the sake of thy ease the night and day are;
The resplendent moon and the sun, world-illuminating.

For thy sake the west wind, chamberlain-like,
Causes constantly to be spread the carpet of spring.

If wind, and snow, and rain, and hail are,
And if the Chaugan expresses thunder, and the sword lightning —

All are work-performers, and order-bearers of God
Who cherish thy seed in the dust.

And if thou remainest thirsty, rage not through affliction;
For the Water-carrier brings thee a cloud of water on His back.

From the dust He brings color, and perfume, and food;
Amusement for the eye, and brain, and palate.

He gave thee honey from the bees, and manna from the sky;
He gave thee the green date from the date-tree, and the date-tree from the seed-stone.

All the gardeners gnaw the hand
In astonishment, saying: "No one planted such a date-tree!"

The sun and moon and Pleiades, all are for thee;
They are the candles of the roof of thy house.

He brings thee a rose from the thorn, musk from the animal's navel,
Gold from the mine, and the green leaf from the dry wood.

He portrayed thy eye and eyebrow, with His own hand;
For one can not leave the intimate friend to strangers.[3]

The powerful One who cherishes the delicate
Cherishes thee with various favors.

Breath by breath, with soul, it is proper to utter praise;
For thanks to Him is not a work of the tongue only.

O God! my heart became blood, and eye wounded,
When I see thy reward is greater than my speech of thanksgiving.

I speak not of the rapacious and non-rapacious beast, and ant, and fish,
But of the army of angels above heaven's summit.

Yet they have uttered a little Thy praise;
They have uttered one out of so many thousands which they should have uttered.

Oh Sadi! go; wash thy hand, and the book;
Hasten not on the path that has no end.

A person knows not the value of a day of pleasure,
Save on that day when he falls to hardship-enduring.

[3] By strangers are meant angels. "Thou, an intimate friend of God's, art not left to the angels."

The winter-season of the dervish, in the narrow year —
How easy is it to the lord of wealth?

One healthy who, once complaining, slept not,
Uttered not thanks to God for sound health.

When thou art a manly mover, and swift of foot,
Stand, with thanks to God by those slow of foot.

The young man bestows to the ancient old man;
The powerful one displays pity for the powerless.

What do the people of the Jihun know of the value of water? —
Ask those wearied utterly in the sun.

To the Arab who is sitting by the Tigris
What care is there as to the thirsty ones of the desert of Zarud?

That one recognized the value of healthiness
Who once helpless sweltered in fever.

How may the dark night appear long to thee
Who rollest from side to side in comfort?

Think of one falling and rising in fever;
For the sick one knows the lengthiness of the night.

At the sound of the drum the rich man becomes awake;
What knows he how the watchman passed the night?

I have heard that Tughril, one night in the autumn,
Passed a Hindu watchman,

From the pouring of snow, and rain, and torrent,
Fallen to trembling, like the star Canopus.

His heart, from pity for him, suffered agitation;
He said: "Behold! put on my fur garment.

"Wait a moment, by the terrace-side;
For I will send it out by the hand of a slave."

He was in this speech; and the morning-breeze blew.
The monarch entered the royal hall.

He had in his retinue a slave of Pari-form
For whom his disposition had a little inclination.

The sight of the beloved chanced so agreeably to him
That the wretched Hindu passed from his memory.

The word "fur-coat" passed to his (the watchman's) ear,
It came not, through misfortune, to his shoulders.

Perhaps the torment of toil was not enough for him,
Since the sky's revolution added to it expectation.

When the sultan slept in carelessness, behold
What the watchman said to him in the morning!

"Perhaps the watchman Nek-Bakht was forgotten by thee
When thy hand went to the bosom of the slave-girl Aghosh.

"For thee, the night passes in ease and joy;
As to us, what knowest thou how the night passes?"

One of a caravan, head-lowered to the caldron —
To him, what care of those sunk in sand?

Oh Lord of the Zaurak! keep on the water;
For the water has passed over the head of those helpless.

Oh, vigorous young men! stay;
For in the caravan are sluggish old men.

Thou hast slept well in the *haudaj* of the caravan —
The camel-rein in the camel-driver's hand.

Whether plain or mountain; whether stone or sand — to thee what matter?
Ask the state of the road from those lagging behind.

The camel of burden, mountain-form, carries thee;
What knowest thou of the footman, who devours the blood of grief?

Those sleeping in comfort of heart in the house,
What know they of the state of the hungry belly?

One of naked body made loan of one diram;
He made for his body a garment of rawhide.

He complained, saying: "Oh, perverse fortune!
I am cooked with heat, within this rawhide."

When the uncooked (foolish) one, with fierceness, began to boil —
One from the prison-pit said to him: "Silence!

"Oh raw one! offer thanks to God,
That thou art not like me — rawhide (bound) on hand and foot."

A certain one passed by a holy man,
He came to his sight in the form of a Jew.

He struck him a blow on his neck;
The dervish gave him his shirt.

He became ashamed saying: "What passed from me was a fault.
Pardon me; what room (need) is there for giving a shirt?"

He said: "On this shirt-giving I am firm, in thanks to God,
That that one whom thou didst think me, I am not."

One left behind on the road was weeping,
Saying: "Than I in this desert, who is more wretched?"

An ass, load-carrier, said to him: "Oh, one without discretion!
How long bewailest thou also of the tyranny of the heavens?

"Go; thank God although thou art not on an ass,
That thou art, in short, a son of Adam, not an ass."

A lawyer passed by one fallen drunk;
He became proud of his own abstinence.

Through haughtiness he looked not at him;
The young man raised his head, saying: "Oh, old man!

"Go; thank God, when thou art in prosperity,
For disappointment comes from pride.

"Laugh not at one whom thou seest in bonds;
Lest that suddenly thou shouldst fall into confinement.

"In short, is it not in the possibility of fate
That thou mayst be to-morrow fallen drunk like me?"

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Chapter IX

ON REPENTANCE

Oh, thou whose age has passed to seventy years! Come;
Thou wast, perhaps, asleep, that thy life went to the wind.

Thou didst prepare every requisite of being in this world;
Didst not engage thyself in the thought of going to the next world?

On the Resurrection-day, when they lay out the market of heaven,
They give dignities for good deeds.

Stock in trade, as much as thou bringest thou takest away;
And if thou art poor, thou takest away shame.

For the more full the market, just so much
The more distressed is the heart of the one of empty hand.

If out of fifty dirams five become wanting,
Thy heart, with the grasp of grief, becomes torn.

When fifty years have gone forth from thy hand,
Consider it gain that there is a space of five days.

If the wretched corpse had possessed a tongue
He would have raised a shout in lament and cry,

Saying: "Oh living one! when there is the power of speech
Let not the lip sleep (cease), corpse-like, from uttering the name of God.

"Since our time, in carelessness passed,
Do thou, at least, reckon a few moments — opportunity."

One night, in youth and the pleasure of affluence (of youth),
We, young men, sate sometime together.

Nightingale-like, singing; rose-like, fresh of face;
From hilarity, clamor cast into the street.

An old man, world-experienced, apart from us,
The blackness of his hair white, through the violence of Time,

Was tongue-bound, as to speech, nut-like;
Was unlike us, lip from laughter, pistachio-nut-like.

A youth went before him, saying: "Oh, old man!
Why sittest thou with sorrow in the corner of regret?

"Raise once thy head from the collar of grief;
Move jauntily, with ease of heart, with the young men."

He year-stricken raised his head from concealment;
Behold his answer! how like an old man he spoke:

"When the morning breeze blows over the garden
It befits the young tree to move to and fro.

"The green corn, so long as it is young and the head green,
waves;
When it reaches mellowness it becomes broken.

"In the spring-time, when the wind brings the fragrance of
the musk-willow,
The ancient tree sheds its dry leaves.

"It does not beseem me to move jauntily with young men
When the morning of old age has blossomed on my cheek.

"The male falcon of my soul, which was within my bonds,
Wishes, from time to time, to snatch the end of the thread of
life.

" Yours is the time to sit at this tray of enjoyment;
For we have washed our hands of luxurious enjoyment.

" When the dust of venerability sits on the head,
Look not again for the pleasure of youth.

" Snow rained on my raven feathers (hair),
The spectacle of the garden, nightingale-like, is not suitable
to me.

" The peacock, possessed of beauty, makes display;
What desirest thou of the hawk, feather-stripped?

" For me, the reaping of the corn is near;
For you, now the fresh verdure of the beard grows.

" The freshness of our rose-garden has passed;
Who binds the rose-bouquet when it has become withered?

" Oh, soul of father! my reliance is on a staff;
Further reliance on life is a mistake.

" For the young man it is reserved to leap on his feet;
For old men prefer a request for aid to the hands of others.

" Behold the red rose of my face — pure yellow;
When the sun becomes yellow it descends.

" To entertain lust, on the part of an immature youth,
Is not so odious as on the part of an old man.

" It is proper for me to weep, like children,
For shame of my sins; not to live, childlike in sport."

Lokman spoke well saying: " Not to live
Is better than to live years in sin."

Even to shut the shop-door in the morning
Is better than to give from the hand (to squander) the profit and capital of life.

While the young man causes the blackness (of hair) to attain to light (whiteness),
The wretched old man takes his whiteness to the grave.

Oh bone-cage! knowest thou
That thy soul is a bird; and its name spirit?

When the bird departs from the cage of the body, and snaps its chain,
It becomes not, by effort, again thy prey.

Take care of opportunity; for the world is for a moment;
In the opinion of the wise, a moment of life is better than a world.

Sikandar, who held sway over a world,
Abandoned the world, at that time when he died.

To him it was unattainable that — a world from him
They might take; and give him, in return, a moment's respite.

They departed, and every one reaped what he sowed;
There only remains — good and bad name.

Why place we the heart on this caravan-place,
From which friends have departed; and we are on the road?

After us — the garden gives this very rose;
Friends sit with one another.

Fix not the heart on this mistress of the world;
For she sate with no one whose heart she ravished not.

I remember, in my father's time —
The rain of mercy, every moment on him! —

That he purchased in my childhood a tablet and book;
He bought for my sake also a gold ring.

Suddenly a purchaser took off
The ring from my hand for a single date.

When the little boy understands not the value of a ring,
They can take it away from him for a sweetmeat.

Thou also didst not recognize life's value
When thou didst throw it away for sweet ease.

On the Resurrection-day, when the good attain to the highest dignity,
They rise from the bottom of the grave-ashes to the Pleiades.

Thy head will, from shame, remain lowered before thee,
When thy bad deeds arise around thee.

Brother! have shame of the work of the bad;
For thou wilt become ashamed in the presence of the good.

On that day, when they ask of thy deeds and words,
The body of the lords of resolution (the prophets) will tremble from fear.

In the place where the prophets suffer fear,
Come, what excuse for sin, hast thou?

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Chapter X

ON PRAYER

Come; let us raise a hand from the heart;
For to-morrow (after death), one can not raise the hand from
the clay of the grave.

In the autumn season, seest thou not the tree
Which, from severe cold, remains leafless!

It uplifts the empty hands of supplication.
It returns not, through God's mercy, empty-handed (leafless).

Fate gives to it a renowned dress of honor;
Destiny places fruit within its bosom.

At that door, which God never closed — think not
That he, hands raised in supplication, becomes hopeless.

All bring devotion; and the wretched, supplication;
Come, so that at the Court of the Cherisher of the Wretched
(God)

We may raise the hand, like the naked (leafless) branch;
For one can not sit longer than this without means (leafless).

Oh Lord! look with bounty
When sin comes into existence (issues) from Thy slaves.

Sin issues from the dust-like slave,
In hope of the pardon of the Lord.

O Merciful One! we are cherished by Thy bounty;
We are accustomed to Thy favor and grace.

When a beggar experiences liberality, and grace, and tenderness,
He turns not back from the rear of the giver.

Since Thou didst make us precious in the world,
We have expectation of this same dearness in the future world.

Thou alone givest preciousness and despicability;
One dear to Thee experiences contempt from none.

O God! by Thy honor, make me not contemptible in the future world;
By the baseness of sin, make me not ashamed.

Make not a person like unto myself ruler over me;
If I bear punishment it is best from Thy hand.

There is no evil in the world worse than this —
To suffer oppression from the hand of one like unto myself.

Shame of Thee is for me enough;
Make me not further ashamed before any.

If a shadow from Thee falls on my head,
For me the sky is of the lowest rank.

If Thou grantest a crown, it exalts my head;
Raise Thou me, so that none may cast me down.

My body trembles when I bring to recollection
The prayers of one distraught, in the sacred enclosure at Mecca,

Who, with much lamentation, was saying to God:
"Cast me not away; for no one takes my hand.

"Call me with kindness to Thy door; or drive me from Thy door —
My head is only at Thy threshold.

"If Thou knowest that we are wretched and helpless;
We are wearied of imperious lust.

"This headstrong lust hastens to such a degree
That reason can not seize its rein.

"Who, by force, prevails over lust and Shaitan?
The battle-ranks of panthers come not from the ant.

"Give me a path, by the holy men of Thy path,
Give me protection from these enemies (lusts).

"O God! by the nature of Thy Lordship,
By Thy qualities, matchless and unequaled,

"By — I await Thy command — of the pilgrim of the holy house (the Kaaba),
By the buried Mohammed — peace be on him!

"By the extolling of Thee of men, sword-exercising,
Who reckon the man of war, a woman.

"By the worship of old men adorned with devotion,
By the truth of young men, newly risen —

"I pray, saying: In that whirlpool of a breath (death-throes),
Help us from the shame of saying, two Gods.

"There is hope from those who perform devotions;
For they make intercession for those devotionless.

"Keep me far from pollution, by the pure;
And hold me excused if any sin passes from me.

"By the old men, back bent with devotion;
Eye from shame of sin stitched to the back of the foot.

"I pray saying: Close not my eye from the face of happiness;
Bind not my tongue at the time of witnessing.

"Hold the lamp of truth opposite my path;
Keep my hand short of doing evil.

"Cause my eyes to turn from that unfit to be seen;
Give me no power, as to disgraceful deeds.

"I am that atom, standing in Thy air,
My existence, on non-existence, through despicability, is one.[1]

"A single ray of the sun of Thy grace is sufficient;
For no one sees me, save in Thy effulgence.

"Glance at the evil one, that he may be better;
A glance from the king is enough for the beggar.

"If Thou, in justice and equity, seizest me,
I will complain, saying: Thy pardon gavest not to me this condition.

"O God! drive me not in contempt from Thy door;
For no other door appears to me.

"And if I become, through ignorance, absent a few days,
Shut not the door in my face when I return.

"What excuse may I bring for the shame of wet-skirtedness,
Unless I offer submission, saying: O independent One!

"I am a poor man; take me not in crime and sin;
The rich man has pity for the poor.

"Why is it necessary to weep for the weakness of my state?
If I am weak, my shelter is Thou.

[1] A mote, from the sun's effulgence and moon's luminosity, becomes visible; in obscurity, its existence and non-existence are one.

"O God! in carelessness, we broke the covenant;
What force may the hand of struggle bring against destiny?

"What issues from the hand of our deliberation?
This reliance is, indeed, enough — confession of our sin.

"Whatever I did, Thou didst strike it all together (upset it);
What power may one's self exert against God?

"I take not my head beyond Thy order;
But Thy command thus passes over my head."

A certain one called one of blackish color, ugly;
He gave to him an answer of such a sort that he remained astonied.

"I have not created my own form,
"Which thou considerest my fault, saying: I have done ill.

"If I am ugly of face, what business (O sneerer!) hast thou with me?
I am not, in short, the portrayer of the ugly and beautiful."

Beyond that which Thou didst write on my forehead,
Oh Slave-cherisher! I did neither less nor more.

Thou art, in short, the Knower that I am not powerful;
Thou art absolutely powerful — who am I?

If Thou art my Guide, I arrive at safety;
But if Thou shouldst lose me, I remain behind in journeying.

If the World-Creator affords not assistance,
How may the slave exercise abstinence?

How well said the dervish of short hand,
Who, in the night, vowed; and, in the morning, broke his vow:

"If He gives repentance, it will remain steadfast;
For our covenant is unstable and languid."

By Thy truth! stitch up my eyes from falsehood;
By Thy light! consume me not, to-morrow, in hell.

My face, through poverty, went into the dust;
My sin's dust ascended to Heaven.

Oh, Cloud of Mercy! rain Thou once;
For dust, in the presence of rain, remains not.

Through sin, to me, in this kingdom of the world is no rank;
But to the next world there is no path.

Thou knowest the intention of those tongue-bound;
Thou placest the plaster on those heart-wounded.

An idolater was door shut as to his face against the world;
He was loin-girt in an idol's service.

After some years, as to that one of despised religion,
Fate brought before him a difficult matter.

At the idol's foot, in the hope of good,
He helplessly rolled, in the dust of the temple,

Saying: "O idol! I am distressed; help me;
I am ready to die; pity my body."

Many times, in its service, he groaned;
But any deeds for his arrangement issued not.

How may an idol accomplish a person's important affairs,
Which can not drive a fly from its face?

He was confounded, saying: "Oh, one foot-bound in error!
I worshiped thee several years, in folly:

"Accomplish the important matter which I have before me;
Otherwise I will ask it from the Omnipotent."

His face, still stained with dust from (prostration before) the idol,
When the pure God accomplished his wish.

One truths-recognizing became astonished at this;
For his pure time became to him obscured —

Saying: "A mean, false, perturbed worshiper,
His head still with the wine of the wine-tavern intoxicated —

"Washed not his heart from infidelity; nor his religion from treachery —
God fulfilled that desire which he sought!"

His heart descended into this difficulty,
When a message from God came to the ear of his heart,

Saying: "The old man of deficient wisdom, before the idol,
Uttered much; but his prayer was unacceptable.

"If he be also repulsed from Our Court,
Then from the idol to the Lord God — what difference?"

Oh, friend! it is necessary to bind the heart on the Lord God;
Than the idol whatever (or whosoever) it be — who are more helpless?

If thou placest thy head in devotion at this door, it is impossible,
That the hand of need should return to thee empty.

O God! we came deficient in work;
We came empty of hand, but hopeful.

I have heard that one intoxicated with the heat of the date-wine
Ran to the most sacred place of a *masjid.*

He bewailed at the threshold of mercy,
Saying: "O Lord! take me to the loftiest Paradise!"

The Mu'azzin seized his collar, saying: "Make haste,
O one careless of wisdom and religion! — a dog and a *masjid.*

"What worthy deed didst thou, that thou seekst Paradise?
Grace beseems thee not with an ugly face."

The old man uttered this speech, while the intoxicated one wept,
Saying: "Oh sir! I am drunk; keep thy hand from me.

"Hast thou wonder at the grace of the Omnipotent,
When a sinner is hopeful?

"I say not to thee (oh Mu'azzin!) — accept my excuse;
The door of repentance is open, and God is helper."

I have constantly shame of the grace of the Merciful One;
For I call my sin great, in comparison with his pardón.[2]

When old age brings down a person from his feet —
When thou seizest not his hand, he rises not from his place.

I am that old man, fallen from his feet;
O God! help me, by Thy own grace.

I say not: Give me greatness and rank;
Pardon me the cause of my wretchedness (sin), and my crime.

[2] The author here begins to speak.

If a friend knows a little defect regarding me
He makes me notorious for foolishness.

Thou seeing, and we fearful of each other;
For Thou art the Screen-coverer of sin, and we the screen-
render.

Men from without the screen have raised a shout on finding a
defect;
Thou art always within the screen and screen-coverer.

If slaves, in foolishness, turn their heads from order,
The lords draw the pen (efface the crime).

If Thou pardonest sin to the extent of Thy liberality,
There remains no captive in existence.

And if Thou becomest angry to the extent of sin —
Send to hell; and ask not for the balance.

If Thou helpest me, I may arrive at the appointed place;
And if Thou castest me down — no one assists.

Who uses violence, if Thou givest assistance?
Who seizes, when thou givest deliverance?

In the place of assembling there will be two parties;
I know not which path they may assign to me.

If my road be from the right hand — it is wonderful;
For only crookedness arose from my hand.

My heart gives, time to time, hope,
That God has shame of my white hair.[3]

I have wonder if He has shame of me,
For shame comes not to me of myself.

[3] In the traditions it is stated: "Him, who became old in Islam, God is ashamed to punish."

Did not Yusuf — who experienced such calamity and imprisonment
When his command became current and his rank lofty —

Pardon the crime of the offspring of Ya'kub?
For a good appearance has virtue.

He imprisoned them not for their bad conduct;
He rejected not their small capital.

We also, from Thy grace, have expectation of this very treatment,
Oh, dear One! forgive the sin of this one, without capital.

No one has seen one of blacker deeds than me
Of whom no deed is approved.

Besides this that to me there is hope of Thy assistance;
To me there is hope of Thy forgiveness.

I have brought no capital, save hope;
O God! make me not hopeless of pardon.

THE GULISTAN[1]

Chapter I

OF THE CUSTOMS OF KINGS

I

I have heard of a king who made the sign to put a captive to death. The poor wretch, in that state of desperation, began to abuse the king in the dialect which he spoke, and to revile him with asperity, as has been said; whoever shall wash his hands of life will utter whatever he may harbor in his heart:

"When a man is desperate he will give a latitude to his tongue,
Like as a cat at bay will fly at a dog"

—"at the moment of compulsion when it is impossible to fly, the hand will grasp the sharp edge of a sword." The king asked, saying, "What does he say?" One of the Viziers (or nobles in attendance), and a well-disposed man, made answer, "O my lord! he is expressing himself and saying,

"Paradise is for such as are restraining their anger
And forgiving their fellow-creatures; and God will befriend
the benevolent."

The king felt compassion for him, and desisted from shedding his blood. Another nobleman, and the rival of that former, said, "It is indecorous for such peers, as we are, to use any language but that of truth in the presence of kings; this man abused his majesty, and spoke what was unworthy of him." The king turned away indignant at this remark, and replied, "I was better pleased with his falsehood than with this truth that you have told; for that bore the face of good policy, and this was founded in malignity; and the intelligent have

[1] Translated by James Ross.

said, 'A peace-mingling falsehood is preferable to a mischief-stirring truth': Whatever prince may do that which he (his counselor) will recommend, it must be a subject of regret if he shall advise aught but good."

They had written over the portico of King Feridun's palace: "This world, O brother! abides with none. Set thy heart upon its maker, and let him suffice thee. Rest not thy pillow and support on a worldly domain which has fostered and slain many such as thou art. Since the precious soul must resolve on going, what matters it whether it departs from a throne or the ground?"

II

One of the kings of Khorassan saw, in a dream, Sultan Mahmud, the son of Saboktagin, a hundred years after his death, when his body was decayed and fallen into dust, all but his eyes, which as heretofore were moving in their sockets and looking about them. All the learned were at a stand for its interpretation, excepting one dervish, who made his obeisance, and said: "He is still looking about him, because his kingdom and wealth are possessed by others! — Many are the heroes whom they have buried under ground, of whose existence above it not one vestige is left; and of that old carcass which they committed to the earth, the earth has so consumed it that not one bone is left. Though many ages are gone since Nushirowan was in being, yet in the remembrance of his munificence is his fair renown left. Be generous, O my friend! and avail thyself of life, before they proclaim it as an event that such a person is not left."

III

I have heard of a king's son who was short and mean, and his other brothers were lofty in stature and handsome. On one occasion the king, his father, looked at him with disparagement and scorn. The son, in his sagacity, understood him and said, "O father! a short wise man is preferable to a tall blockhead; it is not everything that is mightier in stature that is superior in value:

"A sheep's flesh is wholesome, that of an elephant carrion.
Of the mountains of this earth Sinai is one of the least,
Yet is it most mighty before God in state and dignity.

Heardst thou not what an intelligent lean man said one day to a sleek fat dolt? An Arab horse, notwithstanding his slim make, is more prized thus than a herd of asses."

The father smiled; the pillars of the State, or courtiers, nodded their assent, and the other brothers were mortified to the quick. Till a man has declared his mind, his virtue and vice may have lain hidden; do not conclude that the thicket is unoccupied, peradventure the tiger is gone asleep!

I have heard that about that time a formidable antagonist appeared against the king. Now that an army was levied in each side, the first person that mounted his horse and sallied upon the plain was that son, and he exclaimed: "I can not be that man whose back thou mayest see on the day of battle, but am him thou mayest descry amidst the thick of it, with my head covered with dust and blood; for he that engages in the contest sports with his own blood, but he who flees from it sports with the blood of an army on the day of fight." He so spoke, assaulting the enemy's cavalry, and overthrew some renowned warriors. When he came before the king he kissed the earth of obeisance, and said, "O thou, who didst view my body with scorn, whilst not aware of valor's rough exterior, it is the lean steed that will prove of service, and not the fatted ox, on the day of battle."

They have reported that the enemy's cavalry was immense, and those of the king few in number; a body of them was inclined to fly, when the youth called aloud, and said, "Be resolute, my brave men, that you may not have to wear the apparel of women!" The troops were more courageous on this speech, and attacked altogether. I have heard that on that day they obtained a complete victory over the enemy. The king kissed his face and eyes, and folded him in his arms, and became daily more attached to him, till he declared him heir-apparent to the throne. The brothers bore him a grudge, and put poison into his food. His sister saw this from a window, and closed the shutter; and the boy understood the

sign, and withdrew his hand from the dish, and said, "It is hard that the virtuous should perish and that the vicious should occupy their places." Were the *homayi,* or phœnix, to be extinct in the world, none would take refuge under the shadow of an owl. They informed the father of this event; he sent for the brothers and rebuked them, as they deserved. Then he made a division of his domains, and gave a suitable portion to each, that discontent might cease; but the ferment was increased, as they have said: Ten dervishes can sleep on one rug, but two kings can not be accommodated in a whole kingdom. When a man after God's heart can eat the moiety of his loaf, the other moiety he will give in alms to the poor. A king may acquire the sovereignty of one climate or empire; and he will in like manner covet the possession of another.

IV

A horde of Arab robbers had possessed themselves of the fastness of a mountain, and waylaid the track of the caravan. The yeomanry of the villages were frightened at their stratagems, and the king's troops alarmed, inasmuch as they had secured an impregnable fortress on the summit of the mountain, and made this stronghold their retreat and dwelling.

The superintendents of the adjacent districts consulted together about obviating their mischief, saying: If they are in this way left to improve their fortune, any opposition to them may prove impracticable. The tree that has just taken root, the strength of one man may be able to extract; but leave it to remain thus for a time, and the machinery of a purchase may fail to eradicate it: the leak at the damhead might have been stopped with a plug, which now it has a vent we can not ford its current on an elephant.

Finally it was determined that they should set a spy over them, and watch an opportunity when they had made a sally upon another tribe, and left their citadel unguarded. Some companies of able warriors and experienced troops were sent, that they might conceal themselves in the recesses of the mountain. At night, when the robbers were returned, jaded with

their march and laden with spoil, and had stripped themselves of their armor, and deposited their plunder, the foremost enemy they had to encounter was sleep. Now that the first watch of night was gone: " the disk of the sun was withdrawn into a shade, and Jonas had stepped into the fish's mouth "— the bold-hearted warriors sprang from their ambush and secured the robbers by pinioning them one after another.

In the morning they presented them at the royal tribunal, and the king gave an order to put the whole to death. There happened to be among them a stripling, the fruit of whose early spring was ripening in its bloom, and the flower-garden of his cheek shooting into blossom. One of the viziers kissed the foot of the imperial throne, and laid the face of intercession on the ground, and said, " This boy has not yet tasted the fruit of the garden of life, nor enjoyed the fragrance of the flowers of youth: such is my confidence in the generous disposition of his Majesty that it will favor a devoted servant by sparing his blood." The king turned his face away from this speech; as it did not accord with his lofty way of thinking, he replied: " The rays of the virtuous can not illuminate such as are radically vicious; to give education to the worthless is like throwing walnuts upon a dome: it were wiser to eradicate the tree of their wickedness, and annihilate their tribe; for to put out a fire and leave the embers, and to kill a viper and foster its young, would not be the acts of rational beings. Though the clouds pour down the water of vegetation, thou canst never gather fruit from a willow twig. Exalt not the fortune of the abject, for thou canst never extract sugar from a mat or common cane."

The vizier listened to this speech; willingly or not he approved of it, and applauded the good sense of the king, and said: " What his majesty, whose dominion is eternal, is pleased to remark is the mirror of probity and essence of good policy, for had he been brought up in the society of those vagabonds, and confined to their service, he would have followed their vicious courses. Your servant, however, trusts that he may be instructed to associate with the virtuous, and take to the habits of the prudent; for he is still a child, and

the lawless and refractory principles of that gang can not have yet tainted his mind; and it is in tradition that —

Whatever child is born, he is verily born after the right way, namely Islamism,
Afterward his father and his mother bring him up as a Jew, Christian, or Gueber.

The wife of Lot associated with the wicked, and her posterity failed in the gift of prophecy; the dog of the seven sleepers (at Ephesus) for some time took the path of the righteous, and became a rational being."

He said this, and a body of the courtiers joined him in intercession, till the king acceded to the youth's pardon, and answered: "I gave him up, though I saw not the good of it. Knowest thou what Zal said to the heroic Rustem: 'Thou must not consider thy foe as abject and helpless. I have often found a small stream at the fountain-head, which, when followed up, carried away the camel and its load.'"

In short, the vizier took the boy home, and educated him with kindness and liberality. And he appointed him masters and tutors, who taught him the graces of logic and rhetoric, and all manner of courtier accomplishments, so that he met general approbation. On one occasion the vizier was detailing some instances of his proficiency and talents in the royal presence, and saying: "The instruction of the wise has made an impression upon him, and his former savageness is obliterated from his mind." The king smiled at this speech, and replied: "The whelp of a wolf must prove a wolf at last, notwithstanding he may be brought up by a man."

Two years after this a gang of city vagabonds got about him, and joined in league, till on an opportunity he murdered the vizier and his two sons; and, carrying off an immense booty, he took up the station of his father in the den of thieves, and became a hardened villain. The king was apprised of this event; and, seizing the hand of amazement with the teeth of regret, said: "How can any person manufacture a tempered saber from base iron; nor can a

base-born man, O wiseacre, be made a gentleman by any education! Rain, in the purity of whose nature there is no anomaly, cherishes the tulip in the garden and common weed in the salt-marsh. Waste not thy labor in scattered seed upon a briny soil, for it can never be made to yield spikenard; to confer a favor on the wicked is of a like import, as if thou didst an injury to the good."

V

At the gate of Oghlamish Patan, King of Delhi, I (namely Sadi) saw an officer's son, who, in his wit and learning, wisdom and understanding, surpassed all manner of encomium. In the prime of youth, he at the same time bore on his forehead the traces of ripe age, and exhibited on his cheek the features of good fortune: "Above his head, from his prudent conduct, the star of superiority shone conspicuous."

In short, it was noticed with approbation by the king that he possessed bodily accomplishments and mental endowments. And sages have remarked that worth rests not on riches, but on talents; and the discretion of age, not in years, but on good sense. His comrades envied his good fortune, charged him with disaffection, and vainly attempted to have him put to death: "but what can the rival effect so long as the charmer is our friend?"

The king asked, saying, "Why do they show such a disinclination to do you justice?" He replied: "Under the shadow of his majesty's good fortune I have pleased everybody, excepting the envious man, who is not to be satisfied but with a decline of my success; and let the prosperity and dominion of my lord the king be perpetual!" I can so manage as to give umbrage to no man's heart; but what can I do with the envious man, who harbors within himself the cause of his own chagrin? Die, O ye envious, that ye may get a deliverance; for this is such an evil that you can get rid of it only by death. Men soured by misfortune anxiously desire that the state and fortune of the prosperous may decline; if the eye of the bat is not suited for seeing by

day, how can the fountain of the sun be to blame? Dost thou require the truth? It were better a thousand such eyes should suffer, rather than that the light of the sun were obscured.

VI

They tell a story of a Persian king who had stretched forth the arm of oppression over the subjects' property, and commenced a system of violence and rapacity to such a degree that the people emigrated to avoid the vexatiousness of his tyranny, and took the road of exile to escape the annoyance of his extortions. Now that the population was diminished and the resources of the State had failed, the treasury remained empty, and enemies gathered strength on all sides. Whoever may expect a comforter on the day of adversity, say, let him practise humanity during the season of prosperity; if not treated cordially, thy devoted slave will forsake thee; show him kindness and affection, and the stranger may become the slave of thy devotion.

One day they were reading, in his presence, from the Shah-Nameh, of the tyrant Zohak's declining dominion and the success of Feridun. The vizier asked the king, saying: "Can you so far comprehend that Feridun had no revenue, domain, or army, and how the kingdom came to be confirmed with him?" He answered: "As you have heard, a body of people collected about him from attachment, and gave their assistance till he acquired a kingdom." The vizier said: "Since, O sire, a gathering of the people is the means of forming a kingdom, how come you in fact to cause their dispersion unless it be that you covet not a sovereignty? So far were good that thou wouldst patronize the army with all thy heart, for a king with an army constitutes a principality." The king asked: "What are the best means of collecting an army and yeomanry?" He replied: "Munificence is the duty of a king, that the people may assemble around him, and clemency, that they may rest secure under the asylum of his dominion and fortune, neither of which you have. A tyrant can not govern a kingdom, for the duty

of a shepherd is not expected from the wolf. A king that can anyhow be accessory to tyranny will undermine the wall of his own sovereignty."

The advice of the prudent minister did not accord with the disposition of the king. He ordered him to be confined, and immured him in a dungeon. It soon came to pass that the sons of the king's uncle rose in opposition, levied an army in support of their pretensions, and claimed the sovereignty of their father. A host of the people who had cruelly suffered under the arm of his extortion and were dispersed, gathered around and succored them till they dispossessed him of his kingdom and established them in his stead. That king who can approve of tyrannizing over the weak will find his friend a bitter foe in the day of hardship. Deal fairly with thy subjects, and rest easy about the warfare of thine enemies, for with an upright prince his yeomanry is an army.

IX

In his old age an Arab king was grievously sick, and had no hopes of recovery, when lo! a messenger on horseback presented himself at the palace-gate, and joyfully announced, saying: "Under his majesty's good fortune we have taken such a stronghold, made the enemy prisoners of war, and reduced all the landholders and vassals of that quarter to obedience as subjects." On hearing this news the king fetched a cold sigh, and answered: "These glad tidings are not intended for me but for my rivals, namely, the heirs of the sovereignty. My precious life has, alas! been wasted in the hope that what my heart chiefly coveted might enter at my gate. My bounden hope was gratified; yet what do I benefit by that? There is no hope that my passed life can return. The hand of death beats the drum of departure. Yes, my two eyes, you must bid adieu to my head. Yes, palm of my hand, wrist, and arm, all of you say farewell, and each take leave of the other. Death has overtaken me to the gratification of my foes; and you, O my friends, must at last be going. My days were blazed away in folly; what I did not do let you take warning and do."

X

At the metropolitan mosque of Damascus I was one year fervent in prayer over the tomb of Yahiya, or John the Baptist and prophet, on whom be God's blessing, when one of the Arab princes, who was notorious for his injustice, chanced to arrive on a pilgrimage, and he put up his supplication, asked a benediction, and craved his wants.— The rich and poor are equally the devoted slaves of this shrine, and the richer they are the more they stand in need of succor. Then he spoke to me, saying: "In conformity with the generous resolution of dervishes and their sincere zeal, you will, I trust, unite with me in prayer, for I have much to fear from a powerful enemy." I answered him, "Have compassion on your own weak subjects, that you may not see disquiet from a strong foe. With a mighty arm and heavy hand it is dastardly to wrench the wrists of poor and helpless. Is he not afraid who is hard-hearted with the fallen that if he slip his foot nobody will take him by the hand?— Whoever sowed the seed of vice and expected a virtuous produce, pampered a vain brain and encouraged an idle whim. Take the cotton from thy ear and do mankind justice, for if thou refusest them justice there is a day of retribution. The sons of Adam are members one of another, for in their creation they have a common origin. If the vicissitudes of fortune involve one member in pain, all the other members will feel a sympathy. Thou, who art indifferent to other men's affliction, if they call thee a man art unworthy of the name."

XI

A dervish, whose prayers had a ready acceptance with God, made his appearance at Bagdad. Hojaj Yusuf (a great tyrant) sent for him and said: "Put up a good prayer for me." He prayed, "O God! take from him his life!" Hojaj said, "For God's sake, what manner of prayer is this?" He answered: "It is a salutary prayer for you, and for the whole sect of Mussulmans.— O mighty sir, thou

oppressor of the feeble, how long can this violence remain marketable? For what purpose came the sovereignty to thee? Thy death were preferable to thy tyrannizing over mankind."

XII

An unjust king asked a holy man, saying. "What is more excellent than prayers?" He answered: "For you to remain asleep till mid-day, that for this one interval you might not afflict mankind."— I saw a tyrant lying dormant at noon, and said, "This is mischief, and is best lulled to sleep. It were better that such a reprobate were dead whose state of sleep is preferable to his being awake."

XIV

One of the ancient kings was easy with the yeomanry in collecting his revenue, but hard on the soldiery in his issue of pay; and when a formidable enemy showed its face, these all turned their backs. Whenever the king is remiss in paying his troops, the troops will relax in handling their arms. What bravery can be displayed in the ranks of battle whose hand is destitute of the means of living?

One of those who had excused themselves was in some sort my intimate. I reproached him and said, "He is base and ungrateful, mean and disreputable who, on a trifling change of circumstances, can desert his old master and forget his obligation of many years' employment." He replied: "Were I to speak out, I swear by generosity you would excuse me. Peradventure, my horse was without corn, and the housings of his saddle in pawn.— And the prince who, through parsimony, withholds his army's pay can not expect it to enter heartily upon his service."— Give money to the gallant soldier that he may be zealous in thy cause, for if he is stinted of his due he will go abroad for service.

So long as a warrior is replenished with food he will fight valiantly,
And when his belly is empty he will run away sturdily.

XV

One of the viziers was displaced, and withdrew into a fra-

ternity of dervishes, whose blessed society made its impression upon him and afforded consolation to his mind. The king was again favorably disposed toward him, and offered his reinstatement in office; but he consented not, and said, "With the wise it is deemed preferable to be out of office than to remain in place.— Such as sat within the cell of retirement blunted the teeth of dogs, and shut the mouths of mankind; they destroyed their writings, and broke their writing reeds, and escaped the lash and venom of the critics." — The king answered: "At all events I require a prudent and able man, who is capable of managing the State affairs of my kingdom." The ex-minister said: "The criterion, O sire, of a wise and competent man is that he will not meddle with such like matters.— The *homayi,* or phœnix, is honored above all other birds because it feeds on bones, and injures no living creature."

A Tamsil, or application in point.— They asked a *Siyah-gosh,* or lion-provider, "Why do you choose the service of the lion?" He answered: "Because I subsist on the leavings of his prey, and am secure from the ill-will of my enemies under the asylum of his valor." They said: "Now you have got within the shadow of his protection and admit a grateful sense of his bounty, why do you not approach more closely, that he may include you within the circle of select courtiers and number you among his chosen servants?" He replied, "I should not thus be safe from his violence."— Though a Gueber may keep his fire alight for a hundred years, if he fall once within its flame it will burn him.— It on one occasion may chance that the courtier of the king's presence shall pick up a purse of gold, and the next that he shall lie shorter by the head. And philosophers have remarked, saying, "It is incumbent on us to be constantly aware of the fickle dispositions of kings, who will one moment take offense at a salutation, and at another make an honorary dress the return for an act of rudeness; and they have said, That to be over much facetious is the accomplishment of courtiers and blemish of the wise.— Be wary, and preserve

the state of thine own character, and leave sport and buffoonery to jesters and courtiers.

XVI

One of my associates brought me a complaint of his perverse fortune, saying, "I have small means and a large family, and can not bear up with my load of poverty. Often has a thought crossed my mind, suggesting, Let me remove into another country, that in whatever way I can manage a livelihood none may be informed of my good or bad luck." — (Often he went asleep hungry, and nobody was aware, saying, "Who is he?" Often did his life hang upon his lip, and none lamented over him.) —"On the other hand, I reflect on the exultation of my rivals, saying, They will scoffingly sneer behind my back, and impute my zeal in behalf of my family to a want of humanity.— Do but behold that graceless vagabond who can never witness the face of good fortune. He will consult the ease of his own person and abandon to distress his wife and children.— And, as is known, I have some small skill in the science of accounts. If, through your respected interest, any office can be obtained that may be the means of quieting my mind, I shall not, during the remainder of life, be able to express my sense of its gratitude."

I replied, "O brother, the service of kings offers a twofold prospect — a hope of maintenance and a fear for existence; and it accords not with the counsel of the wise, under that expectation, to incur this risk.— No tax-gatherer will enter the dervish's abode, saying, Pay me the rent of a field and orchard; either put up with trouble and chagrin, or give thy heartstrings to the crows to pluck."

He said, "This speech is not made as applicable to my case, nor have you given me a categorical answer. Have you not heard what has been remarked, 'His hand will tremble on rendering his account who has been accessory to a dishonest act.— Righteousness will insure the divine favor; I never met him going astray who took the righteous path.'— And philosophers have said, 'Four orders of people are mortally

afraid of four others — the revenue embezzler, of the king; the thief, of the watchman; the fornicator, of the eavesdropper; and the adulteress, of the censor.' But what has he to fear from the comptroller who has a fair set of account-books? —'Be not extravagant and corrupt while in office if thou wishest that the malice of thy rival may be circumscribed on settling thy accounts. Be undefiled, O brother, in thy integrity, and fear nobody; washermen will beat only dirty clothes against a stone.'"

I replied, "The story of that fox suits your case, which they saw running away, stumbling and getting up. Somebody asked him, 'What calamity has happened to put you in such a state of trepidation?' He said, 'I have heard that they are putting a camel in requisition.' The other answered, 'O silly animal! what connection has a camel with you, or what resemblance is there between you and it?' He said, 'Be silent; for were the envious from malevolence to insist that this is a camel, and I should be seized for one, who would be so solicitous about me as to inquire into my case?' And before they can bring the antidote from Irac the person bitten by the snake may be dead. In like manner, you possess knowledge and integrity, discrimination and probity, yet spies lie in ambush, and informers lurk in corners, who, notwithstanding your moral rectitude, will note down the opposite; and should you anyhow stand arraigned before the king, and occupy the place of his reprehension, who in that State would step forward in your defense? Accordingly, I would advise that you should secure the kingdom of contentment, and give up all thoughts of preferment. As the wise have said: "The benefits of a sea voyage are innumerable; but if thou seekest for safety, it is to be found only on shore.'"

My friend listened to this speech; he got into a passion, caviled at my fable, and began to question it with warmth and asperity, saying, "What wisdom or propriety, good sense or morality, is there in this? Here is verified that maxim of the sage, which tells us they are friends alone that can serve us in a jail, for all our enemies may pretend friend-

ship at our own table.—'Esteem him not a friend who during thy prosperity will brag of his love and brotherly affection.' I account him a friend who will take his friend by the hand when struggling with despair, and overwhelmed with misfortune."

I perceived within myself, saying, "He is disturbed, and listens to my advice with impatience"; and, having called the *sahib diwan,* or lord high treasurer, in virtue of a former intimacy that subsisted between us, I stated his case and spoke so fully upon his skill and merits, that he put him in nomination for a trifling office. After some time, having adverted to his kindly disposition and approved of his good management, his promotion was in train, and he got confirmed in a much higher station. Thus was the star of his good fortune in ascension, till it rose into the zenith of ambition; and he became the favorite of his majesty the king, toward whom all turned for counsel, and upon whom all eyes rested their hopes! I rejoiced at this prosperous change of his affairs, and said: "Repine not at thy bankrupt circumstances, nor let thy heart despond, for the fountain of immortality has its source of chaos.

"Take heed, O brother in affliction! and be not disheartened,
For God has in store many hidden mercies.

Sit not down soured at the revolutions of the times, for patience is bitter, yet it will yield sweet fruit."

At that juncture I happened to accompany a party of friends on a journey to Hijaz, or Arabia Petræa. On my return from the pilgrimage to Mecca, he came out two stages to meet me. I perceived that his outward plight was wretched, and his garb that of dervishes. I asked, "How is this?" He replied, "Just as you said, a faction bore me a grudge and charged me with malpractises; and the king, be his reign eternal, would not investigate the truth of that charge, and my old and best friends stood aloof from my defense, and overlooked my claims on our former acquaintance.— When, through an act of God, a man has fallen, the whole world will put their feet upon his neck; when they see

that fortune has taken him by the hand, they will put their hands upon their breasts, and be loud in his praise.— In short, I underwent all manner of persecution till within this week, that the tidings of the safe return of the pilgrims reached us, when I got a release from my heavy durance and a confiscation of my hereditary tenements." I said, "At that time you did not listen to my admonition, when I warned you that the service of princes is, like a voyage at sea, profitable but hazardous: you either get a treasure or perish miserably.— The merchant gains the shore with gold in both his hands, or a wave will one day leave him dead on its beach."— Not deeming it generous any further to irritate a poor man's wound with the asperity of reproach, or to sprinkle his sore with the salt of harsh words, I made a summary conclusion in these two verses, and said:—"Wert thou not aware that thou shouldst find fetters on thy feet when thou wouldst not listen to the generous man's counsel? Thrust not again thy finger into a scorpion's hole till thou canst endure the pain of its sting."

XVI

I was the companion of a holy fraternity, whose manners were correct from piety, and minds disciplined from probity. An eminent prince entertained a high and respectful opinion of the worth of this brotherhood, and had assigned it an endowment. Perhaps one of them committed an act unworthy of the character of dervishes; for the good opinion of that personage was forfeited, and the market of their support shut. I wished that I could by any means re-establish the maintenance of my friends, and attempted to wait on the great man; but his porter opposed my entrance, and turned me away with rudeness. I excused him conformably with what the witty have said: "Till thou canst take an introduction along with thee approach not the gate of a prince, vizier, or lord; for the dog and the doorkeeper, on espying a beggar, will the one seize his skirt and the other his collar."

When the favorite attendants of that great man were aware of my situation, they ushered me into his presence with re-

spect, and offered me the highest seat; but in humility I took the lowest, and said: "Permit that I, the slave of the abject, should seat myself on a level with servants."— The great man answered, "My God, my God! what room is there for this speech? Wert thou to seat thyself upon the pupil of mine eye, I would court thy dalliance, for thou art lovely."

In short, I took my seat, and entered upon a variety of topics, till the indiscretion of my friends was brought upon the carpet, when I said: "What fault did the lord of past munificence remark, that his servant should seem so contemptible in his sight? Individually with God is the perfection of majesty and goodness, who can discern our failings and continue to us his support." When the prince heard this sentiment he subscribed to its omnipotence; and, with regard to the stipendiary allowance of my friends, he ordered its continuance as heretofore, and a faithful discharge of all arrears. I thanked him for his generosity, kissed the dust of obeisance, apologized for my boldness, and at the moment of taking my leave, added: "When the fane of the Kaaba, at Mecca, became their object from a far distant land, pilgrims would hurry on to visit it for many farsangs. It behooves thee to put up with such as we are, for nobody will throw a stone at a tree that bears no fruit."

XVIII

A prince inherited immense riches by succeeding to his father. He opened the hand of liberality, displayed his munificence, and bestowed innumerable gifts upon his troops and people. "The brain will not be perfumed by a censer of green aloes-wood; place it over the fire that it may diffuse fragrance like ambergris. If ambitious of a great name, make a practise of munificence, for the crop will not shoot till thou shalt sow the seed."

A narrow-minded courtier began to admonish him, saying, "Verily, former sovereigns have collected this wealth with scrupulosity and stored it advisedly. Check your hand in this waste, for accidents wait ahead, and foes lurk behind. God forbid that you should want it on a day of need.— Wert

thou to distribute the contents of a granary among the people, every master of a family might receive a grain of rice; why not exact a grain of silver from each, that thou mightest daily hoard a chamber full of treasure?"

The prince turned his face aside from this speech, so contrary to his own lofty sentiments, and harshly reprimanded him, saying, "A great and glorious God made me sovereign of this property, that I might enjoy and spend it; and posted me not a sentinel, to hoard and watch over it.— Carown perished, who possessed forty magazines of treasure; Nushirowan died not, who left behind him a fair reputation."

XIX

They have related that at a hunting-seat they were roasting some game for Nushirowan, and as there was no salt they were dispatching a servant to the village to fetch some. Nushirowan called to him, saying, "Take it at its fair price, and not by force, lest a bad precedent be established and the village desolated." They asked, "What damage can ensue from this trifle?" He answered, "Originally, the basis of oppression in this world was small, and every newcomer added to it, till it reached to its present extent.— Let the monarch eat but one apple from a peasant's orchard, and his guards, or slaves, will pull up the tree by its root. From the plunder of five eggs, that the king shall sanction, his troops will stick a thousand fowls on their spits."

XX

I have heard of a revenue-collector who would distrain the huts of the peasantry, that he might enrich the treasury of the sovereign, regardless of that maxim of the wise, who have said, "Whoever can offend the Most High, that he may gain the heart of a fellow-creature, God on high will instigate that creature against him, till he dig out the foundation of his fortune.— That crackling in the flame is not caused by burning rue, but it is the sigh of the afflicted that occasions it."

They say, of all animals the lion is the chief; and of beasts

the ass is the meanest; yet, with the concurrence of the wise, the burden-bearing ass is preferable to the man-devouring lion. "The poor ass, though devoid of understanding, will be held precious when carrying a burden; oxen and asses that carry loads are preferable to men that injure their fellow-creatures."

The king had reported to him a part of his nefarious conduct. He put him to the rack, and tortured him to death. "Thou canst not obtain the sovereign's approbation till thou make sure of the good-will of his people. Wishest thou that God shall be bountiful to thee, be thou good thyself to the creatures of God."

One who had suffered from his oppression passed him at the time of his execution, and said: "It is not every man that may have the strong arm of high station, that can in his government take an immoderate freedom with the subjects' property. It is possible to cram a bone down the throat, but when it sticks at the navel it will burst open the belly."

XXI

They tell a story of an evil-disposed person who struck a pious good man on the head with a stone. Having no power of revenge, the dervish was keeping the stone by him till an occasion when the sovereign let loose the army of his wrath, and cast him into a dungeon. The poor man went up and flung the stone at his head. The person spoke to him, saying, "Who are you, and why did you throw this stone at my head?" He answered, "I am that poor man, and this is the same stone that you on a certain occasion flung at my head." He said, "Where have you been all this time?" The poor man answered, "I stood in awe of your high station, but now that I find you in a dungeon, I avail myself of the opportunity, as they have said —'Whilst they saw the worthless man in prosperity, the wise thought proper to show him respect. Now thou hast not sharp and tearing nails, it is prudent for thee to defer to engage with the wicked. Whoever grappled with a steel-armed wrist exposed his own silver arm to torture. Wait till fortune can manacle his

hands, then beat out his brains to the satisfaction of thy friends.' "

XXV

I have heard that one of the kings of Arabia directed the officers of his treasury, saying, " You will double a certain person's salary, whatever it may be, for he is constant in attendance and ready for orders, while the other courtiers are diverted by play, and negligent of their duty." A good and holy man overheard this, and heaved a sigh and groan from the bottom of his bosom. They asked, saying, " What vision did you see? " He replied, " The exalted mansions of his devoted servants will be after this manner portioned out at the judgment-seat of a Most High and Mighty Deity! — If for two mornings a person is assiduous about the person of the king, on the third he will in some shape regard him with affection. The sincerely devout exist in the hope that they shall not depart disappointed from God's threshold. The rank of a prince is the reward of obedience. Disobedience to command is a proof of rejection. Whoever has the aspect of the upright and good will lay the face of duty at this threshold."

XXVI

They tell a story of a tyrant who bought firewood from the poor at a low price, and sold it to the rich at an advance. A good and holy man went up to him and said, " Thou art a snake, who bitest everybody thou seest; or an owl, who diggest up and makest a ruin of the place where thou sittest. Although thy injustice may pass unpunished among us, it can not escape God, the knower of secrets. Be not unjust with the people of this earth, that their complaints may not rise up to heaven."

They say the unjust man was offended at his words, turned aside his face, and showed him no civility, as they have expressed it (in the Koran):

He, the glorified God, overtook him amidst his sins:

till one night, when the fire of his kitchen fell upon the stack of wood, consumed all his property, and laid him from the bed of voluptuousness upon the ashes of hell torments. That good and holy man happened to be passing and observed that he was remarking to his friends, "I can not fancy whence this fire fell upon my dwelling." He said, "From the smoke of the hearts of the poor! — Guard against the smoke of the sore-afflicted heart, for an inside sore will at last gather into a head. Give nobody's heart pain so long as thou canst avoid it, for one sigh may set a whole world into a flame."

They have related that these verses were inscribed in golden letters upon Kai-khosrau's crown: "How many years, and what a continuance of ages, that mankind shall on this earth walk over my head. As the kingdom came to me from hand to hand, so it shall pass into the hands of others."

XXVII

A person had become a master in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty sleights in this art, and could exhibit a fresh trick for every day throughout the year. Perhaps owing to a liking that a corner of his heart took for the handsome person of one of his scholars, he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine of those feats, but he was putting off the instruction of one, and under some pretense deferring it.

In short the youth became such a proficient in the art and talent of wrestling that none of his contemporaries had ability to cope with him, till he at length had one day boasted before the reigning sovereign, saying, "To any superiority my master possesses over me, he is beholden to my reverence of his seniority, and in virtue of his tutorage; otherwise I am not inferior in power, and am his equal in skill." This want of respect displeased the king. He ordered a wrestling-match to be held, and a spacious field to be fenced in for the occasion. The ministers of State, nobles of the court, and gallant men of the realm were assembled, and the ceremonials of the court marshaled. Like a huge and lusty elephant, the youth rushed into the ring with such a crash that had a brazen mountain opposed him he would have moved it from

its base. The master being aware that the youth was his superior in strength, engaged him in that strange feat of which he had kept him ignorant. The youth was unacquainted with its guard. Advancing, nevertheless, the master seized him with both hands, and lifting him bodily from the ground, raised him above his head and flung him on the earth. The crowd set up a shout. The king ordered them to give the master an honorary dress and handsome largess, and the youth he addressed with reproach and asperity, saying, "You played the traitor with your own patron, and failed in your presumption of opposing him." He replied, "O sire! my master did not overcome me by strength and ability, but one cunning trick in the art of wrestling was left which he was reserved in teaching me, and by that little feat had to-day the upper hand of me." The master said, "I reserved myself for such a day as this. As the wise have told us, 'Put it not so much into a friend's power that, if hostilely disposed, he can do you an injury.' Have you not heard what that man said who was treacherously dealt with by his own pupil: 'Either in fact there was no good faith in this world, or nobody has perhaps practised it in our days. No person learned the art of archery from me who did not in the end make me his butt.'"

XXVIII

A solitary dervish had taken up his station at the corner of a desert. A king was passing by him. Inasmuch as contentment is the enjoyment of a kingdom, the dervish did not raise his head, nor show him the least mark of attention; and, inasmuch as sovereignty is regal pomp, the king took offense, and said, "The tribe of ragged mendicants resemble brute beasts, and have neither grace nor good manners." The vizier stepped up to him, and said: "O generous man! the sovereign of the universe has passed by you; why did you not do him homage, and discharge the duty of obeisance?" He answered and said, "Speak to your sovereign, saying: Expect service from that person who will court your favor; let him moreover know that kings are meant for the

protection of the people, and not the people for the subjects of kings.— Though it be for their benefit that his glory is exalted, yet is the king but the shepherd of the poor. The sheep are not intended for the service of the shepherd, but the shepherd is appointed to tend the sheep.— To-day thou mayest observe one man proud from prosperity, another with a heart sore from adversity; have patience for a few days till the dust of the grave can consume the brain of that vain and foolish head. When the record of destiny came to take effect, the distinction of liege and subject disappeared. Were a person to turn up the dust of the defunct, he could not distinguish that of the rich man from the poor."

These sayings made a strong impression upon the king; he said: "Ask me for something." He replied: "What I desire is, that you will not trouble me again!" The king said, "Favor me with a piece of advice." He answered: "Attend to them now that the good things of this life are in thy hands; for wealth and dominion are passing from one hand into another."

XXX

A king ordered an innocent person to be put to death. The man said, "Seek not your own hurt by venting any anger you may entertain against me." The king asked, "How?" He replied, "The pain of this punishment will continue with me for a moment, but the sin of it will endure with you forever.— The period of this life passes by like the wind of the desert. Joy and sorrow, beauty and deformity, equally pass away. The tyrant vainly thought that he did me an injury, but round his neck it clung and passed over me."

The king profited by this advice, spared his life, and asked his forgiveness.

XXXI

The cabinet ministers of Nushirowan were debating an important affair of State, and each delivered his opinion according to the best of his judgment. In like manner the king

also delivered his sentiments, and Abu-zarchamahr, the prime minister, accorded in opinion with him. The other ministers whispered to him, saying, "What did you see superior in the king's opinion that you preferred it to the judgment of so many wise heads?" He replied: "Because the event is doubtful, and the opinion of all rests in the pleasure of the most high God whether it shall be right or wrong. Accordingly it is safer to conform with the judgment of the king, because if that shall prove wrong, our obsequiousness to his will shall secure us from his displeasure.— To sport an opinion contrary to the judgment of the king were to wash our hands in our own blood. Were he verily to say this day is night, it would behoove us to reply: Lo! there are the moon and seven stars."

XXXII

An impostor plaited his hair and spake, saying, "I am a descendant of Ali"; and he entered the city along with the caravan from Hijaz, saying, "I come a pilgrim from Mecca"; and he presented a Casidah or elegy to the king, saying, "I have composed it!" The king gave him money, treated him with respect, and ordered him to be shown much flattering attention; till one of the courtiers, who had that day returned from a voyage at sea, said, "I saw him on the Eeduzha, or anniversary of sacrifice at Busrah; how then can he be a Haji, or pilgrim?" Another said, "Now I recollect him, his father was a Christian at Malatiyah (Malta); how then can he be a descendant of Ali?" And they discovered his verses in the divan of Anwari. The king ordered that they should beat and drive him away, saying, "How came you to utter so many falsehoods?" He replied, "O sovereign of the universe! I will utter one speech more, and if that may not prove true, I shall deserve whatever punishment you may command." The king asked, "What may that be?" He said: "If a peasant bring thee a cup of junket, two measures of it will be water and one spoonful of it buttermilk. If thy slave spake idly be not offended, for great travelers deal mostly in the marvelous!" The

king smiled and replied, "You never in your life spake a truer word." He directed them to gratify his expectations, and he departed happy and content.

XXXIII

They have related that one of the viziers would compassionate the weak and meditate the good of everybody. He happened to fall under the royal displeasure, and they all strove to obtain his release. Such as had him in custody were indulgent in their restraint, and his fellow-grandees were loud in proclaiming his virtues, till the king pardoned his fault. A good and holy man was apprised of these events, and said: "In order to conciliate the good-will of friends, it were better to sell our patrimonial garden; in order to boil the pot of well-wishers, it were good to convert our household furniture into firewood. Do good even to the wicked; it is as well to shut a dog's mouth with a crumb."

XXXIV

One of Haroun-al-Rashid's children went up to his father in a passion, saying, "A certain officer's son has abused me in my mother's name." Haroun asked his ministers, "What ought to be such a person's punishment?" One made a sign to have him put to death; another to have his tongue cut out; and a third, to have him fined and banished. Haroun said: "O my child! it were generous to forgive him; but if you have not resolution to do that, do you abuse his mother in return, yet not to such a degree as to exceed the bounds of retaliation, for in that case the injury would be on our part, and the complaint on that of the antagonist.— In the opinion of the prudent he is no hero that can dare to combat a furious elephant; but that man is in truth a hero who, when provoked to anger, will not speak intemperately. A cross-grained fellow abused a certain person; he bore it patiently, and said, O well-disposed man! I am still more wicked than thou art calling me; for I know my defects better than thou canst know them."

XXXV

I was seated in a vessel, along with some persons of distinction, when a boat sunk astern of us and two brothers were drawn into the whirlpool. One of our gentlemen called to the pilot, saying, "Save those two drowning men and I will give you a hundred dinars." The pilot went and rescued one of them, but the other perished. I observed, "That man's time was come, therefore you were tardy in assisting him, and alert in saving this other." The pilot smiled, and replied, "What you say is the essence of inevitable necessity; yet was my zeal more hearty in rescuing this one, because on an occasion when I was tired in the desert he set me on a camel; whereas, when a boy I had received a horsewhipping from that other."

God Almighty was all justice and equity:
Whoever labored unto good experienced good in himself;
And he who toiled unto evil experienced evil.

So long as thou art able grate nobody's heart, for in this path there must be thorns. Expedite the concerns of the poor and needy; for thy own concerns may need to be expedited.

XXXVII

A person announced to Nushirowan the Just, saying, "I have heard that God, glorious and great, has removed from this world a certain man who was your enemy." He said, "Have you had any intelligence that he has overlooked me? In the death of a rival I have no room for exultation, since my life also is not to last forever."

XXXVIII

At the court of Kisra, or Nushirowan, a cabinet council was debating some State affair. Abu-zarchamahr, who sat as president, was silent. They asked him, "Why do you not join us in this discussion?" He replied, "Such ministers of State are like physicians, and a physician will prescribe a medicine only to a sick man; accordingly, so long as I see

that your opinions are judicious, it were ill-judged in me to obtrude a word.— While business can proceed without my interference, it does not behoove me to speak on the subject; but were I to see a blind man walking into a pit, I would be much to blame if I remained silent."

XXXIX

When he reduced the kingdom of Misr, or Egypt, to obedience, Haroun-al-Rashid said, "In contempt of that impious rebel (Pharaoh), who, in his pride of the sovereignty of Egypt, boasted a divinity, I will bestow its government only on the vilest of my slaves." He had a negro bondsman, called Khosayib, preciously stupid, and him he appointed to rule over Egypt. They tell us that his judgment and understanding were such, that when a body of farmers complained to him, saying, "We had planted some cotton shrubs on the banks of the Nile, and the rains came unseasonably, and swept them all away"— he replied, "You ought to sow wool, that it might not be swept away!" A good and holy man heard this, and said: "Were our fortune to be increased in proportion to our knowledge, none could be scantier than the share of the fool; but fortune will bestow such wealth upon the ignorant as shall astonish a hundred of the learned. Power and fortune depend not on knowledge, they are obtained only through the aid of heaven; for it has often happened in this world that the illiterate are honored, and the wise held in scorn. The fool in his idleness found a treasure under a ruin; the chemist, or projector, fell the victim of disappointment and chagrin."

Chapter II

OF THE MORALS OF DERVISHES

I

A person of distinction asked a *parsa,* or devout and holy man, saying, "What do you offer in justification of a certain *abid,* another species of Mohammedan monk, whose character

others have been so ready to question?" He replied: "In his outward behavior I see nothing to blame, and with the secrets of his heart I claim no acquaintance.— Whomsoever thou seest in a *parsa's* habit, consider him a *parsa,* or holy, and esteem him as a good man; and if thou knowest not what is passing in his mind, what business has the *mohtasib,* or censor, with the inside of the house?"

II

I saw a dervish who, having laid his head at the fane of the Kaaba of Mecca, was complaining and saying, "O gracious, O merciful God! thou knowest what can proceed from the sinful and ignorant that may be worthy of thy acceptance! — I brought my excuse of imperfect performance, for I have no claim on the score of obedience. The wicked repent them of their sins; such as know God confess a deficiency of worship."

Abids, or the pious, seek a reward of their devotion, merchants a profit on their traffic. I, a devoted servant, have brought hope, not obedience, and have come as a beggar, and not for lucre!

> Do unto me what is worthy of thyself;
> But deal not with me as I myself have deserved.

Whether thou wilt slay me or pardon my offense, my head and face are prostrate at thy threshold. Thy servant has no will of his own; whatever thou commandest, that he will perform. At the door of the Kaaba I saw a petitioner, who was praying and weeping bitterly. I ask not, saying, "Approve of my obedience, but draw the pen of forgiveness across my sins."

III

Within the sanctuary of the Kaaba, at Mecca, I saw Abd-u'l-cadur the Gilani, who having laid his face upon the Hasa, or black stone, was saying, "Spare and pardon me, O God! and if, at all events, I am doomed to punishment, raise me up at the day of resurrection blindfolded, that I may not be

put to shame in the eyes of the righteous." Every morning when the day begins to dawn, with my face in the dust of humility, I am saying, "O thou, whom I never can forget, dost thou ever bestow a thought on thy servant?"

IV

A thief got into a holy man's cell; but, however much he searched, he could find nothing to steal, and was going away disappointed. The good soul was aware of what was passing, and taking up the rug on which he had slept, he put it in his way that he might not miss his object.— I have heard that the heroes on the path of God will not distress the hearts of their enemies. How canst thou attain this dignified station who art at strife and warfare with thy friends?

The loving kindness of the righteous, whether before your face or behind your back, is not such that they will censure you when absent, and offer to die for you when present.— Face to face meek as a lamb, behind your back like a man-devouring wolf. Whoever brings you, and sums up the faults of others, will doubtless expose your defects to them.

V

Some traveling mendicants had agreed to club in a body and participate in the cares and comforts of society. I expressed a wish that I might be one of the party, but they refused to admit me. I said: "It is rare and inconsistent with the generous dispositions of dervishes to turn their faces from a good-fellowship with the poor, and to deny them its benefits, for on my part I feel such a zeal and good-will, that in the service of the liberal I am likely to prove rather an active associate than a grievous load.

"Though not one of those who are mounted on the camels,
I will do my best, that I may carry their saddle-cloths."

One of them answered and said: "Be not offended at what you have heard, for some days back a thief joined us in the garb of a dervish, and strung himself upon the cord of our acquaintance.— How can people know what he is that wears

that dress? The writer can alone tell the contents of the letter." In consequence of that reverence in which the dervish character is held, they did not think of his profligacy and admitted him into their society. The outward character of the holy is a patched cloak; this much is sufficient, that it has a threadbare hood. Be industrious in thy calling, and wear whatever dress thou choosest. Put a diadem on thy head, and bear a standard on thy shoulder. Holiness does not consist in a coarse frock. Let a *zahid,* or holy man, be truly pious, and he may dress in satin. Sanctity is not merely a change of dress; it is an abandonment of the world, its pomp and vanity. It requires a hero to wear a coat of mail, for what would it profit to dress an hermaphrodite, or coward, in a suit of armor?

In short we had one day traveled till dark, and at night composed ourselves for sleep under the wall of a castle. That graceless thief took up his neighbor's ewer, saying, "I am going to my ablutions"; and he was setting out for plunder. Behold a religious man, who threw a patched cloak over his shoulders; he made the covering of the Kaaba the housing of an ass. So soon as he got out of sight of the dervishes, he scaled a bastion of the fort and stole a casket. Before break of day that gloomy-minded robber had got a great way off, and left his innocent companions asleep. In the morning they were all carried into the citadel, and thrown into a dungeon. From that time we have declined any addition to our party, and kept apart to ourselves,

> For there is safety in unity,
> But danger in duality or a multitude.

When an individual of a sect committed an act of folly, the high and the low sank in their dignity. Dost thou not see that one ox in a pasturage will cast a slur upon all the oxen of the village?

I said: "Let there be thanksgiving to a Deity of majesty and glory that I am not forbid the benefits of dervishes, notwithstanding I am in appearance excluded from their society; and I am instructed by this narration, and others like

me may profit by its moral during their remaining lives.—From one indiscreet person in an assembly a host of the prudent may get hurt. If they fill a cistern to the brim with rose-water, and let a dog fall into it, the whole will be contaminated."

VI

A *zahid* was the guest of a king. When he sat down at table he ate more sparingly from that than his appetite inclined him, and when he stood up at prayers he continued longer at them than it was his custom; that they might form a high opinion of his sanctity.—I fear, O Arab! that thou wilt not reach the Kaaba; for the road that thou art taking leads to Turkistan, or the region of infidels.

When he returned home he ordered the table to be spread that he might eat. His son was a youth of a shrewd understanding. He said: "O father, perhaps you ate little or nothing at the feast of the king?" He answered, "In his presence I ate scarce anything that could answer its purpose!" Then retorted the boy, "Repeat also your prayers, that nothing be omitted that can serve a purpose." Yes, thy virtues thou hast exposed in the palm of thy hand, thy vices thou hast hid under thy arm-pit. Take heed, O hypocrite, what thou wilt be able to purchase with this base money or the day of need or day of judgment.

VII

I remember that in my early youth I was overmuch religious and vigilant, and scrupulously pious and abstinent. One night I sat up in attendance on my father, on whom be God's mercy, never once closed my eyes during the whole night, and held the precious Koran open on my lap, while the company around us were fast asleep. I said to my father: "Not an individual of these will raise his head that he may perform his genuflections, or ritual of prayer; but they are all so sound asleep, that you might conclude they were dead." He replied: "O emanation of your father,

you had also better have slept than that you should thus calumniate the failings of mankind.— The braggart can discern only his own precious person; he will draw the veil of conceit all around him. Were fortune to bestow upon him God's all-searching eye, he would find nobody weaker than himself."

X

On one occasion, at the metropolitan mosque of Balbuk, I was holding forth, by way of admonition to a congregation cold and dead at heart, and not to be moved from the materialism of this world into the paths of mysticism. I perceived that the spirit of my discourse was making no impression, nor were the sparks of my enthusiasm likely to strike fire into their humid wood. I grew weary of instructing brutes, and of holding up a mirror to an assembly of the blind; but the door of exposition was thrown open, and the chain of argument extended; and in explanation of this text in the Koran, "We are nearer to him (God) than the vein of his neck"— I had reached that passage of my sermon where I thus express myself: "Such a mistress as is closer to me in her affection than I am to myself, but this is marvelous that I am estranged from her. What shall I say, and to whom can I tell it, that she lies on my bosom and I am alienated from her."

The intoxicating spirit of this discourse ran into my head, and the dregs of the cup still rested in my hand, when a traveler, as passing by, entered the outer circle of the congregation, and its expiring undulation lit upon him. He sent forth such a groan that the others in sympathy with him joined in lamentation, and the rawest of the assembly bubbled in unison. I exclaimed, "Praise be to God! those far off are present in their knowledge, and those near by are distant from their ignorance. If the hearer has not the faculty of comprehending the sermon, expect not the vigor of genius in the preacher. Give a scope to the field of inclination, that the orator may have room to strike the ball of eloquence over it."

XI

One night in the desert of Mecca, from an excess of drowsiness, I had not a foot to enable me to proceed; and, laying my head on the earth, I gave myself up for lost, and desired the camel-driver to leave me to my fate.— How could the foot of the poor jaded pedestrian go on, now that the Bactrian dromedary got impatient of its burden? While the body of a fat man is getting lean, a lean man must fall the victim of a hardship.

The camel-driver replied: "O brother, holy Mecca is ahead, and the profane robber behind; if you come forward you escape, but if you stay here you die!" During the night journey of the caravan, and in the track of the desert, it is fascinating to doze under the acacia-thorn tree; but, on this indulgence, we must resign all thoughts of surviving it.

XII

I saw on the seashore a holy man who had been torn by a tiger, and could get no salve to heal his wound. For a length of time he suffered much pain, and was all along offering thanks to the Most High. They asked him, saying, "Why are you so grateful?" He answered, "God be praised that I am overtaken with misfortune and not with sin! Were that beloved friend, God, to give me over to death, take heed, and think not that I should be solicitous about life. I would ask, What hast thou seen amiss in thy poor servant that thy heart should take offense at me? for that could alone give me a moment's uneasiness."

XIII

Having some pressing occasion, a dervish stole a rug from the hut of a friend. The judge ordered that they should cut off his hand. The owner of the rug made intercession for him, saying, "I have forgiven him." The judge replied, "At your instance I can not relax the extreme sentence of the law." He said: "In what you ordered you spoke justly. Nevertheless, whoever steals a portion of any property dedi-

cated to alms must not suffer the forfeiture of his hand, for

A religious mendicant is not the proprietor of anything;

and whatever appertains to dervishes is devoted to the necessitous." The judge withdrew his hand from punishing him, and by way of reprimand asked, "Had the world become so circumscribed that you could not commit a theft but in the dwelling of such a friend?" He answered, "Have you not heard what they have said, 'Sweep everything away from the houses of your friends, but knock not at the doors of your enemies.' When overwhelmed with calamity let not thy body pine in misery. Strip thy foes of their skins, and thy friends of their jackets."

XIV

A king said to a holy man, "Are you ever thinking of me?" "Yes," replied he, "at such times as I am forgetting God Almighty! He will wander all around whom God shall drive from his gate; and he will not let him go to another door whom he shall direct into his own."

XV

One of the righteous in a dream saw a king in paradise, and a *parsa,* or holy man, in hell. He questioned himself, saying, "What is the cause of the exaltation of this, and the degradation of that, for we have fancied their converse?" A voice came from above, answering, "This king is in heaven because of his affection for the holy, and that *parsa* is in hell because of his connection with the kingly."— What can a coarse frock, rosary, and patched cloak avail? Abstain from such evil works as may defile thee. There is no occasion to put a felt cowl upon thy head. Be a dervish in thy actions, and wear a Tartarian coronet.

XVI

A pedestrian, naked from head to foot, left Cufah with the caravan of pilgrims for Hijaz, or Mecca, and came along with us. I looked at and saw him destitute of every neces-

sary for the journey; yet he was cheerfully pushing on, and bravely remarking: "I am neither mounted on a camel nor a mule under a burden. I am neither the lord of vassals nor the vassal of a lord. I think not of present sorrows or past vanities, but breathe the breath of ease and live the life of freedom!"

A gentleman mounted on a camel said to him, "O dervish, whither are you going? return, or you must perish miserably." He did not heed what he said, but entered the desert on foot and proceeded. On our reaching the palm plantation of Mahmud, fate overtook the rich man, and he died. The dervish went up to his bier and said, "I did not perish amidst hardship on foot, and you expired on a camel's back." A person sat all night weeping by the side of a sick friend. Next day he died, and the invalid recovered! — Yes! many a fleet horse perished by the way, and that lame ass reached the end of the journey. How many of the vigorous and hale did they put underground, and that wounded man recovered!

XX

They asked Lucman, the fabulist, "From whom did you learn manners?" He answered, "From the unmannerly, for I was careful to avoid whatever part of their behavior seemed to me bad." They will not speak a word in joke from which the wise can not derive instruction; let them read a hundred chapters of wisdom to a fool, and they will all seem but a jest to him.

XXI

They tell a story of an *abid,* who in the course of a night would eat ten *mans,* or pounds, of food, and in his devotions repeat the whole Koran before morning. A good and holy man heard this, and said, "Had he eaten half a loaf of bread, and gone to sleep, he would have done a more meritorious act." Keep thy inside unencumbered with victuals, that the light of good works may shine within thee; but thou art void of wisdom and knowledge, because thou art filled up to the nose with food.

XXII

The divine favor had placed the lamp of grace in the path of a wanderer in forbidden ways, till it directed him into the circle of the righteous, and the blessed society of dervishes, and their spiritual co-operation enabled him to convert his wicked propensities into praiseworthy deeds, and to restrain himself in sensual indulgences; yet were the tongues of calumniators questioning his sincerity, and saying, He retains his original habits, and there is no trusting to his piety and goodness.— By the means of repentance thou mayest get delivered from the wrath of God, but there is no escape from the slanderous tongue of man. He was unable to put up with the virulence of their remarks, and took his complaint to his ghostly father, saying, "I am much troubled by the tongues of mankind." The holy man wept, and answered, "How can you be sufficiently grateful for this blessing, that you are better than they represent you? — How often wilt thou call aloud, saying, The malignant and envious are calumniating wretched me, that they rise up to shed my blood, and that they sit down to devise me mischief. Be thou good thyself, and let people speak evil of thee; it is better than to be wicked, and that they should consider thee as good."— But, on the other hand, behold me, of whose perfectness all entertain the best opinion, while I am the mirror of imperfection.— Had I done what they have said, I should have been a pious and moral man.

Verily, I may conceal myself from the sight of my neighbor,
But God knows what is secret and what is open.

There is a shut door between me and mankind, that they may not pry into my sins; but what, O Omniscience! can a closed door avail against thee, who art equally informed of what is manifest or concealed?

XXIII

I lodged a complaint with one of our reverend Shaikhs, saying: "A certain person has borne testimony against my

character on the score of lasciviousness." He answered, "Shame him by your continence.— Be thou virtuously disposed, that the detractor may not have it in his power to indulge his malignity. So long as the harp is in tune, how can it have its ear pulled (or suffer correction by being put in tune) by the minstrel?"

XXIV

They asked one of the Shaikhs of Sham, or Syria, saying: "What is the condition of the Sufi sect?" He answered, "Formerly they were in this world a fraternity dispersed in the flesh, but united in the spirit; but now they are a body well clothed carnally, and ragged in divine mystery." Whilst thy heart will be every moment wandering into a different place, in thy recluse state thou canst not see purity; but though thou possessest rank and wealth, lands and chattels, if thy heart be fixed on God, thou art a hermit.

XXV

On one occasion we had marched, I recollect, all the night along with the caravan, and halted toward morning on the skirts of the wilderness. One mystically distracted, who accompanied us on that journey, set up a loud lamentation at dawn, went a-wandering into the desert, and did not take a moment's rest. Next day I said to him, "What condition was that?" He replied, "I remarked the nightingales that they had come to carol in the groves, the pheasants to prattle on the mountains, the frogs to croak in the pools, and the wild beasts to roar in the forests, and thought with myself, saying, It can not be generous that all are awake in God's praise and I am wrapt up in the sleep of forgetfulness! — Last night a bird was caroling toward the morning; it stole my patience and reason, my fortitude and understanding. My lamentation had perhaps reached the ear of one of my dearly-beloved friends. He said, 'I did not believe that the singing of a bird could so distract thee!' I answered, This is not the duty of the human species, that the birds are singing God's praise and that I am silent."

XXVI

Once, on a pilgrimage to Hijaz, I was the fellow-traveler of some piously disposed young men, and on a footing of familiarity and intimacy with them. From time to time we were humming a tune and chanting a spiritual hymn, and an *abid,* who bore us company, kept disparaging the morals of the dervishes, and was callous to their sufferings, till we reached the palm plantation of the tribe of Hulal, when a boy of a tawny complexion issued from the Arab horde and sung such a plaintive melody as would arrest the bird in its flight through the air. I remarked the *abid's* camel that it kicked up and pranced, and, throwing the *abid,* danced into the wilderness. I said: "O reverend Shaikh! that spiritual strain threw a brute into an ecstasy, and it is not in like manner working a change in you! — Knowest thou what that nightingale of the dawn whispered to me? What sort of man art thou, indeed, who art ignorant of love? — The camel is in an ecstacy of delight from the Arab's song. If thou hast no taste to relish this thou art a cross-grained brute.— Now that the camel is elated with rapture and delight, if a man is insensible to these he is an ass.

The zephyr, gliding through the verdure on the earth,
Shakes the twig of the ban-tree, but moves not the solid rock.

Whatever thou beholdest is loud in extolling him. That heart which has an ear is full of the divine mystery. It is not the nightingale that alone serenades his rose; for every thorn on the rose-bush is a tongue in his or God's praise!"

XXVII

A king had reached the end of his days and had no heir to succeed him. He made his will, stating, "You will place the crown of sovereignty upon the head of whatever person first enters the city gate in the morning, and commit the kingdom to his charge." It happened that the first man that presented himself at the city gate was a beggar, who had passed his whole life in scraping broken meat and in patching rags.

The ministers of State and nobles of the court fulfilled the conditions of the king's will, and laid the keys of the treasury and citadel at his feet.

For a time the dervish governed the kingdom, till some of the chiefs of the empire swerved from their allegiance, and the princes of the territories on every side rose in opposition to him, and levied armies for the contest. In short, his troops and subjects were routed and subdued, and several of his provinces taken from him.

The dervish was hurt to the soul at these events, when one of his old friends, who had been the companion of his state of poverty, returned from a journey and found him in such dignity. He exclaimed: "Thanksgiving be to a Deity of majesty and glory that lofty fortune succored you and prosperity was your guide, till roses issued from your thorns and the thorns were extracted from your feet, and till you arrived at this elevated rank!

Along with hardship there is ease; or, to sorrow succeeds joy.

The plant is at one season in flower and at another withered; the tree is at one time naked and at another clothed with leaves." He said: "O, my dear friend, offer me condolence, for here is no place for congratulation. When you last saw me I had to think of getting a crumb of bread; now I have the cares of a whole kingdom on my head." If the world be adverse, we are the victims of pain; if prosperous, the fettered slaves of affection for it. Amidst this life no calamity is more afflicting than that, whether fortunate or not, the mind is equally disquieted. If thou covetest riches, ask not but for contentment, which is an immense treasure. Should a rich man throw money into thy lap, take heed, and do not look upon it as a benefit; for I have often heard from the great and good that the patience of the poor is more meritorious than the gift of the rich. Were King Bahram Ghor to distribute a whole roasted elk, it would not be equal to the gift of a locust's leg from an ant."

XXVIII

A person had a friend who was holding the office of king's

divan, or prime minister, and it happened that he had not seen him for some time. Somebody remarked, saying, "It is some time since you saw such a gentleman." He answered, "I am no ways anxious about seeing him." One of the divan's people chanced to be present. He asked, "What has happened amiss that you should dislike to visit him?" He replied, "There is no dislike; but my friend, the divan, can be seen at a time when he is out of office, and my idle intrusion might not come amiss." Amidst the State patronage and authority of office they might take umbrage at their acquaintance; but on the day of vexation and loss of place they would impart their mental disquietudes to their friends.

XXXV

They asked a profoundly learned man, saying, "What is your opinion of consecrated bread, or almstaking?" He answered, "If with the view of composing their minds, and promoting their devotions, it is lawful to take it; but if monks collect for the sake of an endowment, it is forbidden. Good and holy men have received the bread of consecration for the sake of religious retirement; and are not recluses, that they may receive such bread."

XXXVI

A dervish came to put up at a place where the master of the house was a gentleman of an hospitable disposition. He had as his guests an assembly of learned and witty men, each of whom was repeating such a jest, or anecdote, as is usual with the facetious. Having traveled across a desert, the dervish was much fatigued, and well-nigh famished. One of the company observed, in the way of pleasantry, "You must also repeat something." The dervish answered, "I am not, like the others, overstocked with learning and wit, nor am I much read in books; and you must be satisfied with my reciting one distich." One and all eagerly cried, "Let us hear it." He said, "Hungry as I am, I sit by a table spread with food, like a bachelor at the entrance of a bath full of women!"

They applauded what he said, and ordered the tray to be

placed before him. The lord of the feast said, "Stay your appetite, my friend! till my handmaids can prepare for you some forced meat." He raised his head from the tray, and answered, "Say there is no need for forced meat on my tray, for a crust of plain bread is sufficient for one baked as I have been in the desert."

XXXVII

A disciple complained to his ghostly father, saying, "What can I do, for I am much annoyed by the people, who are interrupting me with their frequent visits, and break in upon my precious hours with their impertinent intrusions." He replied, "To such of them as are poor lend money, and from such as are rich ask some in loan; and neither of them will trouble you again." Let a beggar be the harbinger of an army of Islam, or the orthodox, and the infidel will fly his importunity as far as the wall of China.

XXXIX

A drunken fellow had lain down to sleep on the highway, and was quite overcome with the fumes of intoxication. An *abid* was passing close by, and looking at him with scorn. The youth raised his head, and said,

"Whenever they pass anything shameful they pass it with compassion.
Whenever thou beholdest a sinner, hide and bear with his transgressions:
Thou, who art aware of them, why not overlook my sins with pity?

Turn not away, O reverend sir! from a sinner; but look upon him with compassion. Though in my actions I am not a hero, do thou pass by as the heroic would pass me."

XL

A gang of dissolute vagabonds broke in upon a dervish, used opprobrious language, and beat and ill-used him. In his helplessness he carried his complaint before his ghostly father, and said, "Thus it has befallen me." He replied:

"O my son! the patched cloak of dervishes is the garment of resignation; whosoever wears this garb, and can not bear with disappointment, is a hypocrite, and to him our cloth is forbidden.— A vast and deep river is not rendered turbid by throwing into it a stone. That religious man who can be vexed at an injury is as yet a shallow brook.— If thou art subjected to trouble, bear with it; for by forgiveness thou art purified from sin. Seeing, O brother! that we are ultimately to become dust, be humble as the dust, before thou molderest into dust."

XLI

Hear what occurred once at Bagdad in a dispute that took place between a roll-up curtain and standard. Covered with the road-dust, and jaded with a march, the standard, in reproach, observed to the curtain: "Thou and I are gentlemen in livery; we are fellow-servants at the court of his majesty. I never enjoy a moment's relief from duty; early and late I am equally marching. Thou hast never experienced any peril or a siege, the heavy sand of the desert or dust of a whirlwind; my foot is most forward in any enterprise. Then why art thou my superior in dignity? Thou art cared for by youths with faces splendid as the moon, and handled by damsels scenting like jasmine; while I am fallen into the hands of raw recruits, am rolled upon our march, and turned upside down." The curtain answered: "I lay my head humble at the threshold, and hold it not up like thine, flaring in the face of heaven! Whoever is thus vainly rearing his crest exalts himself only to be humbled."

XLII

A good and holy man saw a huge and strong fellow, who, having got much enraged, was storming with passion and foaming at the mouth. He asked, "What has happened to this man?" Somebody answered, "Such a one has given him bad names!" He said, "This paltry wretch is able to carry a thousand-weight of stone, and can not bear with one light word! Cease to boast of thy strong arm and pretended

manhood, infirm as thou art in mind, and mean in spirit. What difference is there between such a man and a woman? Though thou art strong of arm, let thy mouth utter sweet words; it is no proof of courage to thrust thy fist into another man's face.— Though thou art able to tear the scalp off an elephant, if deficient in humanity, thou art no hero. The sons of Adam are formed from dust; if not humble as the dust, they fall short of being men."

XLIV

A facetious old gentleman of Bagdad gave his daughter in marriage to a shoemaker. The flint-hearted fellow bit so deeply into the damsel's lip that the blood trickled from the wound. Next morning the father found her in this plight; he went up to his son-in-law, and asked him, saying: "Low-born wretch! what sort of teeth are these that thou shouldst chew her lips as if they were a piece of leather? I speak not in play what I have to say. Lay jesting aside, and take with her thy legal enjoyment.— When once a vicious disposition has taken root in the habit, the hand of death can only eradicate it."

XLV

A doctor of laws had a daughter preciously ugly, and she had reached the age of womanhood; but, notwithstanding her dowry and fortune, nobody seemed inclined to ask her in marriage.— Damask or brocade but add to her deformity when put upon a bride void of symmetry.

In short, they were under the necessity of uniting her in the bonds of wedlock to a blind man. They add, that soon after there arrived from Sirandip, or Ceylon, a physician that could restore sight to the blind. They spoke to the law doctor, saying, "Why do you not get him to prescribe for your son-in-law?" He answered: "Because I am afraid he may recover his sight, and repudiate my daughter; for — 'the husband of an ugly woman should be blind.'"

XLVIII

They asked a wise man which was preferable, munificence

or courage? He answered, "Whoever has munificence has no need of courage." On the tombstone of Bahram-gor was inscribed: "The hand of liberality is stronger than the arm of power.— Hatim Tayi remains not, yet will his exalted name live renowned for generosity to all eternity. Distribute the tithe of thy wealth in alms, for the more the gardener prunes his vine the more he adds to his crop of grapes."

Chapter III

ON THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CONTENTMENT

I

A mendicant from the west of Africa had taken his station amidst a group of shopkeepers at Aleppo, and was saying: "O lords of plenty! had ye a just sense of equity, and we of contentment, all manner of importunity would cease in this world!" O contentment! do thou make me rich, for without thee there is no wealth. The treasure of patience was the choice of Lokman. Whoever has no patience has no wisdom.

II

There dwelt in Egypt two youths of noble birth, one of whom applied himself to study knowledge, and the other to accumulate wealth. In process of time that became the wisest man of his age, and this King of Egypt. Then was the rich man casting an eye of scorn upon his philosophic brother, and saying, "I have reached a sovereignty, and you remain thus in a state of poverty." He replied: "O brother! I am all the more grateful for the bounty of a Most High God, whose name was glorified, that I have found the heritage of the prophets — namely, wisdom; and you have got the estate of Pharaoh and Haman — that is, the kingdom of Egypt. I am an emmet, that mankind shall tread under foot; not a hornet, that they shall complain of my sting. How can I sufficiently express my grateful sense of this blessing, that I possess not the means of injuring my fellow creatures?"

III

I heard of a dervish who was consuming in the flame of want, tacking patch after patch upon his ragged garment, and solacing his mind with this couplet: "I can rest content with a dry crust of bread and a coarse woolen frock, for the burden of my own exertion bears lighter than laying myself under obligation to another."— Somebody observed to him, "Why do you sit quiet, while a certain gentleman of this city is so nobly disposed and universally benevolent, that he has girt up his loins in the service of the religious independents, and seated himself by the door of their hearts? Were he apprised of your condition, he would esteem himself obliged, and be happy in the opportunity of relieving it." He said: "Be silent; for it is better to die of want than to expose our necessities before another, as they have remarked: 'Patching a tattered cloak and the consequent treasure of content, is more commendable than petitioning the great for every new garment.'" By my troth, I swear it were equal to the torments of hell to enter into paradise through the interest of a neighbor.

IV

One of the Persian kings sent a skilful physician to attend Mohammed Mustafa, on whom be salutation. He remained some years in the territory of the Arabs; but nobody went to try his skill, or asked him for any medicine. One day he presented himself before the blessed prince of prophets, and complained, saying, "The king had sent me to dispense medicine to your companions; but, till this moment, nobody has been so good as to enable me to practise any skill that this your servant may possess." The blessed messenger of God was pleased to answer, saying, "It is a rule with this tribe never to eat till hard pressed by hunger, and to discontinue their repast while they have yet an appetite." The physician said, "This accounts for their health." Then he kissed the earth of respect and took his leave. The physician will then begin to inculcate temperance, or to extend the finger of indulgence, when from silence his patient might suffer by excess,

or his life be endangered by abstinence: of course, the skill of the physician is advice, and the patient's regimen and diet yield the fruits of health!

V

A certain person would be making vows of abstinence and breaking them. At last a reverend gentleman observed to him, "So I understand that you make a practise of eating to excess; and that any restraint on your appetite, namely, this vow, is weaker than a hair, and this voraciousness, as you indulge it, would break an iron chain; but the day must come when it will destroy you." A man was rearing the whelp of a wolf; when full grown it tore its patron and master.

VI

In the annals of Ardishir Babagan it is recorded that he asked an Arabian physician, saying, "What quantity of food ought to be eaten daily?" He replied, "A hundred dirams' weight were sufficient." The king said, "What strength can a man derive from so small a quantity?" The physician replied: "So much can support you; but in whatever you exceed that you must support it.— Eating is for the purpose of living, and speaking in praise of God; but thou believest that we live only to eat."

VII

Two dervishes of Khorassan were fellow-companions on a journey. One was so spare and moderate that he would break his fast only every other night, and the other so robust and intemperate that he ate three meals a day. It happened that they were taken up at the gate of a city on suspicion of being spies, and both together put into a place, the entrance of which was built up with mud. After a fortnight it was discovered that they were innocent, when, on breaking open the door, they found the strong man dead, and the weak one alive and well. They were astonished at this circumstance. A wise man said, "The contrary of this had been strange, for this one was a voracious eater, and not having strength to

support a want of food, perished; and that other was abstemious, and being patient, according to his habitual practise, survived it.— When a person is habitually temperate, and a hardship shall cross him, he will get over it with ease; but if he has pampered his body and lived in luxury, and shall get into straitened circumstances, he must perish."

XI

In a battle with the Tartars, a gallant young man was grievously wounded. Somebody said to him, "A certain merchant has a stock of the mummy antidote; if you would ask him, he might perhaps accommodate you with a portion of it." They say that merchant was so notorious for his stinginess, that —"If, in the place of his loaf of bread, the orb of the sun had been in his wallet, nobody would have seen daylight in the world till the day of judgment."

The spirited youth replied: "Were I to ask him for this antidote, he might give it, or he might not; and if he did it might cure me, or it might not; at any rate, to ask such a man were itself a deadly poison!" Whatever thou wouldst ask of the mean, in obligation, might add to the body, but would take from the soul.— And philosophers have observed, that were the water of immortality, for example, to be sold at the price of the reputation, a wise man would not buy it, for an honorable death is preferable to a life of infamy.— Wert thou to eat colocynth from the hand of the kind-hearted, it would relish better than a sweetmeat from that of the crabbed.

XII

One of the learned had a large family and small means. He stated his case to a great man, who entertained a favorable opinion of his character. This one turned away from his solicitation, and viewed this prostitution of begging as discreditable with a gentleman of education. If soured by misfortune, present not thyself before a dear friend, for thou may'st also embitter his pleasure. When thou bringest forward a distress, do it with a cheerful and smiling face, for an openness of countenance can never retard business.— They

have related that he rose a little in the pension, but sank much in the estimation of the great man. After some days, when he perceived this falling off in his affection, he said:

"Miserable is that supply of food which thou obtainest in the hour of need;
The pot is put to boil, but my reputation is bubbled into vapor.

— He added to my means of subsistence, but took from my reputation; absolute starving were better than the disgrace of begging."

XIII

A dervish had a pressing call for money. Somebody told him a certain person is inconceivably rich; were he made aware of your want, he would somehow manage to accommodate it. He said, "I do not know him." The other answered, "I will introduce you"; and having taken his hand, he brought him to that person's dwelling. The dervish beheld a man with a hanging lip, and sitting in sullen discontent. He said nothing, and returned home. His friend asked, "What have you done?" He replied, "His gift I gave in exchange for his look: Lay not thy words before a man with a sour face, otherwise thou may'st be ruffled by his ill-nature. If thou tellest the sorrows of thy heart let it be to him in whose countenance thou may'st be assured of prompt consolation."

XVI

The Prophet Moses, on whom be peace, saw a dervish who had buried his body, in his want of clothes to cover it, in the sand. He said: "O Moses, put up a prayer, that the Most High God would bestow a subsistence upon me, for I am perishing in distress." The blessed Moses prayed accordingly, that God on high would succor him.

Some days afterward, as he was returning from a conference with God on Mount Sinai, he met that dervish in the hands of justice, and a mob following him. He asked: "What has befallen this man?" They answered: "He had drunk wine and got into a quarrel, and having killed some-

body, they are now going to exact retaliation."— The God who set forth the seven climates of this world assigned to every creature its appropriate lot. Had that wretched cat been gifted with wings, she would not have left one sparrow's egg on the earth. It might happen that were a weak man to get the ability, he would rise and domineer over his weak brethren.

The blessed Moses acknowledged the wisdom of the Creator of the universe, and confessing his own presumption, repeated this verse of the Koran: "Were God to spread abroad his stores of subsistence to servants, verily they would rebel all over the earth": What happened, O vain man! that thou didst precipitate thyself into destruction? Would that the ant might not have the means of flying! — A mean person, when he has got rank and wealth, will bring a storm of blows upon his head. Was not this at last the adage of a philosopher, 'That ant is best disposed of that has no wings.'— The father is a man of much sweetness of disposition, but the son is full of heat and passions.— That Being, God, who would not make thee rich, must have known thy good better than thou couldst thyself know it.

XVII

I saw an Arab, who was standing amidst a circle of jewelers at Busrah, and saying: "On one occasion I had missed my way in the desert, and having no road-provision left, I had given myself up for lost, when all at once I found a bag of pearls. Never shall I forget that relish and delight, so long as I mistook them for parched wheat; nor that bitterness and disappointment, when I discovered that they were real pearls." In the mouth of the thirsty traveler, amidst parched deserts and moving sands, pearl, or mother-of-pearl, were equally distasteful. To a man without provision, and exhausted in the desert, a piece of stone or of gold, in his scrip, is all one.

XVIII

An Arab, suffering under all the extremity of thirst in the desert, was saying:

"Would to God that yet, before I perish, I could but for one day gratify my wish:
That a stream of water might dash against my knees, and I could fill my leathern flask or stomach with it."

In like manner a traveler had got bewildered in the great desert, and had neither provisions nor strength left, yet a few dirams remained with him in his scrip. He kept wandering about, but could not find the path, and sank under his fatigue. A party of travelers arrived where his body lay; they saw the dirams spread before him, and these verses written in the sand: "Were he possessed of all the gold of Jafier (a famous gold refiner), a man without food could not satisfy his appetite. To a wretched mendicant, parched in the desert, a boiled turnip would relish better than an ingot of virgin silver."

XIX

I had never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of heaven, excepting on one occasion, that my feet were bare, and I had not wherewithal to shoe them. In this desponding state I entered the metropolitan mosque at Cufah, and there I beheld a man that had no feet. I offered up praise and thanksgiving for God's goodness to myself, and submitted with patience to my want of shoes.— In the eyes of one satiated with meat a roast fowl is less esteemed at his table than a salad; but to him who is stinted of food a boiled turnip will relish like a roast fowl.

XX

A king, attended by a select retinue, had, on a sporting excursion during the winter, got at a distance from any of his hunting-seats, and the evening was closing fast, when they espied from afar a peasant's cottage. The king said: "Let us repair thither for the night, that we may shelter ourselves from the inclemency of the weather." One of the courtiers replied: "It would not become the dignity of the sovereign to take refuge in the cottage of a low peasant; we can pitch a tent here and kindle a fire." The peasant saw what was

passing; he came forward with what refreshments he had at hand, and, laying them before the king, kissed the earth of subserviency, and said: "The lofty dignity of the king would not be lowered by this condescension; but these gentlemen did not choose that the condition of a peasant should be exalted." The king was pleased with this speech; and they passed the night at his cottage. In the morning he bestowed an honorary dress and handsome largess upon him. I have heard that the peasant was resting his hand for some paces upon the king's stirrup, and saying: "The state and pomp of the sovereign suffered no degradation by his condescension in becoming a guest at the cottage of a peasant; but the corner of the peasant's cap rose to the level with the sun when the shadow of such a monarch as thou art fell upon his head."

XXI

They tell a story of an importunate mendicant who had amassed much riches. A certain king said: "It seems that you possess immense wealth, and I have a business of some consequence in hand. If you will assist me with a little of it, by way of a loan, when the public revenue is realized I will repay it and thank you to the bargain." He replied: "O sire, it would ill become the sublime majesty of the sovereign of the universe to soil the hand of lofty enterprise with the property of such a mendicant as I am, which I have scraped together grain by grain." He said: "There is no occasion to vex yourself, for I mean it for the Tartars, as impurities are suiting for the impure:

"They said, 'The compost of a dung-hill is unclean.'
We replied, 'That with it we will fill up the chinks of a necessary.'"

"If the water of a Christian's well is defiled, and we wash a Jew's corpse in it, there is no sin." I have heard that he disobeyed the royal command, questioned its justice, and resisted it with insolence. The king ordered that the exchequer stipulations should be put in force with rigidness and violence. When a business can not be settled with fair words, we must

of necessity make use of foul. When a man will not contribute of his own free will, if another enforces him he meets his desert.

XXII

I knew a merchant who had a hundred and fifty camels of burden and forty bondsmen and servants in his train. One night he entertained me at his lodgings in the island of Keish, in the Persian Gulf, and continued for the whole night talking idly, and saying: "Such a store of goods I have in Turkestan, and such an assortment of merchandise in Hindustan; this is the mortgage-deed of a certain estate, and this the security-bond of a certain individual's concern." Then he would say: "I have a mind to visit Alexandria, the air of which is salubrious; but that can not be, for the Mediterranean Sea is boisterous. O Sadi! I have one more journey in view, and, that once accomplished, I will pass my remaining life in retirement and leave off trade." I asked: "What journey is that?" He replied: "I will carry the sulphur of Persia to Chin, where, I have heard, it will fetch a high price; thence I will take China porcelain to Greece; the brocade of Greece or Venice I will carry to India; and Indian steel I will bring to Aleppo; the glassware of Aleppo I will take to Yamin; and with the bardimani, or striped stuffs, of Yamin I will return to Persia. After that I will give up foreign commerce and settle myself in a warehouse." He went on in this melancholy strain till he was quite exhausted with speaking. He said: "O Sadi! do you too relate what you have seen and heard." I replied: "Hast thou not heard that in the desert of Ghor as the body of a chief merchant fell exhausted from his camel, he said, 'Either contentment or the dust of the grave will fill the stingy eye of the worldly minded.'"

XXIV

A weak fisherman got a strong fish into his net, but not having the power of mastering it, the fish got the better of him, and, dragging the net from his hand, escaped.— A bondsman went that he might take water from the brook; the brook

came to rise and carried off the bondsman. On most occasions the net would bring out the fish; on this occasion the fish escaped, and took away the net. The other fishermen expressed their vexation, and reproached him, saying, "Such a fish came into your net, and you were not able to master it." He replied: "Alas! my brethren, what could be done? It was not my day of fortune, and the fish had in this way another day left it. And they have said: 'Unless it be his lot, the fisherman can not catch a fish in the Tigris; and, except it be its fate, the fish will not die on the dry shore.'"

XXV

A person without hands or feet killed a milleped. A good and holy man passed by him at the time, and said: "Glory be to God! notwithstanding the thousand feet he had when his destiny overtook him, he was unable to escape from one destitute of hand or foot."— When the life-plundering foe comes up behind, fate arrests the speed of the swift-going warrior. At the moment when the enemy might approach step by step it were useless to bend the *kayani,* or Parthian bow.

XXVI

I met a fat blockhead decked in rich apparel, and mounted on an Arab horse, with a turban of fine Egyptian linen on his head. A person said: "O Sadi, how comes it that you see these garments of the learned on this ignorant beast?" I replied: "It is a vile epistle which has been written in golden letters:

"'Verily this ass, with the resemblance of a man,
Has the carcass of a calf, and the voice or bleating of a calf.'"

Thou canst not say that this brute appears like a man, unless in his garments, turban, and outward form. Examine into all the ways and means of his existence, and thou shalt find nothing lawful but the shedding of his blood: though a man of noble birth be reduced to poverty, imagine not that his lofty dignity can be lowered; and though he may secure his silver threshold with a hasp of gold, conclude not that a Jew can be thereby ennobled."

XXVII

A thief said to a mendicant: "Are you not ashamed when you hold forth your hand to every mean fellow for a barley-corn of silver?" He replied: "It is better to hold forth the hand for one grain of silver than to have it cut off for one and a half dang."

XXIX

I saw a dervish who had withdrawn into a cave, shut the door of communication between the world and himself, and with his lofty and independent eye viewed emperors and kings without awe or reverence.— Whoever opens to himself the door of mendicity must continue a beggar till the day of his death. Put covetousness aside, and be independent as a prince; the neck of contentment can raise its head erect.

One of the sovereigns of those parts sent a message to him, stating: "So far I can rely on the generous disposition of his reverence, that he will one day favor me by partaking of my bread and salt, by becoming my guest." The shaikh, or holy man, consented; for the acceptance of such an invitation accorded with the sunnat, or law and tradition of the prophet. Next day the king went to apologize for the trouble he had caused him. The *abid* rose from his place, took the king in his arms, showed him much kindness, and was full of his compliments. After he was gone, one of the shaikh's companions asked him, saying: "Was not such condescending kindness as you this day showed the king contrary to what is usual; what does this mean?" He answered: "Have you not heard what they have said: 'It is proper to stand up and administer to him whom thou hast seated on thy carpet, or made thy guest.'"

He could so manage that, during his whole life, his ear should not indulge in the music of the tabor, cymbal, and pipe. He could restrain his eyes from enjoying the garden, and gratify his sense of smell without the rose or narcissus. Though he had not a pillow stuffed with down, he could compose himself to rest with a stone under his head; though he had no heart-solacer as the partner of his bed, he could hug

himself to sleep with his arms across his breast. If he could not ride an ambling nag, he was content to take his walk on foot; only this grumbling and vile belly he could not keep under, without stuffing it with food.

Chapter IV

ON THE BENEFIT OF BEING SILENT

I

I spoke to one of my friends, saying: "A prudent restraint on my words is on that account advisable, because in conversation there on most occasions occur good and bad; and the eyes of rivals only note what is bad. He replied: "O brother! that is our best rival who does not, or will not, see our good!

The malignant brotherhood pass not by the virtuous man
Without imputing to him what is infamous.

To the eye of enmity, virtue appears the ugliest blemish; it is a rose, O Sadi! which to the eyes of our rivals seems a thorn. The world-illuminating brilliancy of the fountain of the sun, in like manner, appears dim to the eye of the purblind mole."

II

A merchant happened to lose a thousand dinars. He said to his son: "It will be prudent not to mention this loss to anybody." The son answered: "O father, it is your orders, and I shall not mention it; but communicate the benefit so far, as what the policy may be in keeping it a secret." He said: "That I may not suffer two evils: one, the loss of my money; another, the reproach of my neighbor.— Impart not thy grievances to rivals, for they are glad at heart, while praying, God preserve us; or

"'There is neither strength nor power, unless it be from God!'"

III

A sensible youth made vast progress in the arts and sciences, and was of a docile disposition; but however much he fre-

quented the societies of the learned, they never could get him to utter a word. On one occasion his father said: "O my son, why do not you also say what you know on this subject?" He replied: "I am afraid lest they question me upon what I know not, and put me to shame.— Hast thou not heard of a Sufi who was hammering some nails into the sole of his sandal. An officer of cavalry took him by the sleeve, saying, 'Come along, and shoe my horse.'— So long as thou art silent and quiet, nobody will meddle with thy business; but once thou divulgest it, be ready with thy proofs."

IV

A man, respectable for his learning, got into a discussion with an atheist; but, failing to convince him, he threw down his shield and fled. A person asked him, "With all your wisdom and address, learning and science, how came you not to controvert an infidel?" He replied: "My learning is the Koran, and the traditions and sayings of our holy fathers; but he puts no faith in the articles of our belief, and what good could it do to listen to his blasphemy?" To him whom thou canst not convince by revelation or tradition, the best answer is that thou shalt not answer him.

VI

They have esteemed Sahban Wabil as unrivaled in eloquence, insomuch that he could speak for a year before an assembly, and would not use the same word twice; or should he chance to repeat it, he would give it a different signification; and this is one of the special accomplishments of a courtier.— Though a speech be captivating and sweet, worthy of belief, and meriting applause, yet what thou hast once delivered thou must not repeat, for if they eat a sweetmeat once they find that enough.

VII

I overheard a sage, who was remarking: "Never has anybody acknowledged his own ignorance, excepting that person who, while another may be talking, and has not finished what

he has to say, will begin speaking: "A speech, O wiseacre! has a beginning and an end; bring not one speech into the middle of another. A man of judgment, discretion, and prudence, delivers not his speech till he find an interval of silence."

VIII

Some of the courtiers of Sultan Mahmud asked Husan Maimandi, saying: "What did the king whisper to you to-day on a certain State affair?" He said: "You are also acquainted with it." They replied: "You are the prime minister; what the king tells you, he does not think proper to communicate to such as we are." He replied: "He communicates with me in the confidence that I will not divulge to anybody; then why do you ask me" A man of sense blabs not, whatever he may come to know; he should not make his own head the forfeit of the king's secret.

IX

I was hesitating about the purchase of a dwelling-house. A Jew said: "I am an old housekeeper in this street: ask the character of this house from me and buy it, for it has no fault." I replied: "True! only that you are its neighbor.—Any such house as has thee for its neighbor could scarce be worth ten dirams of silver; yet it should behoove us to hope that after thy death it may fetch a thousand."

X

A certain poet presented himself before the chief of a gang of robbers, and recited a *casidah,* or elegy, in his praise. He ordered that they should strip off his clothes, and thrust him from the village. The naked wretch was going away shivering in the cold, and the village dogs were barking at his heels. He stooped to pick up a stone, in order to shy at the dogs, but found the earth frost-bound, and was disappointed. He exclaimed: "What rogues these villagers are, for they let loose their dogs, and tie up their stones!" The chief robber saw and overheard him from a window. He smiled at his wit,

and, calling him near, said: "O learned sir! ask me for a boon." He replied, "I ask for my own garments, if you will vouchsafe to give them.

I shall have enough of boons in your suffering me to depart.

Mankind expects charity from others; I expect no charity from thee, only do me no injury." The chief robber felt compassion for him. He ordered his clothes to be restored, and added to them a robe of fur and sum of money.

XIII

At a mosque in the city of Sanjar, the capital of Khorassan, a person was volunteering to chant forth the call to prayers with so discordant a note as to drive all that heard him away in disgust. The intendant of that mosque was a just and well-disposed gentleman, who was averse to giving offense to anybody. He said: "O generous youth, there belong to this mosque some *mowuzzins,* or criers, of long standing, to each of whom I allow a monthly stipend of five dinars; now I will give you ten to go elsewhere." To this he agreed, and took himself off. After a while he came to the nobleman, and said: "O my lord! you did me an injury when for ten dinars you prevailed upon me to quit this station, for where I went they offered me twenty to remove to another place, but I would not consent." The nobleman smiled and replied: "Take heed, and do not accept them, for they may be content to give you fifty! — No person can with a mattock scrape off the clay from the face of a hard rock in so grating a manner as thy harsh voice is harrowing up my soul."

XIV

A person with a harsh voice was reciting the Koran in a loud tone. A good and holy man went up to him, and asked: "What is your monthly stipend?" He answered, "Nothing." "Then," added he, "why give yourself so much trouble?" He said: "I am reading for the sake of God." The good and holy man replied: "For God's sake do not read: for if thou chantest the Koran after this manner, thou must

cast a shade over the glory of Islamism or Mussulman orthodoxy."

Chapter V

ON LOVE AND YOUTH

I

They asked Husan Maimandi: "How comes it that Sultan Mahmud, who has so many handsome bondswomen, each of whom is the wonder of the world and most select of the age, entertains not such fondness and affection for any of them as he does for Ayaz, who can boast of no superiority of charms?" He replied: "Whatever makes an impression on the heart seems lovely in the eye. That person of whom the sultan makes choice must be altogether good, though a compendium of vice; but where he is estranged from the favor of the king none of the household will think of courting him." Were a person to view it with a fastidious eye, the form of a Joseph might seem a deformity; but let him look with desire on a demon, and he will appear like an angel and cherub.

III

I saw a *parsa,* or holy man, so enamored of a lovely person that he had neither fortitude to bear with, nor resolution to declare, his passion; and, however much he was the object of remark and censure, he would not forego this infatuation, and was saying: "I quit not my hold on the skirt of thy garment, though thou may'st verily smite me with a sharp sword. Besides thee I have neither asylum nor defense; if I am to flee, I must take refuge with thee."

On one occasion I reproached him, and said: "What is become of your precious reason, that a vile passion should thus master you?" He made a short pause, and replied: "Wherever the king of love came, he left no room for the strong arm of chastity. How can that wretch live undefiled who has fallen in a quagmire up to the neck?"

IV

A certain person had lost his heart and abandoned himself to despair. The object of his desire was not such a dainty that he could gratify his palate with it, or a bird that he could lure it into his net, but a frightful precipice and overwhelming whirlpool.— When thy gold attracts not the charmer's eye, dust or gold is of equal value with thee.

His friends admonished him, saying: "Put aside this vain fancy, for multitudes are in the durance and chains of this same passion which you are cherishing." He sighed aloud, and replied: "Say to my friends, Do not admonish me, for my eye is fixed on the wish of her. With strength of wrist and power of shoulders warriors overwhelm their antagonists and charmers their lovers." Nor can it be consistent with the condition of love that any thought of life should divert the heart from affection for its mistress.— Thou, who art the slave of thine own precious self, playest false in the affairs of love. If thou canst not make good a passage to thy mistress, it is the duty of a lover to perish in the attempt.— I persist when policy is no longer left me, though the enemy may cover me all over with the wounds of swords and arrows. If I can reach her I will seize her sleeve, or at all events proceed and die at her threshold.

His kindred, whose business it was to watch over his concerns, and to pity his misfortunes, gave him advice, and put upon him restraints, but all to no good purpose.— The physician is, alas! prescribing bitter-aloes, and his depraved appetite is craving sweetmeats! — heardest thou what a charmer was saying in a whisper to one who had lost his heart to her: "So long as thou maintainest thine own dignity, of what value can my dignity appear in thine eye?"

They informed the princess who was the object of his infatuation, saying: "A youth of an amiable disposition and sweet flow of tongue is frequent in his attendance at the top of this plain; and we hear him delivering brilliant speeches and wonderful sallies of wit; it would seem that he has a mystery in his head and a flame in his heart, for he appears

to be distractedly in love." The princess was aware that she had become the object of his attachment, and that this whirlwind of calamity was raised by himself, and spurred her horse toward him. Now that the youth saw that it was the princess' intention to approach him, he wept, and said: "That personage who inflicted upon me a mortal wound again presented herself before me; perhaps she took compassion upon her own victim." However, kindly she spoke, and asked, saying: "Who are you, and whence come you? what is your name, and what your calling?" the youth was so entirely overwhelmed in the ocean of love and passion that he absolutely could not utter a word: "Couldst thou in fact repeat the seven Saba, or whole Koran by heart, if distracted with love, thou wouldst forget the alphabet?"— the princess continued: "Why do you not answer me? for I too am one of the sect of dervishes, nay, I am their most devoted slave." On the strength of this sympathizing encouragement of his beloved, the youth raised his head amidst the buffeting waves of tempestuous passion, and answered: "It is strange that with thee present I should remain in existence; that after thou camest to talk, I should have speech left me."— This he said, and, uttering a loud groan, surrendered his soul up to God.— No wonder if he died by the door of his beloved's tent; the wonder was, if alive, how he could have brought his life back in safety.

V

A boy at school possessed much loveliness of person and sweetness of conversation; and the master, from the frailty of human nature, was enamored of his blooming skin. Like his other scholars, he would not admonish and correct him, but when he found him in a corner he would whisper in his ear: "I am not, O celestial creature! so occupied with thee, that I am harboring in my mind a thought of myself. Were I to perceive an arrow coming right into it, I could not shut my eye from contemplating thee."

On one occasion the boy said: "In like manner, as you inspect my duties, also animadvert on my tendency to vice, in

order that if you discern any immorality in my behavior, which has met my own approbation, you can warn me against it, that I may correct it." He replied: "O my child! propose this task to somebody else; for the light in which I view you reflects nothing but virtue." That malignant eye, let it be plucked out in whose sight his virtue can seem vice. Hadst thou but one perfection and seventy faults, the lover could discern only that one perfection.

VII

A person who had not seen his friend for a length of time said to him: "Where were you? for I have been very solicitous about you." He replied, "It is better to be sought after than loathed." Thou hast come late, O intoxicating idol! I shall not in a hurry quit my hold on thy skirt: that mistress whom they see but seldom is at last more desired than she is whom they are cloyed with seeing.

The charmer that can bring companions along with her has come to quarrel; for she can not be void of jealousy and discontent:

Whenever thou comest to visit me attended with comrades or rivals,
Though thou comest in peace, yet thy object is hostile.

For one single moment that my mistress associated with a rival, it went well-nigh to slay me with jealousy. Smiling, she replied: "O Sadi! I am the torch of the assembly; what is it to me if the moth consume itself?"

VIII

In former times, I recollect, a friend and I were associating together like two kernels within one almond shell. I happened unexpectedly to go on a journey. After some time, when I was returned, he began to chide me, saying: "During this long interval you never sent me a messenger." I replied: "It vexed me to think that the eyes of a courier should be enlightened by your countenance, whilst I was debarred that happiness.— Tell my old charmer not to impose a vow upon

me with her tongue; for I would not repent, were she to attempt it with a sword. Envy stings me to the quick, lest another should be satiated with beholding thee, till I recollect myself, and say: Nobody can have a satiety of that!"

IX

I saw a learned gentleman the captive of attachment for a certain person, and the victim of his reproach; and he would suffer much violence, and bear it with great patience. On one occasion I said, by way of admonition: "I know that in your attachment for this person you have no bad object, and that this friendship rests not on any criminal design; yet, under this interpretation, it accords not with the dignity of the learned to expose yourself to calumny, and put up with the rudeness of the rabble." He replied: "O my friend, withdraw the hand of reproach from the skirt of my fatality, for I have frequently reflected on this advice which you offer me, and find it easier to suffer contumely on his account than to forego his company; and philosophers have said: 'It is less arduous to persist in the labor of courting than to restrain the eye from contemplating a beloved object.'— Whoever devotes his heart to a soul deluder puts his beard of reputation into the hands of another. That person, without whom thou canst not exist, if he do thee a violence, thou must bear it. The antelope, that is led by a string, can not bound from this side to that. One day I asked a compact of my mistress; how often have I since that day craved her forgiveness! A lover exacts not terms of his charmer; I relinquished my heart to whatever she desired me, whether to call me up to her with kindness, or drive me from her with harshness she knows best, or it is her pleasure."

X

In my early youth such an event (as you know) will come to pass. I held a mystery and intercourse with a young person, because he had a pipe of exquisite melody, and a form silver bright as the full moon.—"He is sipping the fountain of immortality, who may taste the down of his cheek; and he is eating a sweetmeat, who can fancy the sugar of his lips."

It happened that something in his behavior having displeased me, I withdrew the skirt of communication, and removed the seal of my affection from him, and said: "Go, and take what course best suits thee; thou regardest not my counsel, follow thine own." I overheard him as he was going, and saying: "If the bat does not relish the company of the sun, the all-current brilliancy of that luminary can suffer no diminution." He so expressed himself and departed, and his vagabond condition much distressed me:

The opportunity of enjoyment was lost,
And a man is insensible to the relish of prosperity till he has tasted adversity:

return and slay me, for to die before thy face were far more pleasant than to survive in thy absence.

But, thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty, he did not return till after some interval, when that melodious pipe of David was cracked, and that handsome form of Joseph in its wane; when that apple his chin was overgrown with hair, like a quince, and the all-current luster of his charms tarnished. He expected me to fold him in my arms; but I took myself aside and said: "When the down of loveliness flourished on thy cheek, thou drovest the lord of thy attractions from thy sight; now thou hast come to court his peace when thy face is thick set with *fathahs* and *zammahs,* or the bristles of a beard.— The verdant foliage of thy spring is turned yellow; place not thy kettle on my grate, for its fire is cooled. How long wilt thou display this pomp and vanity; hopest thou to regain thy former dominion? Make thy court to such as desire thee, sport thy airs on such as will hire thee.— The verdure of the garden, they have told us, is charming; that person (Sadi) knows it who is relating that story; or, in other words, that the fresh-shooting down on their charmers' cheeks is what the hearts of their admirers chiefly covet.— Thy garden is like a bed of chives: the more thou croppest it, the more it will shoot.— Last year thou didst depart smooth as an antelope, to-day thou art returned bearded like a pard. Sadi admires the fresh-shooting down, not when each hair is stiff

as a packing-needle.— Whether thou hast patience with thy beard or weed it from thy face, this happy season of youth must come to a conclusion. Had I the same command of life as thou hast of beard, it should not escape me till doomsday." I asked him and said: "What has become of the beauty of thy countenance, that a beard has sprung up round the orb of the moon?" He answered: "I know not what has befallen my face, unless it has put on black to mourn its departed charms."

XII

They shut up a parrot in the same cage with a crow. The parrot was affronted at his ugly look, and said: "What an odious visage is this, a hideous figure; what an accursed appearance, and ungracious demeanor!

> Would to God, O raven of the desert!
> We were wide apart as the east is from the west:

The serenity of his peaceful day would change into the gloom of night, who on issuing forth in the morning might cross thy aspect. An ill-conditioned wretch like thyself should be thy companion; but where could we find such another in the world?"

But what is more strange, the crow was also out of all patience, and vexed to the soul at the society of the parrot. Bewailing his misfortune, he was railing at the revolutions of the skies; and, wringing the hands of chagrin, was lamenting his condition, and saying: "What an unpropitious fate is this; what ill-luck, and untoward fortune! Could they any way suit the dignity of me, who would in my day strut with my fellow-crows along the wall of a garden.— It were durance sufficient for a good and holy man that he should be made the companion of the wicked.— What sin have I committed that my stars in retribution of it have linked me in the chain of companionship, and immured me in the dungeon of calamity, with a conceited blockhead, and good-for-nothing babbler? — Nobody will approach the foot of a wall on which they have painted thy portrait; wert thou to get a residence in paradise, others would go in preference to hell."

I have introduced this parable to show that however much learned men despise the ignorant, these are a hundredfold more scornful of the learned.—A *zahid,* or holy man, fell in company with some wandering minstrels. One of them, a charmer of Balkh, said to him: "If thou art displeased with us, do not look sour, for thou art already sufficiently offensive. — An assemblage is formed of roses and tulips, and thou art stuck up amidst them like a withered stalk; like an opposing storm, and a chilling winter blast; like a ball of snow, or lump of ice."

XIII

I had an associate, who was for years the companion of my travels, partook of the same bread and salt, and enjoyed the many rights of a confirmed friendship. At last, on some trifling advantage, he gave me cause of umbrage, and our intimacy ceased. And notwithstanding all this, there was a hankering of good-will on both sides; in consequence of which I heard that he was one day reciting in a certain assembly these two couplets of my writings:

"When my idol, or mistress, is approaching me with her tantalizing smiles,
She is sprinkling more salt upon my smarting sores.
How fortunate were the tips of her ringlets to come into my hand,
Like the sleeve of the generous in the hands of dervishes."

This society of his friends bore testimony, and gave applause, not to the beauty of this sentiment, but to the liberality of his own disposition in quoting it; while he had himself been extravagant in his encomiums, regretted the demise of our former attachment, and confessed how much he was to blame. I was made aware that he too was desirous of a reconciliation; and, having sent him these couplets, made my peace.—"Was there not a treaty of good faith between us, and didst not thou commence hostilities, and violate the compact? I relinquished all manner of society, and plighted my heart to thee; for I did not suspect that thou wouldst have so readily changed. If it still be thy wish to renew our peace, return, and be more dear to me than ever."

XIV

A man had a beautiful wife, who died; but the mother, a decrepit old dotard, remained a fixture in his house, because of the dowry. He was teased to death by her company; but, from the circumstance of the dowry, he had no remedy. In the meantime some of his friends having come to comfort him, one of them asked: "How is it with you, since the loss of that dear friend?" He answered: "The absence of my wife is not so intolerable as the presence of her mother.— They plucked the rose, and left me the thorn; they plundered the treasure, and let the snake remain. To have one eye pierced with a spear were more tolerable than to see the face of an enemy. It were better to break with a thousand friends than to put up with one rival."

XV

In my youth I recollect I was passing through a street, and caught a glimpse of a moon-like charmer during the dog-days, when their heat was drying up the moisture of the mouth, and the samum, or desert hot-wind, melting the marrow of the bones. From the weakness of human nature I was unable to withstand the darting rays of a noon-tide sun, and took refuge under the shadow of a wall, hopeful that somebody would relieve me from the oppressive heat of summer, and quench the fire of my thirst with a draught of water. All at once I beheld a luminary in the shadowed portico of a mansion, so splendid an object that the tongue of eloquence falls short in summing up its loveliness; such as the day dawning upon a dark night, or the fountain of immortality issuing from chaos. She held in her hand a goblet of snow-cooled water, into which she dropped some sugar, and tempered it with spirit of wine; but I know not whether she scented it with attar, or sprinkled it with a few blossoms from her own rosy cheeks. In short, I received the beverage from her idol-fair hand; and, having drunk it off, found myself restored to a new life.

"Such is not my parching thirst that it is to be quenched
With the limpid element of water, were I to swallow it in oceans.

Joy to that happy aspect whose eye can every morning contemplate such a countenance as thine. A person intoxicated with wine lies giddy and awake half the night; but if intoxicated with the cupbearer (God), the day of judgment must be his dawn or morning."

XVI

In the year that Sultan Mohammed Khowarazm-Shah had for some political reason chosen to make peace with the King of Khota, I entered the metropolitan mosque at Kashghar, and met a youth incomparably lovely, and exquisitely handsome; such as they have mentioned in resemblance of him: "Thy master instructed thee in every bold and captivating grace; he taught thee coquetry and confidence, tyranny and violence." I have seen no mortal with such a form and temper, stateliness and manner; perhaps he learned these fascinating ways from an angel.

He held the introduction of the Zamakhshari Arabic grammar in his hand, and was repeating: —"Zaraba Zaidun Amranwa — Zaid beat Amru and is the assailant of Amru." I said: "O my son! the Khowarazm and Khatayi sovereigns have made peace, and does war thus subsist between Zaid and Amru?" He smiled, and asked me the place of my nativity. I answered: "The territory of Shiraz." He said: "Do you recollect any of Sadi's compositions?" I replied:

"I am enamored with the reader of the syntax,
Who, taking offense, assails me in like manner as Zaid does Amru.
And Zaid, when read Zaidin, can not raise his head;
And how canst thou give a *zammah* to a word accented with a *kasrah*?"

He reflected a little within himself, and said: "In these parts we have much of Sadi's compositions in the Persian language; if you will speak in that dialect we shall more readily comprehend you, for

"You should address mankind according to their capacities."

I replied: "Whilst thy passion was that of studying grammar, all trace of reason was erased from our hearts. Yes! the lover's heart is fallen a prey to thy snare: we are occupied about thee, and thou art taken up with Amru and Zaid."

On the morrow, which had been fixed on as the period of our stay, some of my fellow-travelers had perhaps told him such a one is Sadi; for I saw that he came running up, and expressed his affection and regret, saying: "Why did you not during all this time tell us that a certain person is Sadi, that I might have shown my gratitude by offering my service to your reverence?" I answered: "In thy presence I can not even say that I am I!"—He said: "How good it were if you would tarry here for a few days, that we might devote ourselves to your service." I replied: "That can not be, as this adventure will explain to you.—In the hilly region I saw a great and holy man, who was content in living retired from the world in a cavern. I said: 'Why dost thou not come into the city, that thy heart might be relieved from a load of servitude?' He replied: 'In it there dwell some wonderful and angel-faced charmers, and where the path is miry, elephants may find it slippery.'—Having delivered this speech, we kissed each other's head and face, and took our leaves.—What profits it to kiss our mistress's cheek, and with the same breath to bid her adieu? Thou mightest say that the apple had taken leave of its friends by having this cheek red and that cheek yellow:

"Were I not to die of grief on that day I say farewell,
Thou wouldst charge me with being insincere in my attachments."

XVII

A ragged dervish accompanied us along with the caravan for Hijaz, and a certain Arab prince presented him with a hundred dinars for the support of his family. Suddenly a gang of Khafachah robbers attacked the caravan, and completely stripped it. The merchants set up a weeping and wailing, and made much useless lamentation and complaint. —"Whether thou supplicatest them, or whether thou com-

plainest, the robbers will not return thee their plunder": — all but that ragged wretch, who stood collected within himself, and unmoved by this adventure. I said: "Perhaps they did not plunder you of that money?" He replied: "Yes, they took it; but I was not so fond of my pet as to break my heart at parting with it. We should not fix our heart so on any thing or being as to find any difficulty in removing it."

I said: "What you have remarked corresponds precisely with what once befell myself; for in my juvenile days I took a liking to a young man, and so sincere was my attachment that the Kaaba, or fane, of my eye was his perfect beauty, and the profit of this life's traffic his much-coveted society.— Perhaps the angels might in paradise, otherwise no living form can on this earth display such a loveliness of person. By friendship I swear that after his demise all loving intercourse is forbidden; for no human emanation can stand a comparison with him.

"All at once the foot of his existence stumbled at the grave of annihilation; and the sigh of separation burst from the dwelling of his family. For many days I sat a fixture at his tomb, and, of the many dirges I composed upon his demise, this is one:

"'On that day, when thy foot was pierced with the thorn of death,
Would to God the hand of fate had cloven my head with the sword of destruction,
That my eyes might not this day have witnessed the world without thee.
Such am I, seated at the head of thy dust,
As the ashes are seated on my own:
Whoever could not take his rest and sleep
Till they first had spread a bed of roses and narcissuses for him:
The whirlwind of the sky has scattered the roses of his cheek,
And brambles and thorns are shooting from his grave.'

"After my separation from him I came to a steady and firm determination that during my remaining life I would fold up the carpet of enjoyment, and never re-enter the gay circle of society.— Were it not for the dread of its waves, much would

be the profits of a voyage at sea; were it not for the vexation of the thorn, charming might be the society of the rose. Yesterday I was walking stately as a peacock in the garden of enjoyment; to-day I am writhing like a snake from the absence of my mistress."

XVIII

To a certain king of Arabia they were relating the story of Laila and Mujnun, and his insane state, saying: "Notwithstanding his knowledge and wisdom, he has turned his face toward the desert, and abandoned himself to distraction." The king ordered that they bring him into his presence; and he reproved him, and spoke, saying: "What have you seen unworthy in the noble nature of man that you should assume the manners of a brute, and forsake the enjoyment of human society?"

Mujnun wept and answered:

"Many of my friends reproach me for my love of her, namely Laila.
Alas! that they could one day see her, that my excuse might be manifest for me!

Would to God that such as blame me could behold thy face, O thou ravisher of hearts! that at the sight of thee they might, from inadvertency, cut their own fingers instead of the orange in their hands.— Then might the truth of the reality bear testimony against the semblance of fiction,

"What manner of person that was for whose sake you were upbraiding me."

The king resolved within himself on viewing in person the charms of Laila, that he might be able to judge what her form could be which had caused all this misery, and ordered her to be produced in his presence. Having searched through the Arab tribes, they discovered and presented her before the king in the courtyard of his seraglio. He viewed her figure, and beheld a person of a tawny complexion and feeble frame of body. She appeared to him in a contemptible light, inas-

much as the lowest menial in his harem, or seraglio, surpassed her in beauty and excelled her in elegance. Mujnun, in his sagacity, penetrated what was passing in the royal mind, and said: "It would behoove you, O king, to contemplate the charms of Laila through the wicket of a Mujnun's eye, in order that the miracle of such a spectacle might be illustrated to you. Thou canst have no fellow-feeling for my disorder; a companion to suit me must have the self-same malady, that I may sit by him the livelong day repeating my tale; for by rubbing two pieces of dry firewood one upon another they will burn all the brighter:

"Had that grove of verdant reeds heard the murmurings of love
Which in detail of my mistress's story have passed through my ear,
It would somehow have sympathized in my pain. Tell it, O my friends, to such as are ignorant of love;
Would ye could be aware of what wrings me to the soul:

the anguish of a wound is not known to the hale and sound; we must detail our aches only to a fellow sufferer. It were idle to talk of a hornet to him who has never during his life smarted from its sting. Till thy condition may in some sort resemble mine, my state will seem to thee an idle fable. Compare not my pain with that of another man; he holds salt in his hand, but I hold it on a wounded limb."

XX

There was a handsome and well-disposed young man, who was embarked in a vessel with a lovely damsel. I have read that, sailing on the mighty deep, they fell together into a whirlpool. When the pilot came to offer him assistance, saying: "God forbid that he should perish in that distress," he was answering from the midst of that overwhelming vortex: "Leave me, and take the hand of my beloved!" The whole world admired him for this speech which, as he was expiring, he was heard to make. Learn not the tale of love from that faithless wretch who can neglect his beloved when exposed to danger. In this manner ended the lives of those lovers.

Listen to what has happened, that you may understand; for Sadi knows the ways and forms of courtship as well as the Tazi, or modern Arabic, is understood at Bagdad. Devote your whole heart to the heart-consoler you have chosen (namely, God), and let your eyes be shut to the whole world beside. Were Laila and Mujnun to return into life, they might read the history of love in this chapter.

Chapter VI

OF IMBECILITY AND OLD AGE

I

In the metropolitan mosque at Damascus I was engaged in a disputation with some learned men, when a youth suddenly entered the door, and said: "Does any of you understand the Persian language?" They directed him to me, and I answered: "It is true." He continued: "An old man of a hundred and fifty years of age is in the agonies of death, and is uttering something in the Persian language, which we do not understand. If you will have the goodness to go to him you may get rewarded; for he possibly may be dictating his will." When I sat down by his bedside I heard him reciting: "I said, I will enjoy myself for a few moments. Alas! that my soul took the path of departure. Alas! at the variegated table of life I partook of a few mouthfuls, and the fates said, enough!"

I explained the signification of these lines in Arabic to the Syrians. They were astonished that, at his advanced time of life, he should express himself so solicitous about a worldly existence. I asked him: "How do you now find yourself?" He replied: "What shall I say? — Hast thou never witnessed what torture that man suffers from whose jaw they are extracting a tooth? Fancy to thyself how excruciating is his pain from whose precious body they are tearing an existence!"

I said: "Banish all thoughts of death from your mind, and let not doubt undermine your constitution; for the Greek

philosophers have remarked that although our temperaments are vigorous, that is no proof of a long life; and that although our sickness is dangerous, that is no positive sign of immediate dissolution. If you will give me leave, I will call in a physician to prescribe some medicine that may cure you." He replied: "Alas! alas! The landlord thinks of refreshing the paintings of his hall, and the house is tottering to its foundation. The physician smites the hands of despair when he sees the aged fallen in pieces like a potsherd; the old man bemoans himself in the agony of death while the old attendant nurse is anointing him with sandalwood. When the equipoise of the temperament is overset, neither amulets nor medicaments can do any good."

III

In the territory of Diarbekr, or Mesopotamia, I was the guest of an old man, who was very rich, and had a handsome son. One night he told a story, saying: "During my whole life I never had any child but this boy. And in this valley a certain tree is a place of pilgrimage, where people go to supplicate their wants; and many was the night that I have besought God at the foot of that tree before he would bestow upon me this boy." I have heard that the son was also whispering his companions, and saying: "How happy I should be if I could discover the site of that tree, in order that I might pray for the death of my father." The gentleman was rejoicing and saying: "What a sensible youth is my son!" and the boy was complaining and crying: "What a tedious old dotard is my father!" Many years are passing over thy head, during which thou didst not visit thy father's tomb. What pious oblation didst thou make to the manes of a parent that thou shouldst expect so much from thy son?

IV

Urged one day by the pride of youthful vanity, I had made a forced march, and in the evening found myself exhausted at the bottom of an acclivity. A feeble old man, who had deliberately followed the pace of the caravan, came up to me

and said: "How come you to lie down here? Get up; this is no fit place to rest." I replied: "How can I proceed, who have not a foot to stand on?" He said: "Have you not heard what the prudent have remarked? 'Going on, and halting, is better than running ahead and breaking down!' Ye who wish to reach the end of your journey, hurry not on; practise my advice, and learn deliberation. The Arab horse makes a few stretches at full speed, and is broken down; while the camel, at its deliberate pace, travels on night and day, and gets to the end of his journey."

V

An active, merry, cheerful, and sweet-spoken youth was for a length of time in the circle of my society, whose heart had never known sorrow, nor his lip ceased from being on a smile. An age had passed, during which we had not chanced to meet. When I next saw him he had taken to himself a wife, and got a family; and the root of his enjoyment was torn up, and the rose of his mirth blasted. I asked him: "How is this?" He replied: "Since I became a father of children, I ceased to play the child.— Now thou art old, relinquish childishness, and leave it to the young to indulge in play and merriment. Expect not the sprightliness of youth from the aged; for the stream that ran by can never return. Now that the corn is ripe for the sickle, it rears not its head as when green and shooting. The season of youth has slipped through my hands; alas! when I think on those heart-exhilarating days! The lion has lost the sturdy grasp of his paw: I must now put up, like a lynx, with a bit of cheese. An old woman had stained her gray locks black. I said to her: O, my antiquated dame! thy hair I admit thou canst turn dark by art, but thou never canst make thy crooked back straight."

VI

One day, in the perverseness of youth, I spoke with asperity to my mother. Vexed at heart, she sat down in a corner, and with tears in her eyes was saying: "You have

perhaps forgot the days of infancy, that you are speaking to me thus harshly.— How well did an old woman observe to her own son, when she saw him powerful as a tiger, and formidable as an elephant: 'Couldst thou call to mind those days of thy infancy when helpless thou wouldst cling to this my bosom, thou wouldst not thus assail me with savage fury, now thou art a lion-like hero, and I am a poor old woman.'"

VII

A rich miser had a son who was grievously sick. His well-wishers and friends spoke to him, saying: "It were proper that you either read the Koran throughout or offer an animal in sacrifice, in order that the Most High God may restore him to health." After a short reflection within himself he answered, "It is better to read the Koran, which is ready at hand; and my herds are at a distance." A good and holy man heard this and remarked: "He makes choice of the reading part because the Koran slips glibly over the tongue, but his money is to be wrung from the soul of him. Fie upon that readiness to bow the head in prayer; would that the hand of charity could accompany it! In bestowing a dinar he will stickle like an ass in the mire; but ask him to read the Al-hamdi, or first chapter of the Koran, and he will recite it a hundred times."

Chapter VII

OF THE IMPRESSIONS OF EDUCATION

I

A certain nobleman had a dunce of a son. He sent him to a learned man, saying: "Verily you will give instruction to this youth, peradventure he may become a rational being." He continued to give him lessons for some time, but they made no impression upon him, when he sent a message to the father, saying: "This son is not getting wise, and he has well-nigh made me a fool!" Where the innate capacity is good, education may make an impression upon it; but no

furbisher knows how to give a polish to iron which is of a bad temper. Wash a dog seven times in the ocean, and so long as he is wet he is all the filthier. Were they to take the ass of Jesus to Mecca, on his return from that pilgrimage he would still be an ass.

II

A philosopher was exhorting his children and saying: "O emanations of my soul, acquire knowledge, as no reliance can be placed on worldly riches and possessions, for once you leave home rank is of no use, and gold and silver on a journey are exposed to the risk either of thieves plundering them at once, or of the owner wasting them by degrees; but knowledge is a perennial spring and ever-during fortune. Were a professional man to lose his fortune, he need not feel regret, for his knowledge is of itself a mine of wealth. Wherever he may sojourn the learned man will meet respect, and be ushered into the upper seat, whilst the ignorant man must put up with offal and suffer want.— If thou covet the paternal heritage, acquire thy father's knowledge, for this thy father's wealth thou may'st squander in ten days. After having been in authority, it is hard to obey; after having been fondled with caresses, to put up with men's violence.— There once occurred an insurrection in Syria, and everybody forsook his former peaceful abode. The sons of peasants, who were men of learning, came to be employed as the ministers of kings; and the children of noblemen, of bankrupt understandings, went a begging from village to village."

III

A certain learned man was superintending the education of a king's son; and he was chastising him without mercy, and reproving him with asperity. The boy, out of all patience, complained to the king his father, and laid bare before him his much-bruised body. The king was much offended, and sending for the master, said: "You do not treat the children of my meanest subject with the harshness and cruelty you do my boy; what do you mean by this?" He

replied: "To think before they speak, and to deliberate before they act, are duties incumbent upon all mankind, and more immediately upon kings; because whatever may drop from their hands and tongue, the special deed or word will somehow become the subject of public animadversion; whereas any act or remark of the commonalty attracts not such notice.— Let a dervish, or poor man, commit a hundred indiscretions, and his companions will not notice one out of the hundred; and let a king but utter one foolish word, and it will be echoed from kingdom to kingdom: therefore in forming the morals of young princes, more pains are to be taken than with the sons of the vulgar. Whoever was not taught good manners in his boyhood, fortune will forsake him when he becomes a man. Thou may'st bend the green bough as thou likest; but let it once get dry, and it will require heat to straighten it:

"'Verily thou may'st bend the tender branch,
But it were labor lost to attempt making straight a crooked billet.'"

The king greatly approved of this ingenious detail, and the wholesome course of discipline of the learned doctor; and, bestowing upon him a dress and largess, raised him one step in his rank as a nobleman!

VI

A king gave his son into the charge of a preceptor, and said: "This is your child, educate him as you would one of your own." For some years he labored in teaching him, but to no good purpose; whilst the sons of the preceptor excelled in eloquence and knowledge. The king blamed the learned man, and remonstrated with him, saying: "You have violated your trust, and infringed the terms of your engagement." He replied: "O king, the education is the same, but their capacities are different!" Though silver and gold are extracted from stones, yet it is not in every stone that gold and silver are found. The Sohail, or star Canopus, is shedding his rays all over the globe. In one place he produces

common leather, in another, or in Yamin, that called Adim, or perfumed.

VII

I heard a certain learned senior observing to a disciple: "If the sons of Adam were as solicitous after Providence, or God, as they are after their means of sustenance, their places in Paradise would surpass those of the angels." God did not overlook thee in that state when thou wert a senseless embryo in thy mother's womb. He bestowed upon thee a soul, reason, temper, intellect, symmetry, speech, judgment, understanding, and reflection. He accommodated thy hands with ten fingers, and suspended two arms from thy shoulders. Canst thou now suppose, O good-for-nothing wretch, that he will forget to provide thy daily bread?

VIII

I observed an Arab who was informing his son:

"O my child, God will ask thee on the day of judgment:
What hast thou done in this life?
But he will not inquire of thee:
Whence didst thou derive thy origin?"

That is, they (or God) will ask, saying: "What are your works?" But he will not question you, saying: "Who is your father?" The covering of the Kaaba at Mecca, which the pilgrims kiss from devotion, is not prized from its being the fabric of a silk-worm; for a while it associated with a venerable friend, and became, in consequence, venerable like him.

IX

They have related in the books of philosophers that scorpions are not brought forth according to the common course of nature, as other animals are, but that they eat their way through their mothers' wombs, tear open their bellies and thus make themselves a passage into the world; and that the fragments of skin which we find in scorpions' holes corroborate this fact. On one occasion I was stating this strange

event to a good and great man, when he answered: "My heart is bearing testimony to the truth of this remark; nor can it be otherwise, for as they have thus behaved toward their parents in their youth, so they are approved and beloved in their riper years." On his death-bed a father exhorted his son, saying: "O generous youth, keep in mind this maxim: 'Whoever is ungrateful to his own kindred can not hope that fortune shall befriend him.'"

X

They asked a scorpion: "Why do you not make your appearance during the winter?" It answered: "What is my character in the summer that I should come abroad also in the winter?"

XIII

One year a dissension arose among the foot-travelers on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the author (Sadi) was also a pedestrian among them. In truth, we fell head and ears together, and accusation and recrimination were bandied from all sides. I overheard a *kajawah,* or gentleman, riding on one side of a camel-litter, observing to his *adil,* or opposite companion: "How strange that the ivory *piyadah,* or pawns, on reaching the top of the *shatranj,* or chess-board, become *fazzin,* or queens; that is, they get rank, or become better than they were; and the *piyadah,* or pawns, of the pilgrimage — that is, our foot-pilgrims — have crossed the desert and become worse." Say from me to that *haji,* or pilgrim, the pest of his fellow-pilgrims, that he lacerates the skin of mankind by his contention. Thou art not a real pilgrim, but that meek camel is one who is feeding on thorns and patient under its burden.

XIV

A Hindu, or Indian, was teaching the art of playing off fireworks. A philosopher observed to him: "This is an unfit sport for you, whose dwelling is made of straw." Utter not a word till thou knowest that it is the mirror of what is correct; and do not put a question where thou knowest that the answer must be unfavorable.

XV

A fellow had a complaint in his eyes, and went to a horse-doctor, saying: "Prescribe something for me." The doctor of horses applied to his eyes what he was in the habit of applying to the eyes of quadrupeds, and the man became blind. They carried their complaint before the *hakim,* or judge. He decreed: "This man has no redress, for had he not been an ass he would not have applied to a horse or ass doctor!" The moral of this apologue is, that whoever doth employ an inexperienced person on an affair of importance, besides being brought to shame, he will incur from the wise the imputation of a weak mind. A prudent man, with an enlightened understanding, entrusts not affairs of consequence to one of mean capacity. The plaiter of mats, notwithstanding he be a weaver, they would not employ in a silk manufactory.

XVI

A certain great Imaan had a worthy son, and he died. They asked him, saying: "What shall we inscribe upon the urn at his tomb?" He replied: "Verses of the holy Koran are of such superior reverence and dignity that they should not be written in places where time might efface, mankind tread upon, or dogs defile them; yet, if an epitaph be necessary, let these two couplets suffice: I said:

"'Alas! how grateful it was proving to my heart,
So long as the verdure of thy existence might flourish in the garden.'

He replied: 'O my friend, have patience till the return of the spring, and thou may'st again see roses blossoming on my bosom, or shooting from my dust.'"

XVII

A holy man was passing by a wealthy personage's mansion, and saw him with a slave tied up by the hands and feet, and giving him chastisement. He said: "O my son! God Almighty has made a creature like yourself subject to your

command, and has given you a superiority over him. Render thanksgiving to the Most High Judge, and deal not with him so savagely; lest hereafter, on the day of judgment, he may prove the more worthy of the two, and you be put to shame.— Be not so enraged with thy bondsman; torture not his body, nor harrow up his heart. Thou mightest buy him for ten dinars, but hadst not after all the power of creating him.— To what length will this authority, pride, and insolence hurry thee; there is a Master mightier than thou art. Yes, thou art a lord of slaves and vassals, but do not forget thine own Lord Paramount — namely, God!" There is a tradition of the prophet Mohammed, on whom be blessing, announcing: On the day of resurrection, that will be the most mortifying event when the good slave will be taken up to heaven, and the wicked master sent down to hell.—"Upon the bondsman, who is subservient to thy command, wreak not thy rage and boundless displeasure. For it must be disgraceful on the day of reckoning to find the slave at liberty and the master in bondage."

Chapter VIII

OF THE DUTIES OF SOCIETY

I

Riches are intended for the comfort of life, and not life for the purpose of hoarding riches. I asked a wise man, saying: "Who is the fortunate man, and who is the unfortunate?" He said: "That man was fortunate who spent and gave away, and that man unfortunate who died and left behind.— Pray not for that good-for-nothing man who did nothing, for he passed his life in hoarding riches, and did not spend them."

II

The prophet Moses, on whom be peace, admonished Carum, saying: "Be bounteous in like manner as God has been bounteous to thee": but he listened not, and you have heard the end of him. Whoever did not an act of charity with his

silver and gold sacrificed his future prospects on his hoard of gold and silver. If desirous that thou shouldst benefit by the wealth of this world, be generous with thy fellow creature, as God has been generous with thee.

The Arabs say:

"Show thy generosity, but make it not obligatory,
That the benefit of it may redound to thee":

that is, bestow and make presents, but do not exact an obligation that the profit of that act may be returned to you. Wherever the tree of generosity strikes root it sends forth its boughs, and they shoot above the skies. If thou cherishest a hope of enjoying its fruit, by gratitude I entreat of thee not to lay a saw upon its trunk. Render thanks to God, that thou wert found worthy of his divine grace, that he has not excluded thee from the riches of his bounty. Esteem it no obligation that thou art serving the king, but show thy gratitude to him, namely God, who has placed thee in this service.

III

Two person labored to a vain, and studied to an unprofitable end: he who hoarded wealth and did not spend it, and he who acquired science and did not practise it. — However much thou art read in theory, if thou hast no practise thou art ignorant. He is neither a sage philosopher nor an acute divine, but a beast of burden with a load of books. How can that brainless head know or comprehend whether he carries on his back a library or bundle of fagots?

IV

Learning is intended to fortify religious practise, and not to gratify worldly traffic.— Whoever prostituted his temperance, piety, and science, gathered his harvest into a heap and set fire to it.

V

An intemperate man of learning is like a blind link-boy:

He shows the road to others, but sees it not himself:

Whoever ventured his life on an unproductive hazard gained nothing by the risk, and lost his own stake.

VI

A kingdom is embellished by the wise, and religion rendered illustrious by the pious. Kings stand more in need of the company of the intelligent than the intelligent do of the society of kings.— If, O king! thou wilt listen to my advice, in all thy archives thou canst not find a wiser maxim than this: entrust thy concerns only to the learned, notwithstanding business is not a learned man's concern.

VII

Three things have no durability without their concomitants: property without trade, knowledge without debate, or a sovereignty without government.

VIII

To compassionate the wicked is to tyrannize over the good; and to pardon the oppressor is to deal harshly with the oppressed.— When thou patronizest and succorest the base-born man, he looks to be made the partner of thy fortune.

IX

No reliance can be placed on the friendship of kings, nor vain hope put in the melodious voice of boys; for that passes away like a vision, and this vanishes like a dream.— Bestow not thy affections upon a mistress who has a thousand lovers; or, if thou bestowest them upon her, be prepared for a separation.

X

Reveal not every secret you have to a friend, for how can you tell but that friend may hereafter become an enemy? And bring not all the mischief you are able to do upon an enemy, for he may one day become your friend. And any private affair that you wish to keep secret, do not divulge to anybody; for, though such a person has your confidence, none

can be so true to your secret as yourself.— Silence is safer than to communicate the thought of thy mind to anybody, and to warn him, saying: Do not divulge it, O silly man! confine the water at the dam-head, for once it has a vent thou canst not stop it. Thou shouldst not utter a word in secret which thou wouldst not have spoken in the face of the public.

XI

A reduced foe, who offers his submission and courts your amity, can only have in view to become a strong enemy, as they have said: "You can not trust the sincerity of friends, then what are you to expect from the cajoling of foes?" Whoever despises a weak enemy resembles him who neglects a spark of fire.— To-day that thou canst quench it, put it out; for let fire rise into a flame, and it may consume a whole world. Now that thou canst transfix him with thy arrow, permit not thy antagonist to string his bow.

XIII

Whoever is making a league with their enemies has it in his mind to do his friends an ill turn.—"O wise man! wash thy hands of that friend who is in confederacy with thy foes."

XIV

When irresolute in the dispatch of business, incline to that side which is the least offensive.— Answer not with harshness a mild-spoken man, nor force him into war who knocks at the gate of peace.

XV

So long as money can answer, it were wrong in any business to put the life in danger — as the Arabs say:

"Let the sword decide after stratagem has failed":

When the hand is balked in every crafty endeavor, it is lawful to lay it upon the hilt of the saber.

XVI

Show no mercy to a subdued foe, for if he recover himself he will show you no mercy.— When thou seest thy antagonist

in a reduced state, curl not thy whiskers at him in contempt, for in every bone there is marrow, and within every jacket there is a man.

XVII

Whoever puts a wicked man to death delivers mankind from his mischief, and the wretch himself from God's vengeance.— Beneficence is praiseworthy; yet thou shouldst not administer a balsam to the wound of the wicked. Knew he not who took compassion on a snake, that it is the pest of the sons of Adam.

XVIII

It is wrong to follow the advice of an adversary; nevertheless it is right to hear it, that you may do the contrary; and this is the essence of good policy.— Sedulously shun whatever thy foe may recommend, otherwise thou may'st wring the hands of repentance on thy knees. Should he show thee to the right a path straight as an arrow, turn aside from that, and take the path to the left.

XX

Two orders of mankind are the enemies of church and State: the king without clemency, and the holy man without learning.— Let not that prince have rule over the State who is not himself obedient to the will of God.

XXI

It behooves a king so to regulate his anger toward his enemies as not to alarm the confidence of his friends; for the fire of passion falls first on the angry man; afterward its sparks will dart forth toward the foe, and him they may reach, or they may not. It ill becomes the children of Adam, formed of dust, to harbor in their heads such pride, arrogance, and passion. I can not fancy all this thy warmth and obstinacy to be created from earth, but from fire. I went to a holy man in the land of Bailcan, and said: "Cleanse me of ignorance by thy instruction!" He replied: "O *fakih,* or theologician! go and bear things patiently like the earth;

or whatever thou hast read let it all be buried under the earth."

XXII

An evil-disposed man is a captive in the hands of an enemy (namely, himself); for wherever he may go he can not escape from the grasp of that enemy's vengeance.— Let a wicked man ascend up to heaven, that he may escape from the grasp of calamity; even thither would the hand of his own evil heart follow him with misfortune.

XXIII

When you see discord raging among the troops of your enemy, be on your side quiet; but if you see them united, think of your own dispersed state.— When thou beholdest war among thy foes, go and enjoy peace with thy friends; but if thou findest them of one soul and mind, string thy bow, and range stones around thy battlements.

XXVIII

Whoever is counseling a self-sufficient man stands himself in need of a counselor.

XXIX

Swallow not the wheedling of a rival, nor pay for the sycophancy of a parasite; for that has laid the snare of treachery, and this whetted the palate of gluttony. The fool is puffed up with his own praise, like a dead body, which on being stretched upon a bier shows a momentary corpulency. — Take heed and listen not to the sycophant's blandishments, who expects in return some small compensation; for shouldst thou any day disappoint his object he would in like style sum up two hundred of thy defects.

XXX

Till some person may show its defects, the speech of the orator will fail of correctness.— Be not vain of the eloquence of thy discourse because it has the fool's good opinion, and thine own approbation.

XXXI

Every person thinks his own intellect perfect, and his own child handsome.— A Mussulman and a Jew were warm in argument to such a degree that I smiled at their subject. The Mussulman said in wrath: "If this deed of conveyance be not authentic may I, O God, die a Jew!" The Jew replied: "On the Pentateuch I swear, if what I say be false, I am a Mussulman like you!" Were intellect to be annihilated from the face of the earth, nobody could be brought to say: "I am ignorant."

XXXII

Ten people will partake of the same joint of meat, and two dogs will snarl over a whole carcass. The greedy man is incontinent with a whole world set before him; the temperate man is content with his crust of bread.— A loaf of brown bread may fill an empty stomach, but the produce of the whole globe can not satisfy a greedy eye.— My father, when the sun of his life was going down, gave me this sage advice, and it set for good, saying: "Lust is a fire; refrain from indulging it, and do not involve thyself in the flames of hell. Since thou hast not the strength of burning in those flames (as a punishment in the next world), pour in this world the water of continence upon this fire — namely, lust."

XXXIII

Whoever does not do good, when he has the means of doing it, will suffer hardship when he has not the means.— None is more unlucky than the misanthrope, for on the day of adversity he has not a single friend.

XXXIV

Life stands on the verge of a single breath; and this world is an existence between two nonentities. Such as truck their *deen,* or religious practise, for worldly pelf are asses. They sold Joseph, and what got they by their bargain? — "Did I not covenant with you, O ye sons of Adam, that you should not serve Satan; for verily he is your avowed enemy."— By

the advice of a foe you broke your faith with a friend; behold from whom you separated, and with whom you united yourselves.

XXXVI

Whatever is produced in haste goes hastily to waste.— I have heard that, after a process of forty years, they convert the clay of the East into a China porcelain cup. At Bagdad they can make a hundred cups in a day, and thou mayst of course conceive their respective value. A chicken walks forth from its shell, and goes in quest of its food; the young of man possesses not that instinct of prudence and discrimination. That which was at once something comes to nothing; and this surpasses all creatures in dignity and wisdom. A piece of crystal or glass is found everywhere, and held of no value; a ruby is obtained with difficulty, and therefore inestimable.

XXXVII

Patience accomplishes its object, while hurry speeds to its ruin.— With my own eyes I saw in the desert that the deliberate man outstripped him that had hurried on. The wing-footed steed is broken down in his speed, whilst the camel-driver jogs on with his beast to the end of his journey.

XXXVIII

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence, and if he knew this he would no longer be ignorant.— When unadorned with the grace of eloquence it is wise to keep watch over the tongue in the mouth. The tongue, by abuse, renders a man contemptible; levity in a nut is a sign of its being empty. A fool was undertaking the instruction of an ass, and had devoted his whole time to this occupation. A wise man said to him: "What art thou endeavoring to do? In this vain attempt dread the reproof of the censorious! A brute can never learn speech from thee; do thou learn silence from him." That man who reflects not before he speaks will only make all the more improper answer. Either like a man arrange thy speech with judgment, or like a brute sit silent.

XXXIX

Whoever shall argue with one more learned than himself that others may take him for a wise man, only confirms them in his being a fool.—" When a person superior to what thou art engages thee in conversation do not contradict him, though thou mayst know better."

XL

He can see no good who will associate with the wicked.—Were an angel from heaven to associate with a demon, he would learn his brutality, perfidy, and hypocrisy. Virtue thou never canst learn of the vicious; it is not the wolf's occupation to mend skins, but to tear them.

XLI

Expose not the secret failings of mankind, otherwise you must verily bring scandal upon them and distrust upon yourself.

XLII

Whoever acquires knowledge and does not practise it resembles him who plows his land and leaves it unsown.

XLVI

It is not every man that has a handsome physical exterior that has a good moral character; for the faculty of business or virtue resides in the heart and not in the skin. Thou canst in one day ascertain the intellectual faculties of a man, and what proficiency he has made in his degrees of knowledge; but be not secure of his mind, nor foolishly sure, for it may take years to detect the innate baseness of the heart.

XLVII

Whoever contends with the great sheds his own blood.—Thou contemplatest thyself as a mighty great man; and they have truly remarked that the squinter sees double. Thou, who canst in play butt with a ram, must soon find thyself with a broken pate.

XLVIII

To grapple with a lion, or to box against a naked scimitar, are not the acts of the prudent.— Brave not the furious with war and opposition; before their arms of strength cross thy hands of submission.

XLIX

A weak man, who tries his courage against the strong, leagues with the foe to his own destruction.— Nurtured in a shade, what strength can he have that he should engage with the warlike in battle; impotent of arm, he was falling the victim of folly when he set his wrist in opposition to a wrist of iron.

L

Whoever will not listen to admonition harbors the fancy of hearing reprehension.— When advice gains not an admission into the ear, if I give thee reproof, hear it in silence.

LI

The idle can not endure the industrious any more than the curs of the market-place, who, on meeting dogs employed for sporting, will snarl at and prevent them passing.

LII

A mean wretch, that can not vie with another in virtue, will assail him with malignity.— The narrow-minded envier will somehow manage to revile thee, who in thy presence might have the tongue of his utterance struck dumb.

LV

To hold counsel with women is bad, and to deal generously with prodigals a fault.— Showing mercy upon the sharp-fanged pard must prove an injustice to the harmless sheep.

LVI

Whoever has his foe at his mercy, and does not kill him, is his own enemy.— With a stone in his hand, and the snake's head convenient, a wise man hesitates not in crushing it.

insolence of the vulgar, otherwise both sustain a loss, for their respect for him is lessened and their own brutality confirmed: — When thou addressest the low with urbanity and kindness, it only adds to their pride and arrogance.

LXXIV

In a season of drought and scarcity ask not the distressed dervish, saying: "How are you?" Unless on the condition that you apply a balm to his wound, and supply him with the means of subsistence.— The ass which thou seest stuck in the slough with his rider, compassionate from thy heart, otherwise do not go near him. Now that thou went and asked him how he fell, like a sturdy fellow bind up thy loins, and take his ass by the tail.

LXXV

Two things are repugnant to reason: to expend more than what Providence has allotted for us, and to die before our ordained time.— Whether offered up in gratitude, or uttered in complaint, destiny can not be altered by a thousand sighs and lamentations. The angel who presides over the storehouse of the winds feels no compunction, though he extinguish the old woman's lamp.

LXXVI

O you that are going in quest of food, sit down, that you may have to eat. And, O you that death is in quest of, go not on, for you can not carry life along with you.— In search of thy daily bread, whether thou exertest thyself, or whether thou dost not, the God of Majesty and Glory will equally provide it. Wert thou to walk into the mouth of a tiger or lion, he could not devour thee, unless by the ordinance of thy destiny.

LXXVII

Whatever was not designed, the hand can not reach; and whatever was ordained, it can attain in any situation.— Thou hast heard that Alexander got as far as chaos; but after all this toil he drank not the water of immortality.



CROSSING THE PERSIAN DESERT.

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LXXVIII

The fisherman, unless it be his lot, catches no fish in the Tigris; and the fish, unless it be its fate, does not die on the dry land.— The wretched miser is prowling all over the world, he in quest of pelf, and death in quest of him.

LXXXI

The envious man is niggard of the gifts of Providence, and an enemy of the innocent.— I met a dry-brained fellow of this sort, tricked forth in the robe of a dignified person. I said: "O sir! if thou art unfortunate in having this disposition, in what have the fortunate been to blame? — Take heed, and wish not misfortune to the misanthrope, for his own ill-conditioned lot is calamity sufficient. What need is there of showing ill-will to him, who has such an enemy close at his heels?"

LXXXII

A scholar without diligence is a lover without money; a traveler without knowledge is a bird without wings; a theorist without practise is a tree without fruit; and a devotee without learning is a house without an entrance.

LXXXIII

The object of sending the Koran down from heaven was that mankind might make it a manual of morals, and not that they should recite it by sections.

LXXXIV

The sincere publican has proceeded on foot; the slothful Pharisee is mounted and gone asleep.

LXXXV

The sinner who humbles himself in prayer is more acceptable than the devotee who is puffed up with pride.— The courteous and kind-hearted soldier of fortune is better than the misanthropic and learned divine.

LXXXVI

A learned man without works is a bee without honey.— Tell that harsh and ungenerous hornet: As thou yieldest no honey, wound not with thy sting.

LXXXIX

Though a dress presented by the sovereign be honorable, yet is our own tattered garment preferable; and though the viands at a great man's table be delicate, yet is our own homely fare more sweet.— A salad and vinegar, the produce of our own industry, are sweeter than the lamb and bread sauce at the table of our village chief.

XC

It is contrary to sound judgment, and repugnant to the maxims of the prudent, to take a medicine on conjecture, or to follow a road but in the track of a caravan.

XCI

They asked Imaam Mursheed Mohammed-bin-Mohammed Ghazali, on whom be God's mercy, how he had reached such a pitch of knowledge. He replied: "Whatever I was ignorant of myself, I felt no shame in asking of others."— Thy prospect of health conforms with reason, when thy pulse is in charge of a skilled physician. Ask whatever thou knowest not; for the condescension of inquiring is a guide on thy road in the excellence of learning.

XCII

Anything you foresee that you may somehow come to know, be not hasty in questioning, lest your consequence and respectability may suffer.— When Lokman perceived that in the hands of David iron was miraculously molded like wax, he asked him not, How didst thou do it? for he was aware that he should know it, through his own wisdom, without asking.

XCIII

It is one of the laws of good breeding that you should forego

an engagement or accommodate yourself to the master of the entertainment.— If thou knowest that the inclination is reciprocal, accommodate thy story to the temper of the hearer. Any discreet man that was in Mujnun's company would entertain him only with encomiums on Laila.

XCVIII

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain. In like manner as the brothers of the blessed Joseph, who, being notorious for a lie, had no credit afterward when they spoke the truth: God on high has said — Jacob is supposed to speak — (Koran xii. Sale ii. 35): "Nay, but rather ye have contrived this to gratify your own passion; yet it behooves me to be patient."— If a man who is in the habit of speaking truth lets a mistake escape him, we can overlook it; but if he be notorious for uttering falsehoods, and tell a truth, thou wilt call it a lie.

XCIX

The noblest of creatures is man, and the vilest of animals is no doubt a dog; yet, in the concurring opinion of the wise, a dog, thankful for his food, is more worthy than a human being who is void of gratitude.— A dog will never forget the crumb thou gavest him, though thou mayst afterward throw a hundred stones at his head; but foster with thy kindness a low man for an age, and on the smallest provocation he will be up against thee in arms.

CI

It is written in the Injeel, or Gospel, stating: "O son of man, if I bestow riches upon you you will be more intent upon your property than upon me, and if I leave you in poverty you will sit down dejected; how then can you feel a relish to praise, or a zeal to worship me?" (Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9).— In the day of plenty thou art proud and negligent; in the time of want, full of sorrow and dejected; since in prosperity

and adversity such is thy condition, it were difficult to state when thou wouldst voluntarily do thy duty.

CII

The pleasure of Him, or God, who has no equal, hurls one man from a throne of sovereignty, and another he preserves in a fish's belly.— Happy proceeds his time who is enraptured with thy praise, though, like Jonah, he even may pass it in the belly of a fish!

CIII

Were the Almighty to unsheath the sword of his wrath, prophets and patriarchs would draw in their heads; and were he to deign a glimpse of his benevolence, it would reach the wicked along with the good.— Were he on the day of judgment to call us to a strict account, even the prophets would have no room for excuse. Say, withdraw the veil from the face of thy compassion, that sinners may entertain hopes of pardon.

CIV

Whoever is not to be brought into the path of righteousness by the punishments of this life shall be overtaken with the punishments of that to come: "Verily, I will cause them to taste the lesser punishment over and above the greater punishment" (Koran xxxii. Sale ii. 258).— Princes, in chastising, admonish, and then confine; when they admonish, and thou listenest not, they throw thee into prison.

CV

Men of auspicious fortune would rather take warning from the precepts and examples of their predecessors than that the rising generation should take warning from their acts.— The bird will not approach the grain that is spread about, where it sees another bird a captive in the snare. Take warning by the mischance of others, that others may not take warning by thine.

CVI

How can he help himself who was born deaf, if he can not

hear; and what can he do whose thread of fortune is dragging him on that he may not proceed? — The dark night of such as are beloved of God is serene and light as the bright day; but this good fortune results not from thine own strength of arm, till God in his mercy deign to bestow it. To whom shall I complain of thee? for there is no judge else, nor is any arm mightier than thine. Him whom thou directest none can lead astray, and him whom thou bewilderest none can direct upon his way.

CVII

The beggar whose end is good is better off than the king whose end is evil.— That sorrow which is the harbinger of joy is preferable to the joy which is followed by sorrow.

CVIII

The sky enriches the earth with rain, and the earth gives it dust in return. As the Arabs say: "What the vessels have, that they give."— If my moral character strike thee as improper, do not renounce thine own good character.

CIX

The Most High God discerns and hides what is improper; my neighbor sees not, and is loud in his clamor.— God preserve us! if man knew what is hidden, none could be safe from the animadversion of his neighbor.

CX

Gold is got from the mine by digging into the earth; and from the grasp of the miser by taking away his life.— Misers spend not, but watch with solicitude: expectation, they say, is preferable to waste. Next day observe to the joy of their enemies, the gold remains, and they are dead without the enjoyment of that hope.

CXI

Such as deal hard with the weak will suffer from the extortion of the strong.— It is not every arm in which there is

strength that can wrench the hand of a weak man. Bring not affliction upon the hearts of the feeble, lest thou mayst fall under the lash of the strong.

CXII

A wise man, where he meets opposition, labors to get through it, and where he finds quiet he drops his anchor, for there safety is on one side, and here enjoyment in the middle of it.

CXIII

The gamester wants three sixes, but he throws only three aces.— The pasture meadow is a thousand times richer than the common, but the horse has not his tether at command.

CXIV

The dervish in his prayer is saying: "O God, have compassion on the wicked, for to the good thou hast been abundantly kind, inasmuch as thou hast made them virtuous."

CXV

Jemshid was the first person who put an edging round his garment, and a ring upon his finger. They asked him: "Why did you bestow all the decoration and ornament on the left hand, whilst the right is the superior?" He answered: "Sufficient for the right is the ornament of being right." Feridun commanded the gilders of China that they would inscribe upon the front of his palace: "Strive, O wise man, to make the wicked good, for the good are of themselves great and fortunate."

CXVI

They said to a great and holy man: "Notwithstanding the superiority that the right hand commands, why do they wear the ring on the left hand?" He replied: "Are you not aware that the best are most neglected!" He who casts our horoscope, provision, and fortune, bestows upon us either good luck or wisdom."

CXVII

It is proper for him to offer counsel to kings who dreads not to lose his head, nor looks for a reward.— Whether thou strewest heaps of gold at his feet, or brandishest an Indian sword over the Unitarian's head, to hope or fear he is alike indifferent; and in this the divine unity alone he is resolved and firm.

CXVIII

It belongs to the king to displace extortioners, to the superintendent of the police to guard against murderers, and to the cazi to decide in quarrels and disputes. No two complainants ever referred to the cazi content to abide by justice. When thou knowest that in right the claim is just, better pay with a grace than by distress and force. If a man is refractory in discharging his revenue, the collector must necessarily coerce him to pay it.

CXIX

Every man's teeth are blunted by acids excepting the cazi's, and they require sweets.— That cazi, or judge, that can accept of five cucumbers as a bribe will confirm thee in a right to ten fields of melons.

CXXI

They asked a wise man, saying: "Of the many celebrated trees which the Most High God has created lofty and umbrageous, they call none *azad,* or free, excepting the cypress, which bears no fruit; what mystery is there in this?" He replied: "Each has its appropriate produce and appointed season, during the continuance of which it is fresh and blooming, and during their absence dry and withered; to neither of which states is the cypress exposed, being always flourishing; and of this nature are the *azads,* or religious independents. Fix not thy heart on what is transitory; for the Dijlah, or Tigris, will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of Califs is extinct. If thy hand has plenty, be liberal as the date-tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an *azad,* or free man, like the cypress.

CXXII

Two orders of mankind died, and carried with them regret: such as had and did not spend, and such as knew and did not practise.— None can see that wretched mortal a miser who will not endeavor to point out his faults; but were the generous man to have a hundred defects, his liberality would cover all his blemishes.

COLOPHON

The book of the "Gulistan, or Flower-Garden," was completed through the assistance and grace of God. Throughout the whole of this work I have not followed the custom of writers by inserting verses of poetry borrowed from former authors: "It is more decorous to wear our own patched and old cloak than to ask in loan another man's garment."

Most of these sayings have a dash of hilarity and an odor of gaiety about them, in consequence of which short-sighted critics extend the tongue of animadversion, saying: "It is not the occupation of sensible men to solicit marrow from a shriveled brain, or to digest the smoke of a profitless lamp." Nevertheless it can not be concealed from the enlightened judgment of the holy and good, to whom these discourses are specially addressed, that the pearls of salutary admonition are threaded on the cord of an elegance of language, and the bitter potion of instruction sweetened with the honey of facetiousness, that the taste of the reader may not take disgust, and himself be debarred from the pleasure of approving of them: "On our part we offered some good advice, and spent an age in bringing it to perfection. If that should not meet the ear of anybody's good-will, prophets deliver their messages, or warn mankind; and that is enough."

O thou who perusest this book, ask the mercy of God on the author of it: his forgiveness on the transcriber. Petition for whatever charitable gift thou mayst require for thyself, and implore pardon on the owner. The book is finished through the favor of the Lord God Paramount and the bestower of all good!

HAFIZ

"Love's slave am I, and from both worlds am free."
— HAFIZ.

"Knowest thou what fortune is?
'Tis Beauty's sight obtaining;
'Tis asking in her lane for alms,
And royal pomp disdaining."
— HAFIZ.

HAFIZ

(INTRODUCTION)

THE name Hafiz means "having a retentive memory," and was given as a phrase of honor to the poet when, as a young student, he recited the entire Koran by heart. Thus the poet's real name, like that of Sadi, has fallen into complete neglect. Hafiz "the strong-memoried" was also a townsman of Sadi, being born at Shiraz in 1325 and dying there in 1389 or later.

In the century of Hafiz, Shiraz was an important city ruled by cultured and liberal princes, who made much of the poet. This may perhaps explain his attachment to his native home. Tradition tells us that he was repeatedly urged by other princes to dwell in their courts. On one occasion he was summoned as a high honor to visit the Sultan of India. He started by sea, but encountered a heavy storm which drove his vessel back to port. Thereupon Hafiz returned promptly to Shiraz and sent a poetic apology to the Sultan in his stead. He had lost all taste for travel.

The people of Southern Persia commonly say of both Hafiz and Sadi that they had "drunk of the cup of the green old man." The legend as told of Hafiz is that in his youth he rivaled a prince of Shiraz for the love of a young maid. To match himself better against his powerful rival, Hafiz resolved to seek the "green man," a spirit who haunted a spot named after him and there offered the wine of poetic perfection to whoever would dare quaff the cup. Hafiz visited the haunt of the spirit for forty successive nights, watching each night through without sleeping. His beloved, in terror, entreated him to give over his reckless vigil, but he persisted, and on the fortieth night the spirit appeared clothed in a wonderful green mantle. Hafiz boldly drank the magic

liquor offered him and found it to be indeed the essence of immortal inspiration. The Persian saying is thus a way of classing Sadi and Hafiz as two perfect poets.

The poetic qualities of Hafiz have already been sufficiently explained. As upholding his claim to earnest Sufism, it should be noted that he was for a time professor in a Mohammedan theological academy, and that the loss of this position was due in part to an outspoken contempt for the religious hypocrisy he encountered there. To all future ages, however, Hafiz will presumably continue "the Chief Poet of Love," "the Persian Anacreon," the greatest musician of earthly joy.

A word as to his "Divan." *Divan* is merely a general Persian word meaning "a collection." Hence every poet's gathered short poems are a *divan*. With Hafiz the term is generally applied to the collection of his shorter love-lyrics; and it is because these alone are usually translated into European tongues that we gather a somewhat narrow view of Hafiz. He wrote many other poems, "rubaiyat," panegyrics, and "Masnavis" or poems of philosophy. Some of these other songs of Hafiz are given here, as well as his "Divan."

Here is one other Hafiz legend worth remembering. At his death some of his religious foes vehemently opposed his being buried in the ground reserved for good Mohammedans. Appeal was finally taken to his own works, the common means of divination being employed of deciding by a passage picked by chance. His opponents agreed to this because in Hafiz's works it seemed sure that the lot must fall upon some earthly or else scoffing passage. But fate pointed to the lines:

> "Withdraw not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz,
> Though sunk in sin, he will rise in Paradise."

So the poet received honorable religious burial.

HAFIZ

IN PRAISE OF HIS OWN VERSES

The beauty of these verses baffles praise:
What guide is needed to the solar blaze?
Extol that artist by whose pencil's aid
The virgin, Thought, so richly is arrayed.
For her no substitute can reason show,
Nor any like her human judgment know.
This verse, a miracle, or magic white —
Brought down some voice from Heaven, or Gabriel bright?
By me as by none else are secrets sung,
No pearls of poesy like mine are strung.

A PERSIAN SONG[1]

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarkand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden can not show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bow'r so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender heart invades,

[1] This and the following song are translated by Sir William Jones.

And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New luster to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: — ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heav'n, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lips?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like Orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The Nymph for whom these notes are sung.

THE FEAST OF SPRING

My breast is filled with roses,
 My cup is crowned with wine,
And by my side reposes
 The maid I hail as mine.
The monarch, wheresoe'er he be,
Is but a slave compared to me!

Their glare no torches throwing
 Shall in our bower be found;
Her eyes, like moonbeams glowing,
 Cast light enough around:
And well all odors I can spare,
Who scent the perfume of her hair.

The honey-dew thy charm might borrow,
 Thy lip alone to me is sweet;
When thou art absent, faint with sorrow
 I hide me in some lone retreat.
Why talk to me of power or fame? —
 What are those idle toys to me?
Why ask the praises of my name?
 My joy, my triumph is in thee!

How blest am I! around me, swelling,
 The notes of melody arise;
I hold the cup, with juice excelling,
 And gaze upon thy radiant eyes.
O Hafiz! — never waste thy hours
 Without the cup, the lute, and love!

For 'tis the sweetest time of flowers,
And none these moments shall reprove.
The nightingales around thee sing,
It is the joyous feast of spring.

MYSTIC ODE

In wide Eternity's vast space,
Where no beginning was, wert Thou:
The rays of all-pervading grace
Beneath Thy veil flamed on Thy brow.
Then Love and Nature sprang to birth,
And Life and Beauty filled the earth.

Awake, my soul! pour forth thy praise,
To that great Being anthems raise —
That wondrous Architect who said,
"Be formed," and this great orb was made.

Since first I heard the blissful sound —
"To man My Spirit's breath is given";
I knew, with thankfulness profound,
His sons we are — our Home is heaven.
Oh! give me tidings that shall tell
When I may hope with Thee to dwell,
That I may quit this world of pain,
Nor seek to be its guest again.

A bird of holiness am I,
That from the vain world's net would fly;
Shed, bounteous Lord, one cheering shower
From Thy pure cloud of guiding power,
Before, even yet, the hour is come,
When my dust rises toward its home.

What are our deeds? — all worthless, all —
Oh, bring Devotion's wine,
That strength upon my soul may fall
From drops Thou mad'st divine.

The world's possessions fade and flee,
The only good is — loving Thee!

O happy hour! when I shall rise
From earth's delusions to the skies,
Shall find my soul at rest, and greet
The traces of my loved one's feet:
Dancing with joy, whirled on with speed,
Like motes that gorgeous sunbeams feed,
Until I reach the fountain bright
Whence yonder sun derives his light.

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY LOVE

(A MYSTICAL POEM)

A being, formed like thee, of clay,
Destroys thy peace from day to day;
Excites thy waking hours with pain;
Consumes thy sleep with visions vain.
Thy mind is rapt, thy sense betrayed;
Thy head upon her foot is laid.
The teeming earth, the glowing sky,
Is nothing to her faintest sigh.

Thine eye sees only her; thy heart
Feels only her in every part.
Careless of censure, restless, lost,
By ceaseless wild emotions tost;
If she demand thy soul, 'tis given —
She is thy life, thy death, thy heaven.

Since a vain passion, based on air,
Subdues thee with a power so rare,
How canst thou marvel those who stray
Tow'rd the true path are led away,
Till, scarce the goal they can descry,
Whelmed in adoring mystery?

Life they regard not; for they live
In Him whose hands all being give:
The world they quit for Him, who made
Its wondrous light, its wondrous shade:
For Him all pleasures they resign,
And love Him with a love divine!

On the cupbearer gazing still,
The cup they break, the wine they spill.
From endless time their ears have rung
With words, by angel voices sung;
"Art thou not bound to God?" they cry;
And the blest "Yes" whole hosts reply.

They seem unmoved, but ceaseless thought
Works in their minds, with wisdom fraught.
Their feet are earth, but souls of flame
Dwell in each unregarded frame.
Such power by steady faith they gain,
One yell would rend the rocks in twain;

One word that cities could o'erthrow,
And spread abroad despair and woe.
Like winds, unseen, they rove all ways;
Silent, like stone, they echo praise:
So rapt, so blest, so filled are they,
They know not night — they see not day!

So fair He seems, all things who made,
The forms He makes to them are shade;
And, if a beauteous shape they view,
'Tis his reflection shining through.

The wise cast not the pearl away,
Charmed with the shell, whose hues are gay;
To him pure love is only known,
Who leaves both worlds for God alone.

HAFIZ

THE DIVAN[1]

I

"*Ala ya ayyuha's-Saki!*"— pass round and offer thou the bowl,
For love, which seemed at first so easy, has now brought trouble to my soul.

With yearning for the pod's aroma, which by the East that lock shall spread
From that crisp curl of musky odor, how plenteously our hearts have bled!

Stain with the tinge of wine thy prayer-mat, if thus the aged Magian bid,
For from the traveler from the Pathway no stage nor usage can be hid.

Shall my beloved one's house delight me, when issues ever and anon
From the relentless bell the mandate: "'Tis time to bind thy litters on"?

The waves are wild, the whirlpool dreadful, the shadow of the night steals o'er,
How can my fate excite compassion in the light-burdened of the shore?

Each action of my froward spirit has won me an opprobrious name;
Can any one conceal the secret which the assembled crowds proclaim?

[1] Translated by H. Bicknell.

If Joy be thy desire, O Hafiz,
From Him far distant never dwell.
"As soon as thou hast found thy Loved one,
Bid to the world a last farewell."

II

Thou whose features clearly beaming make the moon of Beauty bright,
Thou whose chin contains a well-pit [2] which to Loveliness gives light.

When, O Lord! shall kindly Fortune, sating my ambition, pair
This my heart of tranquil nature and thy wild and ruffled hair?

Pining for thy sight my spirit trembling on my lip doth wait:
Forth to speed it, back to lead it, speak the sentence of its fate.

Pass me with thy skirt uplifted from the dusty bloody ground:
Many who have been thy victims dead upon this path are found.

How this heart is anguish-wasted let my heart's possessor know:
Friends, your souls and mine contemplate, equal by their common woe.

Aught of good accrues to no one witched by thy Narcissus eye:
Ne'er let braggart vaunt their virtue, if thy drunken orbs are nigh.

Soon my Fortune sunk in slumber shall her limbs with vigor brace:

[2] An allusion to the dimple and moisture of the chin, considered great beauties by Orientals.

Dashed upon her eye is water, sprinkled by thy shining face.

Gather from thy cheek a posy, speed it by the flying East;
Sent be perfume to refresh me from thy garden's dust at least.

Hafiz offers a petition, listen, and "Amen" reply:
"On thy sugar-dropping rubies let me for life's food rely."

Many a year live on and prosper, Sakis of the court of Jem,[3]
E'en though I, to fill my wine-cup, never to your circle come.

East wind, when to Yazd thou wingest, say thou to its sons from me:
"May the head of every ingrate ball-like 'neath your mall-bat be!"

"What though from your dais distant, near it by my wish I seem;
Homage to your Ring I render, and I make your praise my theme."

Shah of Shahs, of lofty planet, Grant for God what I implore;
Let me, as the sky above thee, Kiss the dust which strews thy floor.

V

Up Saki! — let the goblet flow;
Strew with dust the head of our earthly woe!

Give me thy cup; that, joy-possessed,
I may tear this azure cowl from my breast.[4]

[3] Jem or Jemshid, an ancient King of Persia. By Jem and his Sakis are to be understood, in this couplet, the King of Yazd and his courtiers.

[4] By the azure cowl is implied the cloak of deceit and false humility. Hafiz uses this expression to cast ridicule upon Shaikh Hazan's order of dervishes, who were inimical to the brotherhood of which the poet was a member. The dervishes mentioned wore blue to express their celestial aspirations.

The wise may deem me lost to shame,
But no care have I for renown or name.

Bring wine! — how many a witless head
By the wind of pride has with dust been spread!

My bosom's fumes, my sighs so warm,
Have inflamed yon crude and unfeeling swarm.[5]

This mad heart's secret, well I know,
Is beyond the thoughts of both high and low.

E'en by that sweetheart charmed am I,
Who once from my heart made sweetness fly.

Who that my Silvern Tree hath seen,
Would regard the cypress that decks the green?

In grief be patient,
Night and day,
Till thy fortune, Hafiz,
Thy wish obey.

VI

My heart no longer brooks my hand: sages, aid for God my woe!
Else, alas! my secret-deep soon the curious world must know.

The bark we steer has stranded: O breeze auspicious swell:
We yet may see once more the Friend we love so well.

The ten days' favor of the Sphere — magic is; a tale which lies!
Thou who wouldst befriend thy friends, seize each moment ere it flies.

[5] The disciples of Shaikh Hasan. Hafiz had incurred their displeasure by the levity of his conduct.

At night, 'mid wine and flowers, the bulbul tuned his song:
"Bring thou the morning bowl: prepare, ye drunken throng!"

Sikander's mirror, once so famed, is the wine-filled cup: behold
All that haps in Dara's realm glassed within its wondrous mold.[6]

O bounteous man, since Heaven sheds o'er thee blessings mild,
Inquire, one day at least, how fares Misfortune's child.

What holds in peace this twofold world, let this twofold sentence show:
"Amity to every friend, courtesy to every foe."

Upon the way of honor, impeded was my range;
If this affect thee, strive my destiny to change.

That bitter, which the Sufi styled "Mother of all woes that be,"[7]
Seems, with maiden's kisses weighed, better and more sweet to me.

Seek drunkenness and pleasure till times of strait be o'er:
This alchemy of life can make the beggar Kore.[8]

[6] In some MSS. we read: "The mirror of Sikander is the goblet of Jem." King Jem, or Jemshid, had a talismanic cup: Sikander, or Alexander, had inherited from pre-Adamite times a magic mirror by means of which he was enabled to see into the camp of his enemy Dara (Darius). Hafiz here informs us that the knowledge imputed to either king was obtained by wine.

[7] Referring to wine, which in the Koran is declared to be the Mother of Vices.

[8] Korah, Kore, or Karun, the Dives of his age, was an alchemist. He lived in an excess of luxury and show. At the height of his pride and gluttony he rebelled against Moses, refusing to pay a tithe of his possessions for the public use. The earth then opened and swallowed him up together with the palace in which he dwelt. (See Koran, chap. xxviii, and, for the Bible narrative, The Book of Numbers, chap. xvi.)

Submit; or burn thou taper-like e'en from jealousy o'er-
much:
Adamant, no less than wax, melts beneath that charmer's
touch.

When fair ones talk in Persian, the streams of life outwell:
This news to pious Pirs, my Saki, haste to tell.

Since Hafiz, not by his own choice,
This his wine-stained cowl did win,
Shaikh, who hast unsullied robes,
Hold me innocent of sin.[9]

Arrayed in youthful splendor, the orchard smiles again;
News of the rose enraptures the bulbul of sweet strain.

Breeze, o'er the meadow's children, when thy fresh fragrance
blows,
Salute for me the cypress, the basil, and the rose.

If the young Magian [10] dally with grace so coy and fine,
My eye shall bend their fringes to sweep the house of wine.

O thou whose bat of amber hangs o'er a moon below,[11]
Deal not to me so giddy, the anguish of a blow.

I fear that tribe of mockers who topers' ways impeach,
Will part with their religion the tavern's goal to reach.

To men of God be friendly: in Noah's ark was earth [12]
Which deemed not all the deluge one drop of water worth.

As earth, two handfuls yielding, shall thy last couch supply,
What need to build thy palace, aspiring to the sky?

[9] It was decreed from all eternity that Hafiz should drink wine. He had therefore no free agency and could not be justly blamed.

[10] The boy serving at the wine-house.

[11] The curl of hair over a moon-like face is here compared to a curved mall-bat sweeping over a ball.

[12] By "earth" is to be understood Noah himself.

Flee from the house of Heaven, and ask not for her bread:
Her goblet black shall shortly her every guest strike dead.[13]

To thee, my Moon of Canaan, the Egyptian throne pertains;
At length has come the moment that thou shouldst quit thy chains.

I know not what dark projects those pointed locks design,
That once again in tangles their musky curls combine.

Be gay, drink wine, and revel;
But not, like others, care,
O Hafiz, from the Koran
To weave a wily snare!

XII

Oh! where are deeds of virtue and this frail spirit where?
How wide the space that sunders the bounds of Here and There!

Can toping aught in common with works and worship own?
Where is regard for sermons, where is the rebeck's Tone?[14]

My heart abhors the cloister, and the false cowl its sign:
Where is the Magian's cloister, and where is his pure wine?

'Tis fled: may memory sweetly mind me of Union's days!
Where is that voice of anger, where those coquettish ways?

Can a foe's heart be kindled by the friend's face so bright?
Where is a lamp unlighted, and the clear Day-star's light?

As dust upon thy threshold supplies my eyes with balm,
If I forsake thy presence, where can I hope for calm?

[13] Fate, Fortune, and the Sky, are in Oriental poetry intervertible expressions; and the dome of Heaven is compared to a cup which is full of poison for the unfortunate.

[14] The rebeck is a sort of violin having only three chords.

Turn from that chin's fair apple; a pit is on the way.
To what, O heart, aspir'st thou? Whither thus quickly? Say!

Seek not, O friend, in Hafiz
Patience, nor rest from care:
Patience and rest — what are they?
Where is calm slumber, where?

XIV

At eve a son of song — his heart be cheerful long! —
Piped on his vocal reed a soul-inflaming lay.

So deeply was I stirred, that melody once heard,
That to my tearful eyes the things of earth grew gray.

With me my Saki was, and momently did he
At night the sun of Dai [15] by lock and cheek display.

When he perceived my wish, he filled with wine the bowl;
Then said I to that youth whose track was Fortune's way:

"Saki, from Being's prison deliverance did I gain,
When now and now the cup thou lit'st with cheerful ray.

"God guard thee here below from all the haps of woe;
God in the Seat of Bliss reward thee on His day!"

When Hafiz rapt has grown,
How, at one barleycorn,
Should he appraise the realm,
E'en of Kaus the Kay? [16]

XVI

I said: "O Monarch of the lovely, a stranger seeks thy grace this day."

[15] His locks being black as night and his cheek cheerful as the Sun of Dai or December.

[16] Kai-Kaus, one of the most celebrated monarchs of Persia.

I heard: "The heart's deceitful guidance inclines the stranger from his way."

Exclaimed I then: "One moment tarry!" "Nay," was the answer, "let me go;
How can the home-bred child be troubled by stories of a stranger's woe?"

Shall one who, gently nurtured, slumbers with royal ermine for a bed,
"Care if on rocks or thorns reposing the stranger rests his weary head?"

O thou whose locks hold fast on fetters so many a soul known long ago,
How strange that musky mole and charming upon thy cheek of vermil glow!

Strange is that ant-like down's appearance circling the oval of thy face;
Yet musky shade is not a stranger within the Hall which paintings grace.[17]

A crimson tint, from wine reflected, gleams in that face of moonlight sheen;
E'en as the bloom of syrtis, strangely, o'er clusters of the pale Nasrin.[18]

I said: "O thou, whose lock so night-black is evening in the stranger's sight,
Be heedful if, at break of morning, the stranger sorrow for his plight."

[17] The pictured halls of China, or, in particular, the palace of Arzhang, the dwelling of Manes. Manes lived in the third century of our era, and his palace was famed as the Chinese picture-gallery. Hafiz compares the bloom upon the cheek of his friend to the works of art executed by Manes, in which dark shadows, like velvety down upon the human face, excite no surprise.

[18] The Nasrin is the dog-rose.

"Hafiz," the answer was, "familiars
Stand in amaze at my renown;
It is no marvel if a stranger
In weariness and grief sit down."

XVII

'Tis morn; the clouds a ceiling make:
The morn-cup, mates, the morn-cup take!

Drops of dew streak the tulip's cheek;
The wine-bowl, friends, the wine-bowl seek!

The greensward breathes a gale divine;
Drink, therefore, always limpid wine.

The Flower her emerald throne displays:
Bring wine that has the ruby's blaze.

Again is closed the vintner's store,
"Open, Thou Opener of the door!" [19]

While smiles on us the season's boon,
I marvel that they close so soon.

Thy lips have salt-rights, 'tis confessed,
O'er wounds upon the fire-burnt breast.

Hafiz, let not
Thy courage fail!
Fortune, thy charmer
Shall unveil.

XIX

Lo! from thy love's enchanting bowers Rizvan's bright gardens fresher grow; [20]

[19] In Mohammedan countries it is customary to write upon the doors: "O Opener of the gates! open unto us the gates of blessing."

[20] Rizvan is the gardener and gatekeeper of Paradise.

From the fierce heat thine absence kindles, Gehenna's flames
intenser glow.

To thy tall form and cheek resplendent, as to a place of
refuge, fleet
Heaven and the Tuba-tree, and find there —"Happiness —
and a fair retreat." [21]

When nightly the celestial river glides through the garden of
the skies,
As my own eye, it sees in slumber, naught but thy drunk
narcissus eyes.

Each section of the spring-tide's volume makes a fresh com-
ment on thy name,
Each portal of the Empyrean murmurs the title of thy fame.

My heart has burned, but to ambition, the aim, still wished
for, is denied:
These tears that tinged with blood are flowing, if I could
reach it, would be dried.

What ample power thy salt-rights give thee (which both thy
mouth and lips can claim),
Over a breast by sorrow wounded, and a heart burnt within
its flame!

Oh! think not that the amorous only are drunk with rapture
at thy sway:
Hast thou not heard of zealots, also, as reckless and as
wrecked as they?

[21] The lote-tree, known to Arabs as the Tuba, is a prickly shrub. The Koran says: "To those who believe, and perform good works, appertain welfare and a fair retreat. The men of the right hand — how happy shall be the men of the right hand! — shall dwell among the lote-trees without thorns. Under their feet rivers shall flow in the garden of Delight."

By thy lips' reign I hold it proven that the bright ruby's sheen is won
By the resplendent light that flashes out of a world-illuming sun.[22]

Fling back thy veil! how long, oh tell me! shall drapery thy beauty pale?
This drapery, no profit bringing, can only for thy shame avail.

A fire within the rose's bosom was kindled when she saw thy face;
And soon as she inhaled thy fragrance, she grew all rose-dew from disgrace.

The love thy countenance awakens whelms Hafiz in misfortune's sea;
Death threatens him! ho there! give help, ere yet that he has ceased to be!

While life is thine, consent not, Hafiz,
That it should speed ignobly by;
But strive thou to attain the object
Of thy existence ere thou die.

XX

I swear — my master's soul bear witness, faith of old times, and promise leal! —
At early morning, my companion, is prayer for thy unceasing weal.

My tears, a more o'erwhelming deluge than was the flood which Noah braved,
Have washed not from my bosom's tablet the image which thy love has graved.

[22] According to Oriental belief, the ruby and all other gems derive their brilliancy from the action of the sun. By a similar process of Nature, ruby lips obtain their vivid color from the sun above them.

Come deal with me, and strike thy bargain: I have a broken
heart to sell,
Which in its ailing state outvalues a hundred thousand which
are well.

Be lenient, if thou deem me drunken: on the primeval day
divine
Love, who possessed my soul as master, bent my whole nature
unto wine.

Strive after truth that for thy solace the Sun may in thy
spirit rise;
For the false dawn of earlier morning grows dark of face
because it lies.[23]

O heart, thy friend's exceeding bounty should free thee from
unfounded dread;
This instant, as of love thou vauntest, be ready to devote thy
head!

I gained from thee my frantic yearning for mountains and
the barren plain,
Yet loath art thou to yield to pity, and loosen at mid-height
my chain.

If the ant casts reproach on Asaf, with justice does her
tongue upbraid,
For when his Highness lost Jem's signet, no effort for the
quest he made.[24]

[23] The zodiacal light or faint illumination of the sky which disappears before the light of daybreak.

[24] Asaf, Solomon's "Vizier," was entrusted with the guardianship of the imperial signet ring, which was possessed of magical properties. While in his care it was stolen. When Solomon granted an audience to animals, and even insects, the ant, it is related, brought as an offering a blade of grass and rebuked Asaf for having guarded the royal treasure so carelessly. By Asaf, Hafiz symbolizes in the present instance his friend or favorite; by the ant is implied a small hair on the face, and by the lost signet of Jem, a beautiful mouth, so small and delicate as to be invisible.

No constancy — yet grieve not, Hafiz —
Expect thou from the faithless fair;
What right have we to blame the garden,
Because the plant has withered there?

XXII

Veiled in my heart my fervent love for him dwells,
And my true eye holds forth a glass to his spells.

Though the two worlds ne'er bowed my head when elate,
Favors as his have bent my neck with their weight.

Thine be the lote, but I Love's stature would reach.
High like his zeal ascends the fancy of each.

Yet who am I that sacred temple to tread?
Still let the East that portal guard in my stead!

Spots on my robe — shall they arouse my complaint?
Nay! the world knows that he at least has no taint.

My turn has come; behold! Majnun is no more; [25]
Five days shall fly, and each one's turn shall be o'er.

Love's ample realm, sweet joy, and all that is glad,
Save for his bounty I should never have had.[26]

I and my heart — though both should sacrificed be,
Grant my friend's weal, their loss were nothing to me.

Ne'er shall his form within my pupil be dim,
For my eye's cell is but a chamber for him.

All the fresh blooms that on the greensward we view,
Gain but from him their scent and beauty of hue.

[25] Majnun, a celebrated lover, maddened by the charms of Laila.

[26] This ode may have been written in gratitude for the patronage of a man of rank.

Hafiz seems poor;
But look within, for his breast,
Shrining his love,
With richest treasure is blest.

XXIII

Prone at my friend's high gates, my Will its head lays still:
Whate'er my head awaits is ordered by that will.

My friend resembles none; in vain I sought to trace,
In glance of moon or sun, the radiance of that face.

Can morning's breeze make known what grief this heart doth hold,
Which as a bud hath grown, compressed by fold on fold?

Not I first drained the jar where rev'lers pass away:[27]
Heads in this work-yard are naught else than wine-jars' clay.

Meseems thy comb has wreathed those locks which amber yield:
The gale has civet breathed, and amber scents the field.

Flowers of verdant nooks be strewn before thy face:
Let cypresses of brooks bear witness to thy grace!

When dumb grow tongues of men that on such love would dwell,
Why should a tongue-cleft pen by babbling strive to tell?

Thy cheek is in my heart; no more will bliss delay;
Glad omens e'er impart news of a gladder day.

Love's fire has dropped its spark
In Hafiz' heart before:

[27] Literally in this toper-consuming shrine (of the world). The second line of the couplet probably means: "Other revelers have preceded me, but their heads are now potter's clay in the potter's field of the earth."

The wild-grown tulip's mark
Branded of old its core.[28]

XXV

Breeze of the morn, if hence to the land thou fliest — Of my friend,
Return with a musky breath from the lock so sweet
Of my friend.

Yea, by that life, I swear I would lay down mine in content,
If once I received through thee but a message sent
Of my friend.

But — at that sacred court, if approach be wholly denied,
Convey, for my eyes, the dust that the door supplied
Of my friend.

I — but a beggar mean — can I hope for Union at last?
Ah! would that in sleep I saw but the shadow cast
Of my friend.

Ever my pine-cone heart, as the aspen trembling and shy,
Has yearned for the pine-like shape and the stature high
Of my friend.

Not at the lowest price would my friend to purchase me care;
Yet I, a whole world to win, would not sell one hair
Of my friend.

How should this heart gain aught,
Were its gyves of grief flung aside?
I, Hafiz, a bondsman, still
Would the slave abide
Of my friend.

[28] The wild tulip of Shiraz has white petals streaked with pink, the inner end of each bearing a deep puce mark. The dark spot formed thus in the center of the flower is compared to the brand of love, pre-ordained on the Past Day of Eternity to be imprinted on the heart of Hafiz.

XXIX

Who of a Heaven on earth can tell, pure as the cell — Of dervishes?
If in the highest state you'd dwell, be ever slaves
Of dervishes.

The talisman of magic Might, hid in some ruin's lonely site,
Emerges from its ancient night at the wild glance
Of dervishes.

When the proud sun has run his race, and he puts off his crown apace,
He bows before the pomp and place which are the boast
Of dervishes.

The palace portal of the sky, watched by Rizvan's unsleeping eye,
All gazers can at once descry from the glad haunts
Of dervishes.

When mortal hearts are black and cold, that which transmutes them into gold
Is the alchemic stone we hold from intercourse
Of dervishes.

When tyranny, from pole to pole, sways o'er the earth with dire control,
We see from first to last unroll the victor-flag
Of dervishes.

There is a wealth which lasts elate, unfearful of decline from fate;
Hear it with joy — this wealth so great is in the hands
Of dervishes.

Khosraus, the *kiblahs* of our prayer have weight to solace our despair,[29]

[29] Khosrau (Cyrus) is the title of several ancient kings of Persia, and is here used in the plural to denote monarchs in general. The

But they are potent by their care for the high rank
Of dervishes.

O, vaunter of thy riches' pride! lay all thy vanity aside,
And know that health and wealth abide but by the will
Of dervishes.

Korah lost all his treasured store, which, cursed of Heaven, sinks daily more,
(Hast thou not heard this tale of yore?) from disregard
Of dervishes.[30]

The smiling face of joy unknown, yet sought by tenants of a throne,
Is only in the mirror shown of the clear face
Of dervishes.

Let but our Asaf's eye request, I am the slave of his behest,
For though his looks his rank attest, he has the mind
Of dervishes.

Hafiz, if of the tide thou think, which makes immortal those who drink,
Seek in the dust that fountain's brink, at the cell door
Of dervishes.

Hafiz, while here on earth, be wise:
He who to empire's rule would rise
Knows that his upward pathway lies
Through his regard
Of dervishes.

XXXI

In blossom is the crimson rose, and the rapt bulbul trills his song;

term *kiblah*, fronting-point, signifies the object toward which the worshiper turns when he prays.

30 Korah or Karun — the miser who disobeyed Moses and was swallowed up with his treasures by the earth. They are said to be still sinking deeper and deeper. (See Numb. xvi.)

A summons that to revel calls you, O Sufis, wine-adoring throng!

The fabric of my contrite fervor appeared upon a rock to bide;
Yet see how by a crystal goblet it hath been shattered in its pride.

Bring wine; for to a lofty spirit, should they at its tribunal be,
What were the sentry, what the Sultan, the toper, or the foe of glee?

Forth from this hostel of two portals as finally thou needs must go,
What if the porch and arch of Being be of high span or meanly low?

To bliss' goal we gain not access, if sorrow has been tasted not;
Yea, with Alastu's pact was coupled the sentence of our baleful lot.

At Being and Non-being fret not; but either with calm temper see:
Non-being is the term appointed for the most lovely things that be.

Asaf's display, the airy courser, the language which the birds employed,
The wind has swept; and their possessor no profit from his wealth enjoyed.[31]

Oh! fly not from thy pathway upward, for the winged shaft that quits the bow
A moment to the air has taken, to settle in the dust below.

[31] How vain were the glories of Solomon! Asaf was his minister, the East wind his courser, and the language of birds one of his accomplishments; but the blast of time had swept them away.

What words of gratitude, O Hafiz
Shall thy reed's tongue express anon,
As its choice gems of composition
From hands to other hands pass on?

XXXV

Now on the rose's palm the cup with limpid wine is brimming,
And with a hundred thousand tongues the bird her praise is hymning.

Ask for a song-book, seek the wild, no time is this for knowledge;
The Comment of the Comments spurn, and learning of the college.[32]

Be it thy rule to shun mankind, and let the Phœnix monish,
For the reports of hermit fame, from Kaf to Kaf astonish.[33]

When yesterday our rector reeled, this sentence he propounded:
"Wine is a scandal; but far worse what men's bequests have founded."

Turbid or clear, though not thy choice, drink thankfully; well knowing
That all which from our Saki flows to his free grace is owing.

Each dullard who would share my fame, each rival self-deceiver,
Reminds me that at times the mat seems golden to its weaver.

Cease, Hafiz! store as ruddy gold
The wit that's in thy ditty:

[32] The "Comment of the Comments" is a celebrated explanatory treatise on the Koran.

[33] Kaf is a fabulous mountain encircling the world. In this couplet and the following the poet ridicules the ascetics of his time.

The stampers of false coin, behold!
Are bankers for the city.[34]

XLII

'Tis a deep charm which wakes the lover's flame,
Not ruby lip, nor verdant down its name.

Beauty is not the eye, lock, cheek, and mole;
A thousand subtle points the heart control.

XLIII

Zealot, censure not the toper, guileless though thou keep thy soul:
Certain 'tis that sins of others none shall write upon thy scroll.

Be my deeds or good or evil, look thou to thyself alone;
All men, when their work is ended, reap the harvest they have sown.

Never of Eternal Mercy preach that I must yet despair;
Canst thou pierce the veil, and tell me who is ugly, who is fair?

Every one the Friend solicits, be he sober, quaff he wine;
Every place has love its tenant, be it or the mosque, or shrine.

From the still retreat of virtue not the first am I to roam,
For my father also quitted his eternal Eden home.

See this head, devout submission: bricks at many a vintner's door:
If my foe these words misconstrue —"Bricks and head!" — Say nothing more.

Fair though Paradise's garden, deign to my advice to yield:
Here enjoy the shading willow, and the border of the field.

[34] The false coiners are inferior poets who endeavor to pass off their own productions as the work of Hafiz.

Lean not on thy store of merits; know'st thou 'gainst thy name for aye
What the Plastic Pen indited, on the Unbeginning Day?

Hafiz, if thou grasp thy beaker
When the hour of death is nigh,
From the street where stands the tavern
Straight they'll bear thee to the sky.

XLV

O breeze of morn! where is the place which guards my friend from strife?
Where is the abode of that sly Moon who lovers robs of life?

The night is dark, the Happy Vale in front of me I trace.[35]
Where is the fire of Sinai, where is the meeting-place?

Here jointly are the wine-filled cup, the rose, the minstrel; yet
While we lack love, no bliss is here: where can my Loved be met?

Of the Shaikh's cell my heart has tired, and of the convent bare:
Where is my friend, the Christian's child, the vintner's mansion, where?

Hafiz, if o'er the glade of earth
The autumn-blast is borne,
Grieve not, but musing ask thyself:
"Where has the rose no thorn?"

LIX

My Prince, so gracefully thou steppest, that where thy footsteps fall — I'd die.
My Turk, so gracefully thou glidest, before thy stature tall I'd die.

[35] Aiman (Happiness) is the valley in which God appeared to Moses — metaphorically, the abode of the Beloved.

"When wilt thou die before me?"— saidst thou. Why thus so eagerly inquire?
These words of thy desire delight me; forestalling thy desire
I'd die.

I am a lover, drunk, forsaken: Saki, that idol, where is he?
Come hither with thy stately bearing! let me thy fair form see,
I'd die.

Should he, apart from whom I've suffered a life-long illness, day by day,
Bestow on me a glance, one only, beneath that orb dark-gray
I'd die.

"The ruby of my lips," thou saidst, "now bale, now balsam may exhale":
At one time from their healing balsam, at one time from their bale
I'd die.

How trim thy gait! May eye of evil upon thy face be never bent!
There dwells within my head this fancy; that at thy feet content
I'd die.

Though no place has been found for Hafiz
In Love's retreat, where hid thou art,
For me thine every part has beauty,
Before thine every part —
I'd die.

LXIII

My heart has of the world grown weary and all that it can lend:
The shrine of my affection holds no Being but my friend.

If e'er for me thy love's sweet garden a fragrant breath exhale,
My heart, expansive in its joy, shall bud-like burst its veil.

Should I upon love's path advise thee, when now a fool I've grown,
'Twould be the story of the fool, the pitcher, and the stone.

Go! say to the secluded zealot: "Withhold thy blame; for know,
I find the arch of the *Mihrab* [36] but in an eyebrow's bow."

Between the Kaaba and the wine-house, no difference I see:
Whate'er the spot my glance surveys, there equally is He.

'Tis not for beard, hair, eyebrow only, Kalandarism should care:
The Kalandar computes the Path by adding hair to hair.[37]

The Kalandar who gives a hair's head,
An easy path doth tread:
The Kalandar of genuine stamp,
As Hafiz gives his head.

LXIX

My heart desires the face so fair — Of Farrukh; [38]
It is perturbed as is the hair
Of Farrukh.

No creature but that lock, that Hindu swart,
Enjoyment from the cheek has sought
Of Farrukh.

[36] *Mihrab* — the niche in a mosque, toward which Mohammedans pray.

[37] Kalandars are an order of Mohammedan dervishes who wander about and beg. The worthless sectaries of Kalandarism, Hafiz says, shave off beard and tonsure, but the true or spiritual Kalandar shapes his path by a scrupulous estimate of duty.

[38] "Farrukh" (auspicious) is doubtless the name of some favorite of the poet.

A blackmoor by Fortune blest is he,
Placed at the side, and near the knee

Of Farrukh.

Shy as the aspen is the cypress seen,
Awed by the captivating mien

Of Farrukh.

Saki, bring syrtis-tinted wine to tell
Of those narcissi, potent spell

Of Farrukh.

Bent as the archer's bow my frame is now,
From woes continuous as the brow

Of Farrukh.

E'en Tartar gales which musky odors whirl,
Faint at the amber-breathing curl

Of Farrukh.

If leans the human heart to any place,
Mine has a yearning to the grace

Of Farrukh.

That lofty soul
Shall have my service true,
That serves, as Hafiz,
The Hindu —[39]

Of Farrukh.

LXXI

When now the rose upon the meadow from Nothing into Being springs,
When at her feet the humble violet with her head low in worship clings,

[39] "Hindu" is here equivalent to "slave."

Take from thy morn-filled cup refreshment while tabors and the harp inspire,
Nor fail to kiss the chin of Saki while the flute warbles and the lyre.

Sit thou with wine, with harp, with charmer, until the rose's bloom be past;
For as the days of life which passes is the brief week that she shall last.

The face of earth, from herbal mansions, is lustrous as the sky; and shines
With asterisms of happy promise, with stars that are propitious signs.

In gardens let Zor'aster's worship again with all its rites revive,
While now within the tulip's blossoms the fires of Nimrod are alive.

Drink wine, presented by some beauty of Christ-like breath, of cheek fair-hued;
And banish from thy mind traditions to Ad relating, and Thamud.[40]

Earth rivals the Immortal Garden during the rose and lily's reign;
But what avails when the immortal is sought for on this earth in vain?

When riding on the windy courser, as Solomon, the rose is found,
And when the Bird, at hour of morning, makes David's melodies resound,

Ask thou, in Solomon's dominion, a goblet to the brim renewed;

[40] Ad and Thamud were Arab tribes exterminated by God in consequence of their having disobeyed the prophet Salih.

Pledge the Vizier, the cycle's Asaf, the column of the Faith,
Mahmud.

O Hafiz, while his days continue, let joy eternal be thine aim;
And may the shadow of his kindness eternally abide the
same!

Bring wine; for Hafiz, if in trouble,
Will ceaselessly the help implore
Of him who bounty shall aid ever,
As it has aid vouchsafed before.

LXXVII

Upon the path of Love, O heart, deceit and risk are great!
And fall upon the way shall he who at swift rate
Shall go.

Inflated by the wind of pride, the bubble's head may shine;
But soon its cap of rule shall fall, and merged in wine
Shall go.

O heart, when thou hast aged grown, shows airs of grace no
more:
Remember that such ways as these when youth is o'er
Shall go.

Has the black book of black locks closed, the album yet shall
stay,
Though many a score the extracts be which day by day
Shall go.

LXXXV

To me love's echo is the sweetest sound
Of all that 'neath this circling Round
Hath stayed.

LXXXVI

A beggar am I; yet enamored of one of cypress mold:

One in whose belt the hand bides only with silver and with gold.

Bring wine! let first the hand of Hafiz
The cheery cup embrace!
Yet only on one condition —
No word beyond this place!

LXXXVII

When beamed Thy beauty on creation's morn,
The world was set on fire by love new-born.

Thy cheek shone bright, yet angels' hearts were cold:
Then flashed it fire, and turned to Adam's mold.

The lamp of Reason from this flame had burned,
But lightning jealousy the world o'erturned.

The enemy Thy secret sought to gain;
A hand unseen repelled the beast profane.

The die of Fate may render others glad:
My own heart saddens, for its lot is sad.

Thy chin's deep pit allures the lofty mind:
The hand would grasp thy locks in twines entwined.

Hafiz his love-scroll
To Thyself addressed,
When he had canceled
What his heart loved best.

LXXXVIII

The preacher of the town will find my language hard, maybe:
While bent upon deceit and fraud, no Mussulman is he.

Learn drinking and do gracious deeds; the merit is not great
If a mere brute shall taste not wine, and reach not man's estate.

Efficient is the Name Divine; be of good cheer, O heart!
The *div* becomes not Solomon by guile and cunning's art.

The benisons of Heaven are won by purity alone:
Else would not pearl and coral spring from every clod and stone?

CI

Angels I saw at night knock at the wine-house gate:
They shaped the clay of Adam, flung into molds its weight.

Spirits of the Unseen World of Purities divine,
With me an earth-bound mortal, poured forth their 'wildering wine.

Heaven, from its heavy trust aspiring to be free,
The duty was allotted, mad as I am, to me.

Thank God my friend and I once more sweet peace have gained!
For this the houris dancing thanksgiving cups have drained.

With Fancy's hundred wisps what wonder that I've strayed,
When Adam in his prudence was by a grain bewrayed?[41]

Excuse the wrangling sects, which number seventy-two:
They knock at Fable's portal, for Truth eludes their view.

No fire is that whose flame the taper laughs to scorn:
True fire consumes to ashes the moth's upgarnered corn.

Blood fills recluses' hearts where Love its dot doth place,
Fine as the mole that glistens upon a charmer's face.

As Hafiz, none Thought's face
Hath yet unveiled; not e'en

[41] By a "grain" is meant a grain of wheat; according to Mohammedans, the forbidden fruit of Paradise.

Since for the brides of Language
Combed have their tresses been.

CXV

Lost Joseph shall return to Canaan's land — Despair not;
Affliction's cell of gloom with flowers shall bloom:
Despair not.

Sad heart, thy state shall mend; repel despondency;
Thy head confused with pain shall sense regain:
Despair not.

When life's fresh spring returns upon the dais mead,
O night-bird! o'er thy head the rose shall spread:
Despair not.

Hope on, though things unseen may baffle thy research;
Mysterious sports we hail beyond the veil:
Despair not.

Has the revolving Sphere two days opposed thy wish,
Know that the circling Round is changeful found:
Despair not.

If on the Kaaba bent, thou brave the desert sand,
Though from the acacia's thorn thy foot be torn,
Despair not.

Heart, should the flood of death life's fabric sweep away,
Noah shall steer the ark o'er billows dark:
Despair not.

Though perilous the stage, though out of sight the goal,
Whithersoe'er we wend, there is an end:
Despair not.

If Love evades our grasp, and rivals press our suit,
God, Lord of every change, surveys the range:
Despair not.

Hafiz, in thy poor nook —
Alone, the dark night through —
Prayer and the Koran's page
Shall grief assuage —

Despair not.

CXXIX

Endurance, intellect, and peace have from my bosom flown,
Lured by an idol's silver ear-lobes, and its heart of stone.

An image brisk, of piercing looks, with peris' beauty blest,
Of slender shape, of lunar face, in Turk-like tunic drest!

With a fierce glow within me lit — in amorous frenzy lost —
A culinary pot am I, in ebullition tost.

My nature as a shirt's would be, at all times free from smart,
If like yon tunic garb I pressed the wearer to my heart.

At harshness I have ceased to grieve, for none to light can bring
A rose that is apart from thorns, or honey void of sting.

The framework of this mortal form may rot within the mold,
But in my soul a love exists which never shall grow cold.

My heart and faith, my heart and faith — of old they were unharmed,
Till by yon shoulders and yon breast, yon breast and shoulders charmed.

Hafiz, a medicine for thy woe,
A medicine must thou sip,
No other than that lip so sweet,
That lip so sweet, that lip.

CXXXIV

Although upon his moon-like cheek delight and beauty glow,
Nor constancy nor love is there: O Lord! these gifts bestow.

A child makes war against my heart; and he in sport one day
Will put me to a cruel death, and law shall not gainsay.

What seems for my own good is this: my heart from him to
guard;
For one who knows not good from ill its guardianship were
hard.

Agile and sweet of fourteen years that idol whom I praise:
His earrings in her soul retains the moon of fourteen days,

A breath as the sweet smell of milk comes from those sugary
lips;
But from those black and roguish eyes behold what blood there
drips!

My heart to find that new-born rose has gone upon its way;
But where can it be found, O Lord? I've lost it many a day.

If the young friend who owns my heart my center thus can
break,
The Pasha will command him soon the lifeguard's rank to
take.

I'd sacrifice my life in thanks,
If once that pearl of sheen
Would make the shell of Hafiz' eye
Its place of rest serene.

CXXXV

I tried my fortune in this city lorn:
From out its whirlpool must my pack be borne.

I gnaw my hand, and, heaving sighs of ire,
I light in my rent frame the rose's fire.

Sweet sang the bulbul at the close of day,
The rose attentive on her leafy spray:

"O heart! be joyful, for thy ruthless Love
Sits down ill-tempered at the sphere above.

"To make the false, harsh world thyself pass o'er,
Ne'er promise falsely and be harsh no more.

"If beat misfortune's waves upon heaven's roof,
Devout men's fate and gear bide ocean-proof.

"Hafiz, if lasting
Were enjoyment's day,
Jem's throne would never
Have been swept away."

CXLV

Breeze of the North, thy news allays my fears:
The hour of meeting with my Loved one nears.

Prospered by Heaven, O carrier pigeon, fly:
Hail to thee, hail to thee, come nigh, come nigh!

How fares our Salma? What Zu Salam's state?
Our neighbors there — are they unscathed by Fate?

The once gay banquet-hall is now devoid
Of circling goblets, and of friends who joyed.

Perished the mansion with its lot serene:
Interrogate the mounds where once 'twas seen.

The night of absence has now cast its shade:
What freaks by Fancy's night-gang will be played?

He who has loved relates an endless tale:
Here the most eloquent of tongues must fail.

My Turk's kind glances no one can obtain:
Alas, this pride, this coldness, this disdain!

In perfect beauty did thy wish draw nigh:
God guard thee from Kamal's malefic eye![42]

Hafiz, long will last
Patience, love, and pain?
Lovers' wail is sweet:
Do thou still complain.

CXLVI

O thou who has ravished my heart by thine exquisite grace and thy shape,
Thou carest for no one, and yet not a soul from thyself can escape.

At times I draw sighs from my heart, and at times, O my life, thy sharp dart:
Can aught I may say represent all the ills I endure from my heart?

How durst I to rivals commend thy sweet lips by the ruby's tent gemmed,
When words that are vivid in hue by a soul unrefined are contemned?

As strength to thy beauty accrues ev'ry day from the day sped before,
To features consummate as thine, will we liken the night-star no more.

My heart hast thou reft: take my soul! For thine envoy of grief what pretense?
One perfect in grief as myself with collector as he may dispense.

O Hafiz, in Love's holy bane,
As thy foot has at last made its way,
Lay hold of his skirt with thy hand,
And with all sever ties from to-day.

[42] Kamal was an Arab whose glance inflicted death.

CXLIX

Both worlds, the Transient and Eterne, for Saki and the Loved I'd yield:
To me appears Love's satellite the universe's ample field.

Should a new favorite win my place, my ruler shall be still supreme:
It were a sin should I my life more precious than my friend esteem.

CLV

Last night my tears, a torrent stream, stopped Sleep by force:
I painted, musing on thy down, upon the watercourse.

Then, viewing my Beloved one's brow — my cowl burnt up —
In honor of the sacred Arch I drained my flowing cup.

From my dear friend's resplendent brow pure light was shed;
And on that moon there fell from far the kisses that I sped.

The face of Saki charmed my eye, the harp my ear:
At once for both mine ear and eye what omens glad were here!

I painted thine ideal face till morning's light,
Upon the studio of my eye, deprived of sleep at night.

My Saki took at this sweet strain the wine-bowl up:
I sang to him these verses first; then drank to sparkling cup.

If any of my bird-like thoughts from joy's branch flew,
Back from the springes of thy lock their fleeting wings I drew.

The time of Hafiz passed in joy
To friends I brought

For fortune and the days of life
The omens that they sought.

CLVII

Come, Sufi, let us from our limbs the dress that's worn for cheat Draw:
Let us a blotting line right through this emblem of deceit
Draw.

The convent's revenues and alms we'd sacrifice for wine awhile,
And through the vintry's fragrant flood this dervish-robe of guile
Draw.

Intoxicated, forth we'll dash, and from our feasting foe's rich stores
Bear off his wine, and then by force his charmer out of doors
Draw.

Fate may conceal her mystery, shut up within her hiding pale,
But we who act as drunken men will from its face the veil
Draw.

Here let us shine by noble deeds, lest we at last ashamed appear,
When starting for the other world, we hence our spirit's gear
Draw.

To-morrow at Rizvan's green glade, should they refuse to make it ours,
We from their halls will the *ghilman* the houris from their bowers
Draw.

Where can we see her winking brow, that we, as the new moon of old,

At once may the celestial ball, as with a bat of gold,
Draw?

O Hafiz! it becomes us not
Our boastful claims thus forth to put:
Beyond the limits of our rug
Why would we fain our foot
Draw?

CLIX

Aloud I say it, and with heart of glee:
"Love's slave am I, and from both worlds am free."

Can I, the bird of sacred gardens, tell
Into this net of chance how first I fell?

My place the Highest Heaven, an angel born,
I came by Adam to this cloister lorn.

Sweet houris, Tuba's shade, and Fountain's brink
Fade from my mind when of thy street I think.

Knows no astrologer my star of birth:
Lord, 'neath what plant bore me Mother Earth?

Since with ringed ear I've served Love's house of wine,
Grief's gratulations have each hour been mine.

My eyeball's man drains my heart's blood; 'tis just:
In man's own darling did I place my trust.

My Loved one's *Alif*-form [43] stamps all my thought:
Save that, what letter has my master taught?

Let Hafiz' tear-drops
By thy lock be dried,

[43] "*Alif*-form," meaning a straight and erect form: the letter *Alif* being, as it were, of upright stature.

For fear I perish
In their rushing tide.

CLXVI

Knowest thou what fortune is?
'Tis Beauty's sight obtaining;
'Tis asking in her lane for alms,
And royal pomp disdaining.

Sev'rance from the wish for life an easy task is ever;
But lose we friends who sweeten life, the tie is hard to sever.

Bud-like with a serried heart I'll to the orchard wander;
The garment of my good repute I'll tear to pieces yonder;

Now, as doth the West-wind tell deep secrets to the Flower,
Hear now of Love's mysterious sport from bulbuls of the bower.

Kiss thy Beloved one's lips at first while the occasion lingers:
Await thou else disgust at last from biting lip and fingers.

Profit by companionship: this two-doored house forsaken,
No pathway that can thither lead in future time is taken.

Hafiz from the thought, it seems,
Of Shah Mansur has fleeted;
O Lord! remind him that the poor
With favor should be treated.

CLXXIII

With my heart's blood I wrote to one most dear:
"The earth seems doom-struck if thou art not near.

"My eyes a hundred signs of absence show:
These tears are not their only signs of woe."

I gained no boon from her for labor spent:
" Who tries the tried will in the end repent."

I asked how fared she; the physician spake:
" Afar from her is health; but near her ache."

The East-wind from my Moon removed her veil:
At morn shone forth the Sun from vapors pale.

I said: " They'll mock, if I go round thy lane."
By God! no love escapes the mocker's bane.

Grant Hafiz' prayer:
" One cup, by life so sweet! "
He seeks a goblet
With thy grace replete!

CLXXX

O thou who art unlearned still, the quest of love essay:
Canst thou who hast not trod the path guide others on the way?

While in the school of Truth thou stay'st, from Master Love to learn,
Endeavor, though a son to-day, the father's grade to earn.

Slumber and food have held thee far from Love's exalted good:
Wouldst thou attain the goal of love, abstain from sleep and food.

If with the rays of love of truth thy heart and soul be clear,
By God! thy beauty shall outshine the sun which lights the sphere.

Wash from the dross of life thy hands, as the Path's men of old,
And winning Love's alchemic power, transmute thyself to gold.

On all thy frame, from head to foot, the light of God shall shine,
If on the Lord of Glory's path nor head nor foot be thine.

An instant plunge into God's sea, nor e'er the truth forget
That the Seven Seas' o'erwhelming tide, no hair of thine shall wet.

If once thy glancing eye repose on the Creator's face,
Thenceforth among the men who glance shall doubtless be thy place.[44]

When that which thy existence frames all upside-down shall be,
Imagine not that up and down shall be the lot of thee.

Hafiz, if ever in thy head
Dwell Union's wish serene,
Thou must become the threshold's dust
Of men whose sight is keen.

[44] "The men who glance" are lovers. The spiritual or true lover is he who loves God.

JAMI

JOSEPH AND ZULEIKA

"When Beauty Absolute blooms all around,
Why linger, finite beauties to embrace?"

— JAMI.

"The Absolute Beauty is the Divine Majesty endued with the attributes of power and bounty. Every beauty and perfection manifested in the realms of being is a ray of His perfect beauty reflected there. Whoever is wise derives his wisdom from Divine wisdom."

— JAMI.

JAMI

(INTRODUCTION)

JAMI, the last of the great classic poets of Persia, was born at Jam, near Herat, in 1414 and died at Herat in 1492. He is thus a poet of the Far Eastern Persians, though in the course of his long and much-honored career he visited most of the Mohammedan courts. Jami seems to have been one of the most brilliant and easily successful men who ever lived. Of him it has been said, perhaps with some sarcastic note, that he was the second greatest poet in every field. He was certainly a man deeply impressed by his own powers, and if he did not actually challenge comparison with each of his predecessors he was at least not unwilling to be measured against all.

He essayed every form of literature, and achieved a noteworthy success in each. His "Baharistan" or "Garden of Spring" is like the "Rose-Garden" of Sadi, a gathering of prose anecdotes and witty sayings interspersed with verse. His "Divan" of love-poems almost rivals that of Hafiz. He wrote also a philosophical Sufi work or "Masnavi," which sets him second to Jalal ad-Din among mystic teachers. He has an historical "Book of Alexander" to rank him with Firdausi. His romantic narratives rival those of Nizami. In learning also, if not in bitter scoffing, he comes near to Omar.

Perhaps a knowledge of misfortune would have made Jami the master of them all; perhaps life flowed too smoothly for him. From childhood he was welcomed everywhere as a marvel of brilliancy. He himself wrote that he never found a master who knew more than he. Kings vied to do him honor, and on his death his seven longer works were at once collected and named the "Seven Thrones."

When we seek for the work which best represents this

universal genius, we find it perhaps in his chief love-tale, his "Joseph and Zuleika." This mingles Nizami's romantic touch with Jalal's Sufism and the fire of Hafiz. It is Jami at his highest note; and with Jami closes the great Persian poetic outburst.

JAMI

JOSEPH AND ZULEIKA [1]

Zuleika, the daughter of Taimus, King of Mauritania, beheld in a dream a figure of such extraordinary beauty that she became immediately enamored of the glorious vision, and sank into a deep melancholy, fruitlessly longing for the unknown object. This dream was three times repeated, and the last time the beautiful apparition named Egypt as the land of his abode. He is indeed the Joseph, or Yussuf, of the Scripture, and Zuleika is to play the part of Potiphar's wife. The state of Zuleika's mind after her vision is thus described:

The ravens of the night were hushed,
 The bird of dawn began his lay,
The rosebud, newly awakened, blushed
 To feel the touch of springing day,
And bade the roses round unveil,
Roused by the warbling nightingale.
The jasmine stood all bathed in dew;
Wet were the violet's lids of blue.

Zuleika, fairer than the flowers,
 Lay tranced — for 'twas not sleep that stole
Her senses, through the night's still hours,
 And raised new visions to her soul.
The heart unfettered, free to rove,
Turned toward the idol of her love.

No —'twas not sleep, 'twas motionless,
 Unbroken thought, repressed in vain;
The shadow of the day's distress,
 A frenzy of remembered pain.

[1] Abridged by L. M. Costello.

But, 'midst those pangs, what rapture still;
The same dear form is ever there;
Those eyes the rays of Eden fill
And odors of the blest distil
From every curl of that bright hair!

His smiles! — such smiles as houris wear
When from their caves of pearl they come,
And bid the true believer share
The pleasures of their sacred home.

See, on his shoulder shines a star
That glows and dazzles as he moves:
She feels its influence afar,
She gazes, worships, hopes — and loves!

At this period, while her mind is absorbed by the one engrossing idea, an embassy arrives in Mauritania from that very country, Egypt, the land of all her hopes, soliciting the hand of the princess for the Asis, or grand vizier of Pharaoh, an offer which she unhesitatingly accepts, being secretly convinced that her visionary lover and her proposed future husband are the same. She accordingly departs for Egypt, with a splendid and numerous retinue, and makes a magnificent entry into Memphis, under the escort of the Asis Potiphar, or Kitfir, himself, who comes to meet his bride. Curious to discover his identity, she anxiously seizes an opportunity of peeping through the curtains of her litter, but is filled with grief and dismay on finding a totally different person from the lovely image of her dreams.

She thus exclaims, on hearing the acclamations which announce the arrival of the Asis, when he first comes to meet her, before she has yet made the discovery fatal to her peace:

O joy too great! — O hour too blest!
He comes — they hail him — now, more near,
His eager courser's feet I hear.
Oh heart! be hushed within my breast,

Burst not with rapture! Can it be?
The idol of my life — divine,
All radiant, clothed in mystery,
And loving me as I adore,
As none dared ever love before,
Shall be — nay, *is* — even now, is mine!

I will be patient, but his breath
Seems stealing o'er my senses — death
Were better than suspense like this —
One draught — though 'twere the last — of bliss!
One glance, though in that glance I die,
To prove the glorious certainty!

Her horror and despair on finding how much her fancy had deluded her knew no bounds:

Not he! not he! on whom for years
My soul has dwelt with sacred truth;
For whom my life has passed in tears,
And wasted was my bloom of youth;
For whom I breathed, and thought, and moved,
My own, my worshiped, my beloved!
I hailed the night, that I might gaze
Upon his star's unconquered blaze:
The morn but rose that I might pray,
Hope, wish, expect from day to day,
My sole existence was that thought,
And I do wake to know 'tis naught?
Vain tears, vain madness, vain endeavor,
Another blasts my sight forever!

In the meantime the unconscious bridegroom, exulting in his happiness, conducts the gorgeous train of attendants, with a great display of pomp and riches, to usher his bride of far-famed beauty into the city of Memphis.

ZULEIKA'S ENTRANCE INTO MEMPHIS

Dawn upon the wide world broke,
And the sun's warm rays awoke;
Scattering o'er the cloudy sky
Hues of rich variety:
Such bright tinting as illumes
With its rays the peacock's plumes,
And the parrot's feathers bright,
Touches with a starry light.
The Asis rides in kingly guise;
Yon curtained litter holds the prize
More precious than all wealth beside —
His own, his young, his peerless bride.

Around, afar, of homage proud,
In countless ranks his warriors crowd,
Well may the lordly Asis boast
The glories of his gorgeous host.
Rich are the veils, profusely spread,
That canopy the "fair one's" head;
Like some delicious tree that throws
Its shade, inviting to repose:
And, like soft turf, the carpets lie,
Bedecked with gay embroidery.

The temple moves, all-glorious, on —
Throned in the midst the "happy one."
All heaven resounds with shout and song,
As the bright pageant sweeps along.
The camel-drivers' cries succeed,
Urging their stately beasts to speed.
Whose hoofs, with swift and frequent tread,
The sands with moonlike forms have spread:
The earth is plowed with coursers' feet
And still fresh hosts the wounds repeat.
Many a fair and blushing maid
Exulted in the gay parade:

And all who called the Asis lord
Hailed the fair idol he adored.

But she —" the beautiful," " the blest "—
What pangs, what tumults shook her breast!
She sat, concealed from every eye —
Alone — in hopeless misery.
" O Fate! " she cried; " O ruthless Fate!
Why am I made thy mark of hate?
Why must my heart thy victim be?
Thus lost, abandoned — crushed by thee!
Thou camest, in troubled dreams, and stole
The peace, the pleasure of my soul,
In visions that the blest might share,
Whose only fruit has been despair.
I see each glittering fabric fall;
But vain reproach, vain trust, vain all!
For help, for rest, where can I fly?
My heart is riven — let me die!

Have I then lingered long in pain,
In sad suspense, in musings vain,
To be — O crowning grief! betrayed,
In foreign lands a victim made?
Relentless destiny! accurst
Were all the joys thy visions nurst.
Is there no drop of hope left yet?
Must I *all* promises forget?
Dash not my cup to earth: say, Power benign,
I may be blest — even yet he may be mine! "

" Why," continues Zuleika distractedly, " hast thou thus cruelly robbed me of my peace? What have I done to thee to be thus treated; it is folly indeed that I seek help from thee. When souls melt, thou art called upon for aid; what is the melting of *thy* soul? "

Thus raved Zuleika, when without
Arose the sudden deafening shout

That hailed the close of all their toil —
"Lo! — Memphis! and the banks of Nile!"

Then, far and wide, the glittering ranks
Rush to the flowery river's banks.
The Asis' sign his slaves obey,
Gold, silver, flowers, bestrew the way:
And o'er the litter gems are thrown,
Whose countless rays like meteors shone;
As thick they fall as on the rose
Hang the rich dews at evening's close;
The courser's feet on rubies trod,
O'er mounds of gold the camel strode.

On swept the train — one gorgeous mile,
Planting with gems the banks of Nile;
The proud stream rolled its waters deep
O'er pearls in many a shining heap:
Each shell was filled with pearls; each scale
That clothed the crocodile in mail
Was changed to silver, as he lay
And basked amidst the fervid ray.

[The original is slightly altered in the above; it runs in this curious strain: "Thus, *for a whole mile,* the procession moved on, scattering jewels on the banks of the Nile; the proud stream was filled with imperial pearls; *every fish's ear was a pearl shell,* and so much silver was thrown in that the crocodile became a *silver-scaled fish.*"]

And onward to the palace-gate
The train poured on, in sumptuous state;
The glowing portals opened wide —
In flowed the overwhelming tide,
Ushering the Asis and his bride.

A throne the Peris might have framed,
The sun and moon's pale luster shamed:

And she, whose radiance all effaced —
Zuleika — on the throne was placed.
Sparkling with jewels, red with gold,
Her heart shrunk, withered, crushed, and cold;

Although a feverish sense of pain
Frenzied her mind and seared her brain:
As on a flaming hearth she sat —
Amidst rejoicing — desolate!
Laden with many a priceless gem,
Crowned with a gorgeous diadem.
Each pearl a poisonous drop appears:
And from her eyes fall scalding tears.

And thus a crown is gained — for this,
We leave all thoughts of present bliss!
We toil, we strive, we live in care,
And in the end possess — despair!
Our sun of youth, of hope, is set,
And all our guerdon is — regret!

The poem now pursues the Scriptural account of the life of Joseph, or Yussuf, whose supernatural beauty is, however, described as being the especial gift of God, and recorded to have been so great that no woman could look on him without love. Zuleika, therefore, only shared the fate of all her sex. Some writers say the ladies who clamored so much against her for her passion were, when he first entered the chamber where they were all assembled, in the act of cutting pomegranates, some say oranges, and in their admiration and amazement cut their fingers instead of the fruit! Yussuf is considered the emblem of divine perfection, and Zuleika's love is the image of the love of the creature toward the Creator: some go so far as to say that we ought to follow her example, and should permit the beauty of God to transport us out of ourselves. The rapid change from prison to high estate of Yussuf they consider a type of the impatience of the soul to burst its fetters and join its Creator.

Yussuf was always surrounded with a celestial light, typical as well of the moral beauty and wisdom which adorned his mind.

He is sold as a slave, and Zuleika becomes his purchaser, to the great rage and envy of all her rivals, amongst whom was included the Princess Nasigha, of the race of Aad. The beautiful Yussuf now enters her service, and, at his own desire, a flock of sheep are given to his special keeping, his admiring mistress wishing, by every indulgence, to attach him to her.

The nurse of Zuleika is the confidante of the passion which she can not control, and which, at length, in an imprudent moment, she discloses to its object himself.

The poet represents Yussuf as less insensible to her regard than we are informed by Scripture that he really was; and it became necessary that a miracle should be performed, in order to deliver him from the temptations with which he is surrounded, and which are nearly overcoming his resolution. His father, Jacob, or the angel Gabriel in his likeness, appears, to warn him of his danger, and he flies, leaving his mistress in an agony of despair, rage, and grief. She thus exclaims:

Is this a dream? — another dream,
Like that which stole my senses first,
Which sparkled o'er my life's dull stream,
By idle, erring fancy nursed?
Was it for this my life I spent
In murmurs deep, and discontent —
Slighted, for this, all homage due,
From gen'rous, faithful love withdrew?
For this, no joy, no pomp have prized;
For this, all honors have despised —
Left all my soul, to passion free,
To be thus hated — spurned — by thee?
O God! to see thee loathing turn,
While on my cheeks swift blushes burn;
Contempt, abhorrence on thy brow,

Where radiant sweetness dwelt — till now!
Thy bitter accents, fierce, severe,
In harsh, unwonted tones to hear:
Thy horror, thy disgust to view,
And know thy accusations true!
All, all but this I could have borne —
A husband's vengeance and his scorn;
To be reproached, disgraced, reviled,
So Yussuf on his victim smiled.
I would, amidst the desert's gloom,
Have hailed, with thee, a living tomb;
My home, my state, my birth forgot,
And, with thy love, embraced thy lot;
Had taught my heart all pangs to share,
And prove what perfect love can dare.

Let me look back to that dark hour
That bound my spirit to thy power —
Thy grateful words, thy glance recall,
My hopes, my love — and curse them all;
Let me thy tender looks retrace,
The glories of thy heavenly face;
Thy brow, where Aden's splendor lies,
And the mild luster of thine eyes:
Yet, let my heart no weakness prove,
But hate thee as I once could love.

What fearful eloquence was thine,
What awful anger — just — divine!
Shuddering, I saw my heart displayed.
And knew all this *I* should have said!
'Twas mine to shrink, withstand, in time,
For, while I sinned, I knew my crime.

O wretched, wavering heart! — as vain
Thy wild resentment as thy pain:
One thought alone expels the rest,
One sole regret distracts my breast,

O'ermastering and subduing all —
More than my crime, more than my fall:
Are not shame, fear, remorse, forgot,
In that one thought — he loves me not?

The regrets of his unfortunate mistress follow the pure-minded Yussuf to his gloomy prison, where she pictures his sufferings incurred for her crime, and thus laments, and strives to derive comfort from reflection:

Though in a dark and narrow cell
The "fair beloved" confined may dwell,
No prison is that dismal place,
'Tis filled with dignity and grace:
And the damp vaults and gloom around
Are joyous spring, with roses crowned.

Not Paradise to me were fair
If he were not a dweller there;
Without his presence all is night,
My soul awakes but in his sight:
Though this frail tenement of clay
May here amidst its pomp remain,
My spirit wanders far away,
And dwells with his in prisoned pain.

There is now but little variation from the Scriptural relations, and Yussuf becomes grand vizier of Egypt, governing with wisdom and skill. Zuleika finds herself a widow: her hopes are renewed, and she is no longer under the necessity of suppressing her affection. Now, however, she is impoverished and almost blind. She can only build a little house of reeds opposite the residence of the object of her devotion, in order that she may be near him day by day, and hear the sound of his horse's feet as he passes. She has grown old, but her love has only deepened, and has become at length love of God.

Inspired by love, Zuleika at length renounces idolatry, and

her lover hails her as a convert to the religion of the only true God. She presents herself as a believer before Yussuf, and is rewarded by the return of her early youth and beauty, at his prayer; for he now sees no obstacle to his love, and at once acknowledges it, and returns the passion which had been before so fatal to them both.

YUSSUF'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Not love thee! — ah! how much I loved
Long absent years of grief have proved.
Severe rebuke, assumed disdain,
Dwelt in my words and looks in vain:
I would not passion's victim be,
And turned from sin — but not from thee.
My love was pure, no plant of earth
From my rapt being sprung to birth:
I loved as angels might adore,
And sought, and wished, and hoped no more.
Virtue was my belov'd: and thou
Hadst virtue's impress on thy brow.
Thy weakness showed how frail is all
That erring mortals goodness call.
I thanked thee, and reproached thee not
For all the sufferings of my lot.
The God we worship was thy friend,
And led me to my destined end,
Taught the great lesson to thy heart
That vice and bliss are wide apart:
And joined us now, that we may prove
With perfect virtue, perfect love.

Nothing now disturbs the tranquillity of their loves, and they live for many years united, until at length Yussuf dies, and his faithful and tender Zuleika, unable to survive his loss, follows him to the tomb. The poem concludes with moral reflections, and an address from the poet to his son.

[A few other passages from the poem may aid the reader to see more clearly its mystic quality.]

THE COMING OF THE BELOVED [2]

In solitude, where Being signless dwelt,
And all the universe still dormant lay
Concealed in selflessness, One Being was
Exempt from "I" or "Thou"-ness, and apart
From all duality; Beauty Supreme,
Unmanifest, except unto Itself
By Its own light, yet fraught with power to charm
The souls of all; concealed in the Unseen,
An Essence pure, unstained by aught of ill.
No mirror to reflect Its loveliness,
Nor comb to touch Its locks; the morning breeze
Ne'er stirred Its tresses; no collyrium
Lent luster to Its eyes; no rosy cheeks
O'ershadowed by dark curls like hyacinth
Nor peach-like down were there; no dusky mole
Adorned Its face; no eye had yet beheld
Its image. To Itself it sang of Love
In wordless measures. By Itself it cast
The die of Love. But Beauty can not brook
Concealment and the veil, nor patient rest
Unseen and unadmired; 'twill burst all bonds,
And from Its prison-casement to the world
Reveal Itself. See where the tulip grows
In upland meadows, how in balmy spring
It decks itself; and how amidst its thorns
The wild rose rends its garment, and reveals
Its loveliness. Thou too, when some rare thought,
Or beauteous image, or deep mystery
Flashes across thy soul, canst not endure
To let it pass, but holdst it, that perchance
In speech or writing thou mayst send it forth
To charm the world. Whatever beauty dwells,
Such is its nature, and its heritage
From Everlasting Beauty, which emerged
From realms of purity to shine upon

[2] This passage is from the translation of Prof. E. G. Browne.

The worlds, and all the souls which dwell therein.
One gleam fell from It on the universe
And on the angels, and this single ray
Dazzled the angels, till their senses whirled
Like the revolving sky. In diverse forms
Each mirror showed it forth, and everywhere
Its praise was chanted in new harmonies.
The cherubim, enraptured, sought for songs
Of praise. The spirits who explore the depths
Of boundless seas, wherein the heavens swim
Like some small boat, cried with one mighty voice,
"Praise to the Lord of all the universe!"

DESTINY [3]

Behold those spheres forever circling, bound
With scarves of azure, in their mystic round.
See, their light mantles loosely floating throw
A flood of radiance on the world below.
See them pursuing through the night and day,
True to their purpose, their triumphant way.
Each, like a player's ball obedient, still
Is moved and guided by superior will.
One eastward from the west its journey bends,
The other's ship to western waves descends.
Each in due progress with alternate sway
Lights the still night or cheers the busy day.
One writes fair lines that promise golden joys:
One with sad aspect bonds of bliss destroys.
All, joying in their might, their task renew,
And with untiring haste their course pursue.
Onward forever to the goal they press
With feet and loins that know not weariness.
Who learns the secret of their dark intent?
Who knows on whom each wanderer's face is bent?

[3] This and the following passages are from the translation by F. Hadland Davis.

LOVE

No heart is that which love ne'er wounded: they
Who know not lovers' pangs are soulless clay.
Turn from the world, O turn thy wandering feet;
Come to the world of Love and find it sweet.

THE WAYS OF LOVE

Once to his master a disciple cried:
"To wisdom's pleasant path be thou my guide."
"Hast thou ne'er loved?" the master answered; "learn
The ways of love and then to me return."
Drink deep of earthly love, that so thy lip
May learn the wine of holier love to sip.
But let not form too long thy soul entrance:
Pass o'er the bridge; with rapid feet advance.
If thou wilt rest, thine ordered journey sped,
Forbear to linger at the bridge's head.

"IF THE SUN'S SPLENDOR NEVER DIED AWAY"

In this orchestra full of vain deceit
The drum of Being, each in turn, we beat.
Each morning brings new truth to light and fame,
And on the world falls luster from a name.
If in one constant course the ages rolled,
Full many a secret would remain untold.
If the sun's splendor never died away,
Ne'er would the market of the stars be gay.
If in our gardens endless frost were king,
No rose would blossom at the kiss of Spring.

THE BEAUTY OF ZULEIKA

Her face was the garden of Iram, where
Roses of every hue are fair.
The dusky moles that enhanced the red
Were like Moorish boys playing in each rose-bed.
Of silver that paid no tithe, her chin
Had a well with the Water of Life therein.

If a sage in his thirst came near to drink,
He would feel the spray ere he reached the brink,
But lost were his soul if he nearer drew,
For it was a well and a whirlpool too.
Her neck was of ivory. Thither drawn,
Came with her tribute to beauty the fawn;
And the rose hung her head at the gleam of the skin
Of shoulders fairer than jasmine.
Her breasts were orbs of a light most pure,
Twin bubbles new-risen from fount Kafur,[4]
Two young pomegranates grown on one spray,
Where bold hope never a finger might lay.
The touchstone itself was proved false when it tried
Her arms' fine silver thrice purified;
But the pearl-pure amulets fastened there
Were the hearts of the holy absorbed in prayer.

SELF DIES IN LOVE

"I shall roll up the carpet of life when I see
Thy dear face again, and shall cease to be,
For self will be lost in that rapture, and all
The threads of my thought from my hand will fall;
Not me wilt thou find, for this self will have fled:
Thou wilt be my soul in mine own soul's stead.
All thought of self will be swept from my mind,
And thee, only thee, in my place shall I find;
More precious than heaven, than earth more dear,
Myself were forgotten if thou wert near."

"MINE EYES HAVE BEEN TOUCHED"

"Mine eyes have been touched by the Truth's pure ray,
And the dream of folly has passed away.
Mine eyes thou hast opened — God bless thee for it! —
And my heart to the Soul of the soul thou hast knit.
From a fond strange love thou hast turned my feet
The Lord of all creatures to know and meet;

[4] A well in Paradise.

If I bore a tongue in each single hair,
Each and all should thy praise declare."

ZULEIKA PLEADS WITH YUSSUF FOR HIS LOVE

"By the excellent bloom of that cheek which He gave,
By that beauty which makes the whole world thy slave;
By the splendor that beams from that beautiful brow,
That bids the full moon to thy majesty bow;
By the graceful gait of that cypress, by
The delicate bow that is bent o'er thine eye;
By that arch of the temple devoted to prayer,
By each fine-woven mesh of the coils of thy hair;
By that charming narcissus, that form arrayed
In the sheen and glory of silk brocade;
By that secret thou callest a mouth, by the hair
Thou callest the waist of that body most fair;
By the musky spots on thy cheek's pure rose,
By the smile of thy lips when those buds unclose;
By my longing tears, by the sigh and groan
That rend my heart as I pine alone;
By thine absence, a mountain too heavy to bear,
By my thousand fetters of grief and care;
By the sovereign sway of my passion, by
My carelessness whether I live or die;
Pity me, pity my lovelorn grief:
Loosen my fetters and grant relief:
An age has scorched me since over my soul
The soft sweet air of thy garden stole.
Be the balm of my wounds for a little; shed
Sweet scent on the heart where the flowers are dead.
I hunger for thee till my whole frame is weak:
O give me the food for my soul which I seek."

THE HORSE OF YUSSUF

In his stalls had Yussuf a fairy steed,
A courser through space of no earthly breed;
Swift as the heavens, and black and white

With a thousand patches of day and night;
Now a jetty spot, now a starry blaze,
Like Time with succession of nights and days.
With his tail the heavenly Virgo's hair,
With his hoof the moon was afraid to compare.
Each foot with a golden new moon was shod,
And the stars of its nails struck the earth as he trod.
When his hoof smote sharp on the rugged flint
A planet flashed forth from the new moon's dint;
And a new moon rose in the sky when a shoe
From the galloping foot of the courser flew.
Like an arrow shot through its side in the chase,
He outstripped the game in the deadly race.
At a single bound he would spring, unpressed,
With the lightning's speed from the east to the west.

THE FREEING OF ZULEIKA'S SOUL

"O thou who hast broken mine honor's urn,
Thou stone of offense wheresoever I turn,
I should smite — for thy falsehood has ruined my rest —
With the stone thou art made of, the heart in my breast.
The way of misfortune too surely I trod
When I bowed down before thee and made thee my god;
When I looked up to thee with wet eyes in my woe,
I renounced all the bliss which both worlds can bestow.
From thy stony dominion my soul will I free,
And thus shatter the gem of thy power and thee."

BREAKING THE IDOL

With a hard flint stone like the Friend,[5] as she spoke,
In a thousand pieces the image she broke.
Riven and shattered the idol fell,
And with her from that moment shall all be well.
She made her ablution, 'mid penitent sighs,
With the blood of her heart and the tears of her eyes.
She bent down her head to the dust; with a moan

[5] Abraham.

She made supplication to God's pure throne:
"O God, who lovest the humble, Thou
To whom idols, their makers, their servants bow;
'Tis to the light which Thy splendor lends
To the idol's face that its worshiper bends.
Thy love the heart of the sculptor stirs,
And the idol is graven for worshipers.
They bow them down to the image, and think
That they worship Thee as before it they sink.
To myself, O Lord, I have done this wrong,
If mine eyes to an idol have turned so long.

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Thou hast washed the dark stain of my sin away;
Now restore the lost blessing for which I pray.
May I feel my heart free from the brand of its woes,
And cull from the garden of Yussuf a rose."

YUSSUF AND ZULEIKA MEET AGAIN

"Where is thy youth, and thy beauty, and pride?"
"Gone, since I parted from thee!" she replied.
"Where is the light of thine eye?" said he,
"Drowned in blood-tears for the loss of thee."
"Why is that cypress-tree bowed and bent?"
"By absence from thee and my long lament."
"Where is thy pearl, and thy silver and gold,
And the diadem bright on thy head of old?"
"She who spoke of my loved one," she answered, "shed,
In the praise of thy beauty, rare pearls on my head.
In return for those jewels, a recompense meet,
I scattered my jewels and gold at her feet.
A crown of pure gold on her forehead I set,
And the dust that she trod was my coronet.
The stream of my treasure of gold ran dry;
My heart is Love's storehouse, and I am I."

ZULEIKA'S YOUTH RETURNS

The beauty returned which was ruined and dead,
And her cheek gained the splendor which long had fled.

Again shone the waters which sad years had dried,
And the rose-bed of youth bloomed again in its pride.
The musk was restored and the camphor withdrawn,
And the black night followed the gray of the dawn.
The cypress rose stately and tall as of old:
The pure silver was free from all wrinkle and fold.
From each musky tress fled the traces of white:
To the black narcissus came beauty and light.

ZULEIKA'S WISH

"The one sole wish of my heart," she replied,
"Is still to be near thee, to sit by thy side;
To have thee by day in my happy sight,
And to lay my cheek on thy foot at night;
To lie in the shade of the cypress and sip
The sugar that lies on thy ruby lip;
To my wounded heart this soft balm to lay;
For naught beyond this can I wish or pray.
The streams of thy love will new life bestow
On the dry thirsty field where its sweet waters flow."

UNITED

Thus spoke the Angel: "To thee, O King,
From the Lord Almighty a message I bring:
'Mine eyes have seen her in humble mood;
I heard her prayer when to thee she sued.
At the sight of her labors, her prayers, and sighs,
The waves of the sea of my pity rise.
Her soul from the sword of despair I free,
And here from My throne I betroth her to thee.'"

THE END

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